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1893

From the Picture by] THE DOCTOR. *[Luke Fildes, R.A.*

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Illustrated Interviews.

XXV.—MR. LUKE FILDES, R.A.

MELBURY ROAD, Kensington, has for some years past been completely converted into a colony of eminent artists and sculptors in general, and R.A.'s in particular. Pedestrians seldom pass by that way. It is a corner of London which the birds seem to have singled out as a fitting place for early and impromptu concerts —a Kensingtonian nook, where the flowers bloom and the trees are positively patriotic towards our sister isle in a constant "wearing of the green." It is altogether an ideal spot for the artist. One house in the Melbury Road cannot fail to cause both eyes to "take it in." You cannot mistake it. It stands next to a habitation of the Norman period. It is of red brick, and its windows are brimming over with scarlet geraniums and marguerites. It is of Queen Anne design, and bears visible marks of the skill of Norman Shaw, who designed it some sixteen years ago. But, then, there are many other "Queen Annes" in Melbury Road. Still, there is no mistaking it; for if you listen at the gate you may sometimes hear little voices. You cannot see the owners of them, for they are playing about on the lawn at the back, and hidden by evergreens and bushy shrubs.

"Phyllis! Phyllis! if you're not quick you'll miss this butterfly."

"Is it a big one, Dorothy?"

"Yes—there—there it goes!" and you hear a delightful shriek go up, and you feel you would part with all your small earthly possessions if you could but laugh as happily as that. You were just then listening to the two little daughters of Luke Fildes, R.A.

The true chord of a genial spirit is struck immediately you meet the Royal Academician. He looks exactly what he is—an artist. Tall, well-built, with expressive features, and eyes that never fail to gather in "life"—he is undeniably handsome. His beard and moustache are brown, his hair black, and tinged with the very faintest sign of silver on the way. He talks to you earnestly, as though he considered that nothing should be said or uttered without thought. Every word, with him, has its due weight and value. Yet, notwithstanding this wise and commendable seriousness, there is a jollity of disposition, a keen appreciation of the merry side of things always apparent. That he is in love with his work is unquestionable, but the studio—and only an artist knows its fascinations—has not severed him from home ties. His wife is his constant companion. She will spend hours with him in the studio. Mrs. Fildes is herself an admirable artist; hence her advice and criticism on an important detail of work are often of the greatest value. The children, too. There are four boys—Val, a godson of Mr.

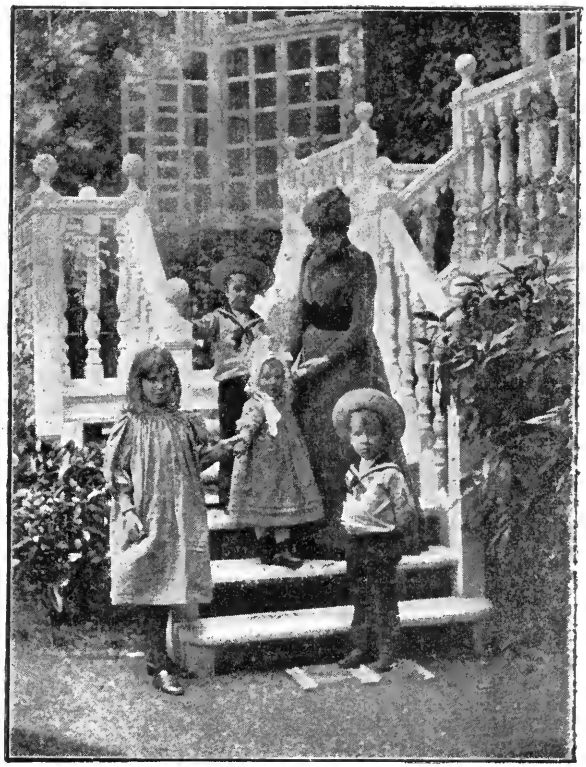
From a Photo. by] MR. LUKE FILDES, R.A. *[Elliott & Fry.*

THE GARDEN.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Val Prinsep, Paul, Geoffrey, and Dennis; and two little girls, of whom we have heard before. The two youngest boys and the girls are still at home, and lead a life of homely happiness. I like to weigh results from natural causes. Perhaps the helpful aid of wife and the pleasures of childhood, allowed a free and unfettered course, have something to do with the fact that Mr. Luke Fildes looks ten years younger than he really is!

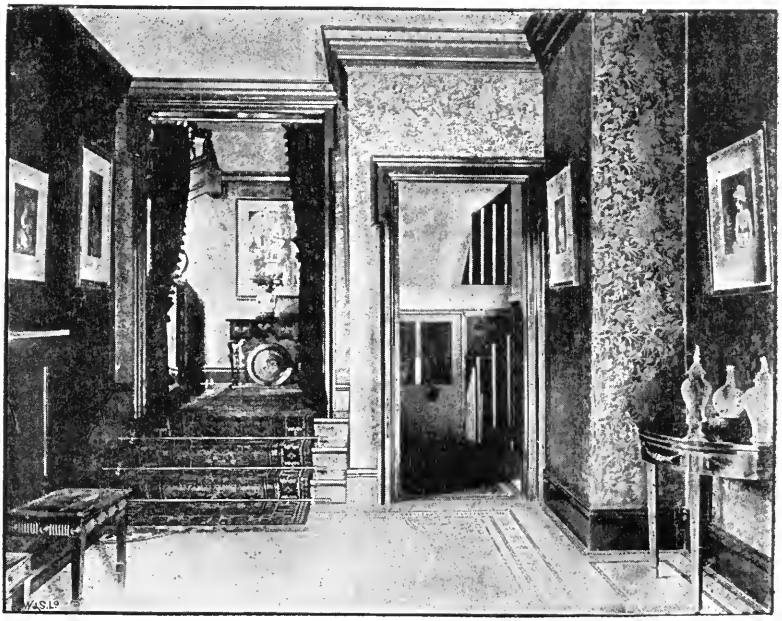
His home is that of the artist—everything has its own artistic place and corner; nothing fails to harmonize, nothing comes short of gaining the effect wanted. It is a cosy and compact hall you enter. The walls are encrusted with crimson and gold. Engravings after Sir Joshua Reynolds are in abundance—Penelope, Lavina, Simplicity, the Countess Spencer, and many more. A quaint old Venetian lantern finds a place amongst knick-knacks in blue china, and here it may be said that Mr. Fildes has an exquisite collection of blue china scattered throughout the house. He had a hobby for collecting it before he was married, and they range from the tiniest of vases to heavy and massive jars. Here hangs the only framed original "black and white" in the house—an illustration for Victor Hugo's "L'Homme Qui Rit."

Passing beneath the crimson curtains, on either side of which are proofs after Marcus Stone, R.A., you reach the body of the house. Brass plates from Venice line the staircase in delightful negligence. They are all over the house, intermingled with blue china and other ware. Immediately facing you is a magnificent pear-wood cabinet of Italian workmanship. The school-room is to the left. Specimens of the work of the artist, whose children occupy this apartment, are not missing; and the drawing-room is right before you. It is a



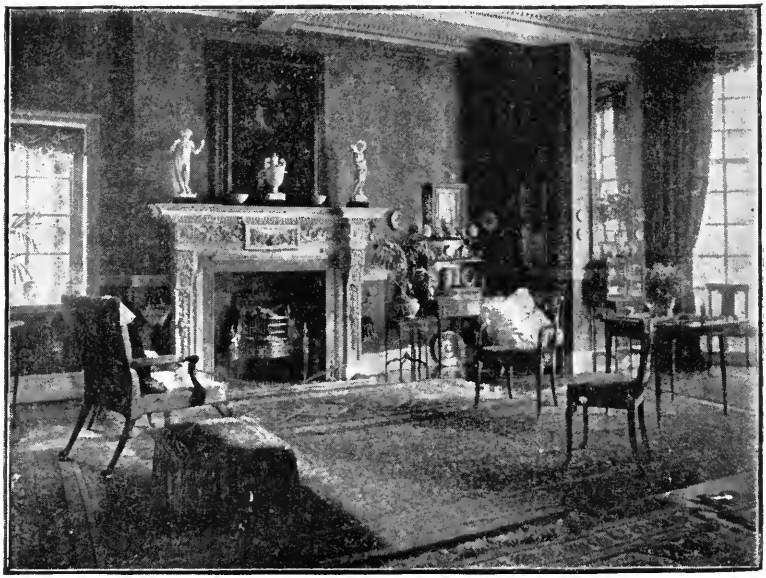
From a Photo. by] MRS. FILDES AND CHILDREN. *[Elliott & Fry.*

room filled with the perfume of flowers: for not only are the vases filled with them, but the scent comes in through the open balcony door from the garden. From here you may now catch sight of the happy hunting ground of the little heroines of the butterfly adventure. The entire back of the garden is shut in by trees. The great green lawn, the gravel walks, the ivy and Virginia creeper trailing up the balcony and trying to fight their way into the drawing-room, and absolute quietude, take one miles from a noisy metropolis.



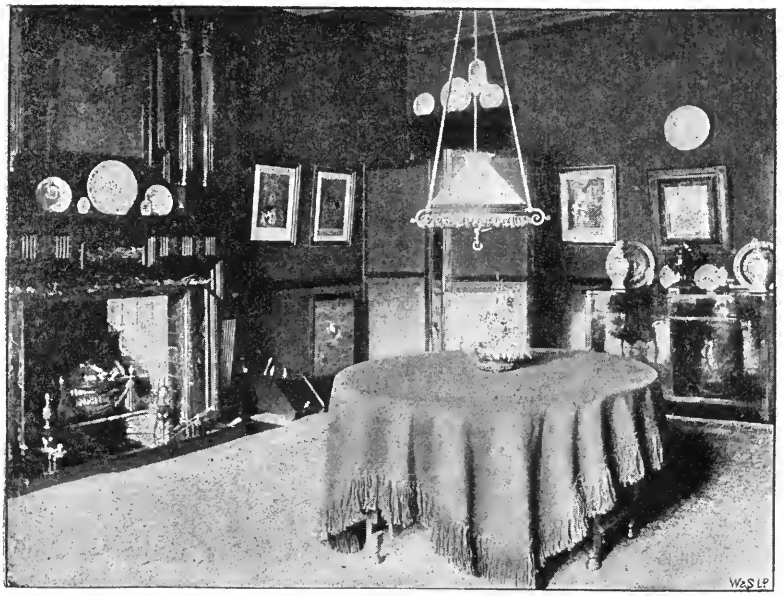
From a Photo. by] THE HALL. *[Elliott & Fry.*

The white ceiling of this apartment and the golden bronze on the walls produce a beautiful effect. The Chippendale furniture is very fine, the chairs being upholstered in plush of a glorious blue. A cabinet near the window contains the early playthings of the little ones—the silver bells on coral stems and silver christening mugs. Over the mantelpiece hangs a portion of a canvas of the Maroni period. The figure of a boy is shown with a hand resting on his shoulder. The owner of the hand has disappeared. The original sketch for Mr. Fildes' "Betty" is given a prominent place, and a delicate etching after Corot. David Murray, A.R.A., and Henry Woods, R.A., are well represented; and a piece of convent needlework, purchased in Venice, is pointed out for its striking selection and beautiful blending of the silken threads employed in its making.



From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

We pass through the dining-room on our way to the nursery. The pictures here are the famous French series of Rubens in the Louvre, which include "L'Éducation de la Reine," "La Reine prendre le parti de la Paix," "La Conclusion de



From a Photo. by] THE DINING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

la Paix," "La Félicité de la Régence," etc. The prevailing tone of this room is Indian red, and the furniture—mostly Chippendale — corresponds to perfection.

What is unquestionably one of the brightest and biggest of the rooms in the house is devoted to the use of the children. The goldfinch is singing away as we enter. It seems quite as happy as its feathered friends outside in the open. It is named "Joe," after a canary who used to roam about the house, but one day hopped on a stove in the studio, and was burnt. The toy cupboard is a small edition of the Lowther Arcade, and a rocking-horse is resting in the corner. The mantel-board is given up to some figures of "The Blue Boy" type, and a funny little Chinaman nods his head, and often brings a smile to the faces of the younger members.

"VAL."

"PAUL."

Over a big black chest hangs an unfinished picture by Henry Woods. This chest has a small interest. It has been the repository of drawings and sketches ever since its owner was eighteen years of age. Its drawers are brimming over now—Studies for "Edwin Drood," "The Casuals," "Fair, Quiet, and Sweet Rest," and many more. We are in the midst of looking at them when the children troop in from the lawn.

It is a natural question to ask Mr. Fildes if any of his children have ever found their way into his pictures. The golden curls of little Phyllis seem familiar to me, and I am wondering where I have seen that old lamp before which now stands on the top of the big black case.

If you look at the frontispiece of this magazine, you will find a reproduction of a picture which is the most beautiful in sentiment and exquisite in pathos of any painted in modern times. A little girl is lying on the two chairs, her head propped up by a pillow. The shade of the lamp is raised so that the light may fall on her face. Yes, they were Phyllis's curls, but the sleeping child was Mr. Fildes' little boy Geoffrey!

"When he wanted his morning sleep," said Mr. Fildes, "he used to be brought up to the studio. The nurse would watch him as he lay on the chairs. As he slept I painted. You see the hand falling

From the Picture by] THE VILLAGE WEDDING. *[Luke Fildes, R.A.*
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down by the side helplessly? One day, I had just finished the picture with the child's hands tucked up close together at the neck, as children sleep, when I noticed my boy's hand fall over the side. I thought it exquisite—so pleading and pitiful. I altered the hands in the picture at once, and painted the left one as you see it now."

The nurse asked for the lamp as a little memento of the painting of "The Doctor," hence its presence in the nursery.

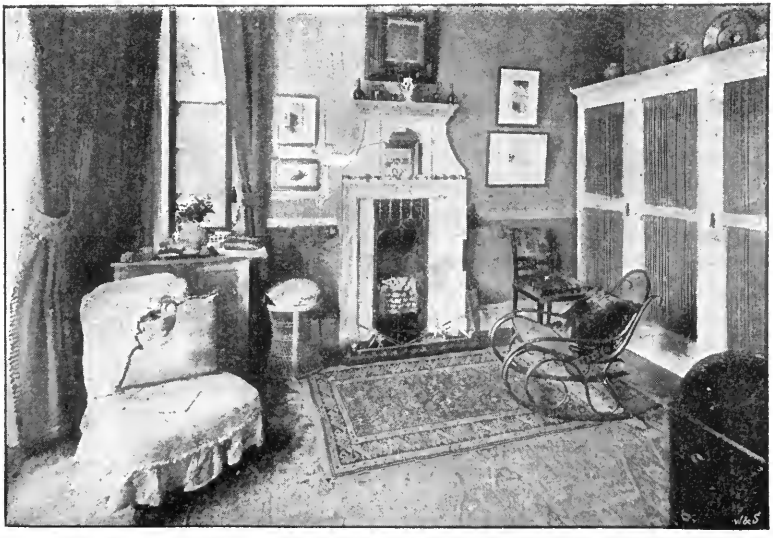
The staircase leading to the studio is lined with many proofs of Mr. Fildes' work; the tapestry which hides the walls is very choice and beautiful. Here are "The Casuals," "The School Girl"—the diploma picture—and many Venetian views and figures. "The Village Wedding"—you remember it, the bridegroom holding the parasol of the bride, who looks down demurely, the stalwart guardsman with his mother resting proudly on one arm, and a young woman on the other who wishes "it was her"? The soldier came from Knightsbridge barracks—a fine fellow over six feet high. How he used to blush as he stood with the two ladies when being painted! He went out to Egypt and came back invalided. What a trouble the bridegroom was to the artist!

"I have in my studio," said Mr. Fildes, "a picture of a boy who figures in 'The Penitent.' When I was making studies for 'The Village Wedding,' some ten years afterwards, I put up at Aston Tirrold, in Berkshire. I secured, as I thought, the very man for the bridegroom. He was a shepherd, and only recently married. A farmer, with whom I was very friendly, let me use his barn as a studio, but on this particular occasion I was painting in the apple orchard. I secured my shepherd friend, and soon after I had started sketching him I noticed he went deadly pale.

"'Are you ill?' I asked.

"'No, zur,' he said, 'I think it's th' smell o' that stuff you're using!'

"I suggested he should rest. He did so for ten minutes, and we resumed work Suddenly he went more ghastly than ever.



From a Photo. by] MRS. FILDES' BOUDOIR. *[Elliott & Fry.*

"'You don't seem well,' I remarked.

"'I'm a' right, zur,' he answered, '*only for holding my breath so long!*'

"The poor fellow thought he had to hold his breath. But that is not all.

"'Haven't I seen you before?' I asked.

"'Yuz, zur, you painted me ten year ago on a horse. Why, I knew you th' minit I saw you!'

"He was the same lad I had painted for my 'Penitent,' at South-Stoke-on-Thames, all those years back."

We just looked for a moment into Mrs. Fildes' room. It is a curiously interesting apartment. Notice the children's tiny birthday presents, all bright and highly polished, carefully displayed in the vicinity of the fireplace—the little gridirons, candlesticks, and pots and pans. Even a rabbit with one leg gone is treasured. Several of Mrs. Fildes' pictures hang here. Close by the window is a portrait of her eldest boy, done in Venice in 1881. A small but choice David Murray is confessed to being the only picture Mrs. Fildes ever bought. Linley Sambourne appears as a photographer, with portraits of Val and Paul. The photographs are many, and of course Henry Woods has a canvas or two in this delightful nook which looks down upon the Melbury Road.

From the Picture by] MRS. FILDES. *[Luke Fildes, R.A.*

We entered the studio, the work-room of a man who has painted with a truer touch of humanity than any artist of recent years. It is a grand studio, subdued in colour, yet withal relieved by numerous bright touches. On an easel rests the portrait of Mrs. Fildes, the artist's first portrait, painted in 1887. Mrs. Fildes is in black silk and jet; a fur cloak is wrapped about her. A single diamond butterfly, a bracelet, and the wedding ring are the only jewellery displayed. The two portraits of the Duke of York and the Princess May are just finished; and as we look at them, the painter tells me how much impressed he was with the desire of the Duke that his mother should be satisfied with them. There are a dozen unfinished canvases about. The walls are lined with the works of intimate friends and engravings of the artist's own labours. Some of the etchings, particularly those of Jules Breton and Van der Meer, are very fine, whilst all the component parts of a painter's work-room—the great gilt and crimson chairs, the Florentine couches and tables, elaborately inlaid, together with the model's "throne"—are all picturesquely arranged upon the rugs which cover the floor. A charming bronze by Gilbert, A.R.A., is in a niche close by the shepherd lad who figured in "The Penitent." Mr. Fildes bought it at the Academy before Mr. Gilbert was as famous as he is now. There are many works of reference and other volumes, and the framed Diploma of the Royal Academy, dated 8th December, 1887, "whereby in consideration of your great skill in the art of painting, it is our pleasure that your name be forthwith inserted in the roll of Academicians," is given a prominent place. Suspended

From a Photo. by] THE STUDIO. *[Elliott & Fry.*

from the ceiling are two quaint old-time Venetian lamps.

You pass beneath crimson plush curtains, and here is the light studio. Scattered about, with combined negligence and neatness, are countless tubes of colour; curious old pots are filled with brushes; oils, knives, frames, and what not, are all here. More unfinished canvases, mostly portraits, have their faces turned to the wall, for the sun is shooting its beams through the glass roof, and refusing you admission, so to speak, to the very inviting wicker chairs which suggest "sit down and make yourself comfortable."

But we selected a cosy nook, a little summer-house for two, at the bottom of the garden, and it was there I listened to the story—a story of intense interest—of the artist's life. It was told without the slightest suggestion of "see what I have become" about it. A huge fact was stated—a life led set forth—and from that statement made it was no difficult matter to discern the true cause of success. "Discreet independence" has always been the motto of the artist from the first moment he took his pencil in hand. Every man must make his own life, argues Luke Fildes, and he beat this thought into all his actions from his earliest youth. He, therefore, started on a good ground-work, and he has never looked back. His methods of working are practical. There are scores of cottages in the country where there is always a chair at the table and a cup of tea for him. He loves to paint the people—the country folk who live amongst the meadows and sleep beneath the thatch. He goes amongst them, becomes friends with them; he lives their life, and his brush chronicles it on the canvas. He strives to paint history—history in its most artistic up-to-date aspect. "The Doctor" is history. It is the medical man as he was at the end of 1890.

That doctor in the picture is no sentimental fellow. He is not thinking of the father and mother, though they be broken-hearted; the suffering child is his one thought. Perhaps he brought it into the world. He is wondering how science can meet the little one's wants. Still he keeps the cup on the table close at hand. It is the doctor of 1890. So with "The Casuals,"

From a Photo. by] THE GLASS STUDIO. *[Elliott & Fry.*

"The Widower," "The Penitent" — the history of those who are unhistorical at the moment the painter puts it on the canvas. His versatility is great. Dickens was the first to recognise that. It is a wide bridge that connects the flower-girls of Venice with the applicants for admission to a casual ward! Mr. Luke Fildes is altogether an artist who can fascinate with the beautiful as truly as he can make one almost shudder at the pictures of life where the beautiful is seldom found.

Luke Fildes was born on St. Luke's Day, 18th October, 1844. Hence he was called Luke, his family having a strong leaning towards biblical names.

"I cannot trace any inclination towards painting in the family," said Mr. Fildes, as he lit up a little Italian cigar, a box of which Henry Woods occasionally dispatches from Venice. "I was only about ten when my father died, and soon after his death I went to school at Chester, and lived with my grandmother, whom I shall always think of as 'the indulgent one.' I quite unconsciously turned towards drawing. Even before I went to school, my chief delight was copying and colouring pictures; my great ambition was to become the possessor of a big box of paints. At school, drawing became a passion with me. Whilst most of the boys were taught drawing, this subject was not included in my curriculum. But it was my happiness to watch them, and I used to draw by myself."

The little artist was discovered, and at the suggestion of friends he was sent to the School of Art at Chester. His progress was very rapid, and at the end of three months his master saw his ability, and said to his grandmother: "He ought to be educated for an artist."

"Now," said Mr. Fildes, smilingly, "I come from a stock who knew very little about artists — whose only notion of an artist was the travelling portrait-painter who in those days put up at the local inn, drank and got into debt, and had a poor, long-suffering wife with a quiver full! So my grandmother was not impressed with the notion. She suggested something more substantial; but—always the indulgent one—she gave in to whatever I said. I should tell you that while at Chester I made the acquaintance of a water-colour painter, who gave me my first lessons in painting. He first opened out to me what picturesque art might be; we worked and talked together, and he showed me a new world. So, at last, in October, 1860, a few days before my birthday, hearing there was a good school and a capital master there, I migrated to Warrington—my first launching out into life by myself. I was then about sixteen."

At the Warrington School of Art he met a boy named Henry Woods — a younger student than he, very clever, very companionable. And they became chums, and have never ceased to be so. As to what this very important meeting led to—more anon. There he worked under an excellent teacher. He began to *think*. He had in his heart decided upon what his profession should be, but how was it to be brought about? The Great Exhibition of 1862 drew him to London! London! It played havoc with him — made him restless, dissatisfied—and when, at the end of ten days, he returned to Warrington he was tired of the place, and surprised his master at the School of Art by telling him that he was going to leave the town.

"What are you going to do?" his teacher asked.

"I don't know; but I'm going to London!" was the answer.

The teacher gave him good advice, and advised him to try for a scholarship at South Kensington—then just established.

"If you get it," said the master, "you will have a definite object in view—you will have a right to your education."

So young Fildes came to the City of All Things in October, 1862, and went in and won a scholarship worth £50 a year.

"I had by this time," said Mr. Fildes, "formed very definite opinions of what art meant with me. I found the illustrated journal—*Cornhill* was just in the height of its popularity—*Once a Week*, for which Millais used to draw, and many more; and here I thought I saw a stepping-stone. I followed out my studies at Kensington badly, my heart and soul lay in a desire to be an "Illustrated" artist. A year went by—my scholarship was renewed for another year, when a momentous chapter in my life came, which led me to leave South Kensington, much to the disappointment of Mr. Burchett, the head-master under whom I was studying religious art, with a view to employing it in decorating frescoes. I got an introduction to Mr. William Thomas, an engraver. I sent him some sketches, and he gave me some work. More followed, until at last he said, 'Why don't you go in for it altogether? I'll guarantee you enough work.' So I threw in my lot, and began to draw for the illustrated journals. I did all sorts of work. I selected my own subjects, and they were written up to, making a speciality of London street life—'The Street Juggler,' 'The Street Doctor,' and things of that kind. All this time I was practising painting — going to life-class in the evening; gradually improving; always plenty to do. Then came the summer of 1869."

The summer of 1869 was a great year for the R.A. in embryo. One night Mr. Thomas confided to him a scheme he had for a new illustrated weekly newspaper. He was the first spoken to on the subject. He was asked to draw something.

"What?" the artist asked.

"Anything you like," replied Mr. Thomas, "as long as it's effective and good drawing."

"I went home—I hadn't a studio then," continued Mr. Fildes. "It was a terribly hot night when at ten o'clock I sat down with a piece of paper and scribbled out the idea for 'The Casuals.' Some few years before, when I first came to London, I was very fond of wandering about, and never shall I forget seeing somewhere near the Portland Road, one snowy winter's night, the applicants for admission to a casual ward. It lived in

PEGGOTTY AND LITTLE EMILY.

STUDY FOR DRAWING OF EDWIN DROOD.

undertake the work, at the same time requesting him to submit one or two sketches of "girls." Two special sketches of incidents from "David Copperfield" were made — one of which, "Old Peggotty and Little Emily," is reproduced in these pages—and Dickens was satisfied. They began work together.

"He was very kind to me," said Mr. Fildes. "He was then living opposite the Marble Arch, and he asked me to many of his entertainments. He was almost fatherly, he seemed to throw a protecting air over me, and always elaborately introduced me to his guests. Soon after he went to Gad's Hill he wrote asking me to come and spend a week with him there. He mentioned the day I was to go, and that he would meet me. He wanted to show me some scenes he intended introducing in 'Edwin Drood,' particularly one for the 24th drawing, a cell in Rochester Gaol he remembered seeing when a child, and had never seen since. He wished me to do John Jasper in the condemned cell—what bearing that may have upon the true mystery of Edwin Drood will never be known, for it never appeared. I had packed up—preparatory to starting that same day—was just finishing my mind, and as I sat there in my room I tried to reproduce it. I believe that very night was my turning point—everything dated from that. On the 4th December, 1869, the first number of the *Graphic* appeared, and in it was a full-page drawing of 'Applicants for admission to a Casual Ward.'"

Just about this time Dickens was on the look out for somebody to illustrate "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." He had asked both Millais and Frith to help him. One night Millais surprised the great novelist by going to his house just after dinner, and throwing him a copy of a paper —the first number of the *Graphic*— shouted :—

"I've found your man!" and he showed Dickens the picture of "The Casuals."

"Yes, but can he draw a pretty girl?" asked Dickens.

So it came about that Dickens requested his publishers to write to young Fildes, asking him if he would

A STUDY.

STUDIES FOR DRAWING OF DURDLES.
("Edwin Drood.")

off some drawings, when I picked up a newspaper and read, 'Death of Charles Dickens!'"

Unquestionably Luke Fildes was friendly with the Dickens family, for at this time Miss Hogarth—Dickens's sister-in-law—wrote to him to the effect that as his contemplated visit was one of the last wishes of the dead, would he come all the same before the home was broken up? He went. From this visit much, very much, resulted. The last work of Charles Dickens was to complete the sixth number of "Edwin Drood," so that he might be quite free for the companionship of the young artist. Whilst Mr. Fildes was in the house of mourning he sketched the desk and study where Dickens worked—he drew "The Empty Chair." As he was doing the desk the thought occurred to him how much better it would look in colour. He hurried to London, got his water-colours, returned to Gad's Hill, and painted it—every detail, every little particular. And all with no object, only with a view to filling up the time. But it proved to be the first picture of note ever painted by Luke Fildes, and came out as the Supplement to the Christmas number of the *Graphic* of 1870.

We left the summer-house for a moment and returned to the house. Mr. Fildes showed me a little memorandum porcelain slate bound round with black leather, a quill pen with the blue ink still upon it, and a square sheet of unlined blue paper. They were on the desk just as Dickens left them, and were given to their present owner by Miss Hogarth.

We returned to the garden once more.

"The death of Dickens," said Mr. Fildes, "had an extraordinary effect upon me. It seemed as though the cup of happiness had been dashed from my lips. I was tiring of wood-drawing, and being now fairly well off—for my work secured good prices—I determined to become a painter. I went to Millais and showed him two subjects. One was 'The Casuals,' the other an illustration I had drawn for *Once a Week*. Either of these, I considered, would make a good picture. Millais evidently thought, without saying so, that I was rushing in where angels fear to tread. He advised the *Once a Week* illustration, as there would be a better chance of getting rid of it. I took his advice—and also a studio in King Henry's Road, Haverstock Hill, and Henry Woods took another in the same house. I should tell you that two years after I left Warrington, Woods joined me in London, and we became inseparable, going about everywhere together. I started work on a 9-ft. canvas—rather a cool

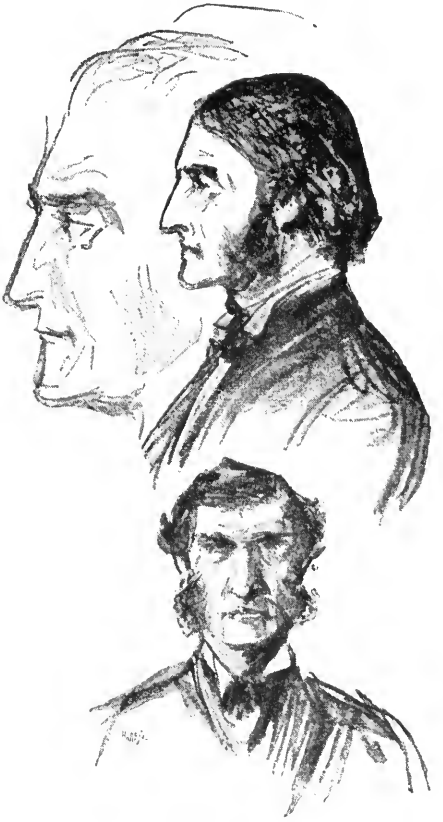
STUDY FOR DRAWING OF MR. SAPSEA.
("Edwin Drood.")

thing to do—and whilst working on this I still continued illustrating stories for *Cornhill*, and did many incidents in the Franco-German war for the *Graphic*, including that of 'The Dead Emperor.'"

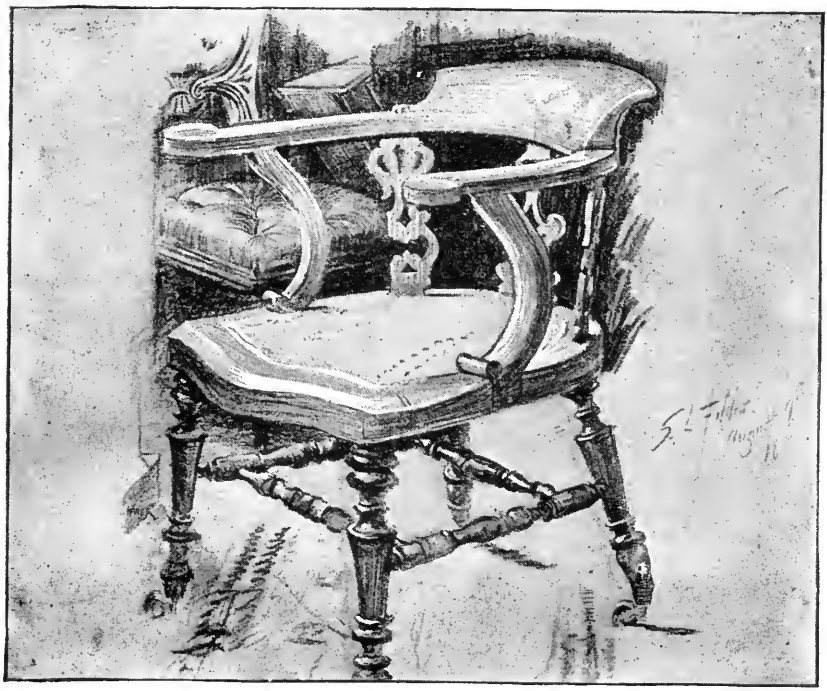
Then came a pretty little story. Mr. Fildes and Henry Woods went by the Thames to sketch. Henry Woods had two sisters, and they came up on a visit to their brother, and stayed where the two young artists were working. Miss Fanny Woods often sat to one of these artists. She is the girl sitting down in the stern of the boat in the picture of "Fair, Quiet, and Sweet Rest," which was hung on the line and "centred" in the Royal Academy of 1872. The picture was quickly "noticed"—it was the first work of an unknown painter. And 1873 brought "The Simpletons"—two lovers in a boat! But it was not until the summer of 1874 that Miss Fanny Woods became Mrs. Luke Fildes.

Mr. Fildes always had a leaning towards "The Casuals," and in 1874 he painted it. That, too, was a 9-ft. canvas. The picture is too well known to need description here—the mud and slush of the street, the suggested fog, the drunken loafer, the ruffian who "wants work, but wouldn't do it," the long, thin youth in the background, the sham soldier, the wife and husband cuddling up their children, the widow (who perhaps had never been a wife) hastening along, the policeman, and the bitter sarcasm of the "notices"—posted immediately above the poor fellow who holds his little one so tightly to him—of "Child Deserted, £2 Reward!" and "Lost a Pug Dog, £20 Reward!" But what stories the artist has to tell of his models for that remarkable work.

"I used to go out night after night," said Mr. Fildes, "and seek for types. I visited the various casual wards, and soon got to know the inspectors. If I saw anybody who took my fancy I gave him my card, and asked him to come round after he had picked his oakum. You notice that fellow with



STUDIES FOR DRAWING OF MR. JASPER.
("Edwin Drood.")



CHARLES DICKENS'S CHAIR.

his head bent down in the picture? He came to see me one morning wringing wet, and after sitting for a few minutes in the hall he was surrounded by a pool of water! Some of these people I had to stand in my studio on brown paper, and put disinfectants round them. The drunkard — that fellow with his hands thrust deep into his pockets— was a perfect character. He would not sit to me without a quart pot by his side, which I had to keep continually filled.

"One day he said to me, 'What this country wants is a good war — that's what it wants!'

"'Why?' I asked.

"'Why,' he answered, contemptuously, as he took another pull from the pot—'Cos it'ud stir up trade.'

"'What is your trade?' I questioned.

"'I'm a army accoutrement-maker!'

"The policeman I borrowed from Bow Street. The long, thin lad at the back, whom I found in a casual ward, was a stowaway. He was a lad of sixteen, and 6ft. high. He had tramped everywhere. He stowed himself away on a boat going to America, was discovered, flogged, tran-

From the Picture by] "FAIR, QUIET, AND SWEET REST." *[Luke Fildes, R.A.*

STUDY FOR DRAWING OF MR. GREWGIUS.
("Edwin Drood.")

shipped on another boat, pitched ashore at Liverpool, walked to London, and slept in the parks until I came across him. One of these fellows in the picture walked up and down outside my house all night, so that he shouldn't be late in the morning! How he escaped the police is a mystery."

"The Casuals" created a great sensation. It made a wonderful impression. Nothing at once so dramatic and real had been seen for years. The status of Mr. Luke Fildes arose at a bound. It was bought by the late Mr. Thos. Taylor, who also purchased "The Widower." Mr. Taylor's collection was eventually sold at Christie's, and "The Casuals" was sold to Sir George Holloway for 2,000 guineas, who stated afterwards that he had made up his mind to buy it, and was prepared to go to £4,000 for it. The picture now hangs in the Royal Holloway College, Egham.

A winter-spring stay in Paris in 1874 resulted in "The Milkmaid," the original studies being made in England. Whilst painting this, "The Widower" was maturing in his mind for the exhibition of 1876.

"'The Widower,'" said Mr. Fildes, "arose out of an incident which happened in my studio when painting 'The Casuals.' I was painting in a rough-looking fellow with his child. He got tired of standing, so I suggested he should rest. He took a chair behind the screen. I went on with something else—no movement reached me, so I peeped behind the screen and there I saw the motive for 'The Widower.' The child had fallen asleep, and there was this great, rough fellow, possibly with only a copper or two in the world, caressing his child, watching it lovingly and smoothing its curls with his hand.

"'If I could but paint that,' I cried inwardly."

How Mr. Fildes succeeded may be gathered from the fact that it was "The Widower" which recommended him for his Associateship of the Academy. The model for "The Widower" was picked up on the streets—a countryman who had "come to London." Whilst painting this picture, Mr. Fildes began to build his present house, and "the model" was employed for some time in helping to

STUDY FOR "THE CASUALS."

lay the bricks. But he vanished into thin air.

In 1877 Mr. Fildes painted "Playmates," a strong and marked change from his previous work. In 1878 there was no picture in the Academy. He was in Venice.

"I had visited Venice previously in 1874," he said, "when I made my first visit to the Continent. It was there that I saw my artistic ideal of all that was beautiful. At first I was disappointed. I went there hot after painting 'The Casuals'—I was steeped in Casuals—and I did not find the Queen of the Adriatic as Turner and Byron defined it. But the squalor was soon transformed into the romantic, the gay and buoyant. It took my fancy, and I made up my mind to some time come and paint there. This opportunity came in 1878, and I soon began to flirt with Venetian art. I think my experience in this glorious city influenced me very much in my choice of a subject for the Academy of '79. Now, I always work best if I have a definite motive in my mind. 'The Return of the Prodigal' had been painted again and again—the picture of the man returning home once more was known; but what would be the attitude towards a poor woman under like circumstances? — how would *she* be treated? Then people were beginning to chide me. Why were my pictures always so gloomy? How could I expect such subjects to go with the curtains in the drawing-room? So I thought I would paint a strong dramatic picture in pleasant places.

"One day I was in a Berkshire village. Whilst talking to an old dame at her door, I noticed a pale-faced girl walking along the path. When anybody came along she crossed to the other side; she cast her eyes upon the ground, and people looked her up and down. She seemed to tremble beneath their gaze.

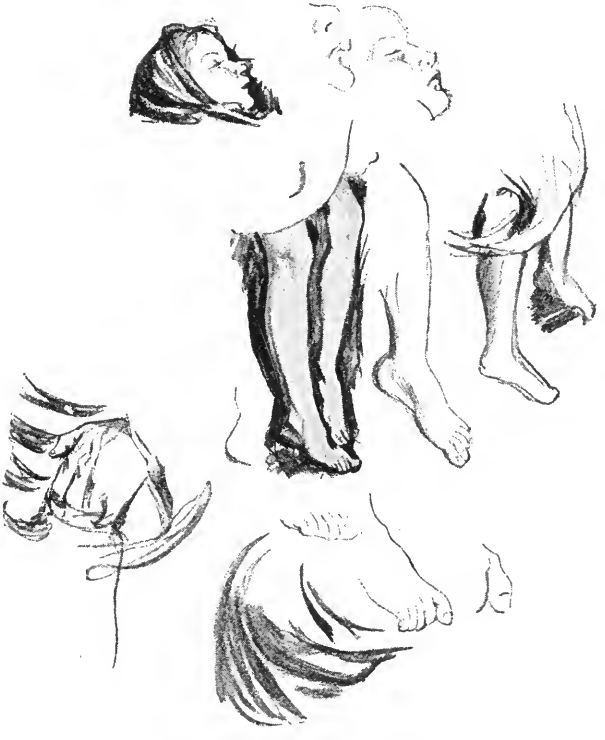
"'Who is that?' I asked.

"'That's Mary Brown, sir. She's just come out of Reading Gaol!'

"'What for?'

"'Well, sir—well, she had a baby, and—*and it died. This is her first day home!*'

"That gave me the idea for 'The Penitent.' So I painted the home-coming of the prodigal daughter, the village and the villagers, the woman who knew all about her as she looked upon the form of the poor girl who, in an agony of grief and despair at finding the old cottage deserted, sinks down upon the threshold. But, somehow, few people saw my point. I don't think Piccadilly liked it, though it was a big success in other places. I was going to call it 'The Return of a Prodigal'; but the gentleman for whom I painted it insisted that there was no such thing as a 'Prodigal *Daughter!*'"



STUDIES FOR THE CHILD IN "THE CASUALS."

"The Village Wedding" was exhibited in 1883. In 1883–84–85 Mr. Fildes made considerable stays in Venice, painting many pictures, chief amongst them being a large one for Mr. John Aird, one now in the possession of the Corporation of Manchester, "A Venetian Flower Girl," which hangs in the Schwabe Gallery, Hamburg, "The Daughter of the Lagoons," etc., etc., and since then he has been much engaged in portraiture.

Then came the story of "The Doctor," which is reproduced in these pages for the first time in any publication.

"Some six or seven years ago," Mr. Fildes said, "I met Mr. Henry Tate.

STUDY OF THE STOWAWAY FOR "THE CASUALS."

"'I would like you to paint me an English subject,' he said.

"I made up my mind there and then—'The Doctor'—a subject I had thought over for some years. He should be *the* actor in the little drama I had conceived—father, mother, child should only help to show *him* to better advantage. 'The Doctor' remained in my mind for a very long time, though it eventually proved the quickest painted picture I have ever done. Mr. Tate had to wait several years; I had other commissions. You see, I had painted my wife's portrait in 1887, and that gave me a run on portraits. At last, after four years of waiting, Mr. Tate came to me and asked, 'What about my picture?'

"'I'm going to begin *now*,' I assured him, and he saw nothing of the work until it was quite finished and ready for the Academy of '90. I travelled to many places, from Devon to Inverness, to get thoroughly acquainted with the character of the cottages and people. Whilst on my journeyings I had been picking up odds and ends in furniture—even the cup and basin were specially purchased. I made many sketches of fishers' huts, returned to town, and had the room built up exactly to size at the far end of the studio. It was a most substantial structure—even the massive rafters were there—and I painted a great cloth to look like a flooring of red bricks. The scene was just as you see it. The lamp was lit, and the light of approaching day coming through the window."

"And the models, Mr. Fildes?" I asked.

"You know who the little girl was. The woman was a professional model, and the same man who sat for 'The Father' also sat for 'The Doctor.' 'The Doctor' was painted practically from a model with a clean shaven face, a young man—very unlike what I wanted, but so selected that my model might not interfere with the impression I had in my mind of the kind of man I really wanted. When it was finished, to all intents and purposes, in expression and character, yet lacking that decision of manner that can be only attained by working direct from Nature, I levied freely on my friends who may have had a feature resembling my ideal, got them to sit for it, and thus compiled, from five or six persons, 'the doctor' in the picture as you have

STUDY OF WOMAN AND CHILD FOR "THE CASUALS."

him. Many are the letters I have received asking for the name of 'the doctor,' whilst one came from somebody who was ill, assuring me that she would be very thankful to have his address, for if she only had a doctor like *him* to attend her she felt sure she should soon get better!"

We left the summer-house, and on returning to the studio I saw an engraving of the picture of which we had just been talking. I looked at the doctor's face, then at Mr. Fildes. I compared them again, and yet again. There was no mistaking it. Numerous people had posed for the medical man, many were the borrowed features, but unwittingly the eminent Royal Academician had—at any rate, to my mind—chronicled on the canvas what his own face will probably look like ten years hence!

HARRY HOW.

THE CASUALS.

(By kind permission of the Governors and Trustees of the Royal Holloway College, Egham.)

The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

By A. Conan Doyle.

XXI.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE RESIDENT PATIENT.

IN glancing over the somewhat incoherent series of memoirs with which I have endeavoured to illustrate a few of the mental peculiarities of my friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, I have been struck by the difficulty which I have experienced in picking out examples which shall in every way answer my purpose. For in those cases in which Holmes has performed some *tour-de-force* of analytical reasoning, and has demonstrated the value of his peculiar methods of investigation, the facts themselves have often been so slight or so commonplace that I could not feel justified in laying them before the public. On the other hand, it has frequently happened that he has been concerned in some research where the facts have been of the most remarkable and dramatic character, but where the share which he has himself taken in determining their causes has been less pronounced than I, as his biographer, could wish. The small matter which I have chronicled under the heading of "A Study in Scarlet," and that other later one connected with the loss of the *Gloria Scott*, may serve as examples of this Scylla and Charybdis which are for ever threatening his historian. It may be that, in the business of which I am now about to write, the part which my friend played is not sufficiently accentuated; and yet the whole train of circumstances is so remarkable that I cannot bring myself to omit it entirely from this series.

I cannot be sure of the exact date, for some of my memoranda upon the matter have been mislaid, but it must have been towards the end of the first year during which Holmes and I shared chambers in Baker Street. It was boisterous October weather, and we had both remained indoors all day, I because I feared with my shaken health to face the keen autumn wind, while he was deep in some of those abstruse chemical investigations which absorbed him utterly as long as he was engaged upon them. Towards evening, however, the breaking of a test-tube brought his research to a premature ending, and he sprang up from his chair with an exclamation of impatience and a clouded brow.

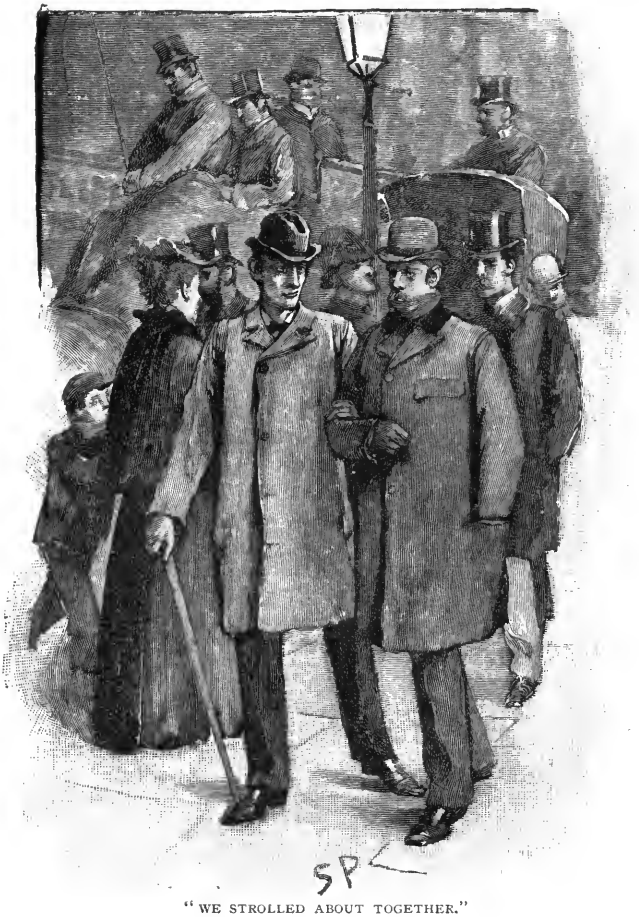
"A day's work ruined, Watson," said he, striding across to the window. "Ha! the stars are out and the wind has fallen. What do you say to a ramble through London?"

I was weary of our little sitting-room, and gladly acquiesced, muffling myself nose-high against the keen night air. For three hours we strolled about together, watching the ever-changing kaleidoscope of life as it ebbs and flows through Fleet Street and the Strand. Holmes had shaken off his temporary ill-humour, and his characteristic talk, with its keen observance of detail and subtle power of inference, held me amused and enthralled. It was ten o'clock before we reached Baker Street again. A brougham was waiting at our door.

"Hum! A doctor's—general practitioner, I perceive," said Holmes. "Not been long in practice, or had much to do. Come to consult us, I fancy! Lucky we came back!"

I was sufficiently conversant with Holmes's methods to be able to follow his reasoning, and to see that the nature and state of the various medical instruments in the wicker basket which hung in the lamp-light inside the brougham had given him the data for his swift deduction. The light in our window above showed that this late visit was indeed intended for us. With some curiosity as to what could have sent a brother medico to us at such an hour, I followed Holmes into our sanctum.

A pale, taper-faced man with sandy whiskers rose up from a chair by the fire as we entered. His age may not have been more than three or four and thirty, but his haggard expression and unhealthy hue told of a life which had sapped his strength and robbed him of his youth. His manner was nervous and shy, like that of a sensitive gentleman,



"WE STROLLED ABOUT TOGETHER."

and the thin white hand which he laid on the mantelpiece as he rose was that of an artist rather than of a surgeon. His dress was quiet and sombre, a black frock-coat, dark trousers, and a touch of colour about his necktie.

"Good evening, Doctor," said Holmes, cheerily; "I am glad to see that you have only been waiting a very few minutes."

"You spoke to my coachman, then?"

"No, it was the candle on the side-table that told me. Pray resume your seat and let me know how I can serve you."

"My name is Doctor Percy Trevelyan," said our visitor, "and I live at 403, Brook Street."

"Are you not the author of a monograph upon obscure nervous lesions?" I asked.

His pale cheeks flushed with pleasure at hearing that his work was known to me.

"I so seldom hear of the work that I thought it was quite dead," said he. "My publishers give me a most discouraging account of its sale. You are yourself, I presume, a medical man?"

"A retired Army surgeon."

"My own hobby has always been nervous disease. I should wish to make it an absolute specialty, but, of course, a man must take what he can get at first. This, however, is beside the question, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and I quite appreciate how valuable your time is. The fact is that a very singular train of events has occurred recently at my house in Brook Street, and to-night they came to such a head that I felt it was quite impossible for me to wait another hour before asking for your advice and assistance."

Sherlock Holmes sat down and lit his pipe. "You are very welcome to both," said he. "Pray let me have a detailed account of what the circumstances are which have disturbed you."

"One or two of them are so trivial," said Dr. Trevelyan, "that really I am almost ashamed to mention them. But the matter is so inexplicable, and the recent turn which it has taken is so elaborate, that I shall lay it all before you, and you shall judge what is essential and what is not.

"I am compelled, to begin with, to say something of my own college career. I am a London University man, you know, and I am sure you will not think that I am unduly singing my own praises if I say that my student career was considered by my professors to be a very promising one. After I had graduated I continued to devote myself to research, occupying a minor position in King's College Hospital, and I was fortunate enough to excite considerable interest by my research into the pathology of catalepsy, and finally to win the Bruce Pinkerton prize and medal by the monograph on nervous lesions to which your friend has just alluded. I should not go too far if I were to say that there was a general impression at that time that a distinguished career lay before me.

"But the one great stumbling-block lay in

my want of capital. As you will readily understand, a specialist who aims high is compelled to start in one of a dozen streets in the Cavendish Square quarter, all of which entail enormous rents and furnishing expenses. Besides this preliminary outlay, he must be prepared to keep himself for some years, and to hire a presentable carriage and horse. To do this was quite beyond my power, and I could only hope that by economy I might in ten years' time save enough to enable me to put up my plate. Suddenly, however, an unexpected incident opened up quite a new prospect to me.

"This was a visit from a gentleman of the name of Blessington, who was a complete stranger to me. He came up into my room one morning, and plunged into business in an instant.

"'You are the same Percy Trevelyan who has had so distinguished a career and won a great prize lately?' said he. I bowed.

"'Answer me frankly,' he continued, 'for you will find it to your interest to do so. You have all the cleverness which makes a successful man. Have you the tact?'

"I could not help smiling at the abruptness of the question.

"'I trust that I have my share,' I said.

"'Any bad habits? Not drawn towards drink, eh?'

"'Really, sir!' I cried.

"'Quite right! That's all right! But I was bound to ask. With all these qualities why are you not in practice?'

"I shrugged my shoulders.

"'Come, come!' said he, in his bustling way. 'It's the old story. More in your brains than in your pocket, eh? What would you say if I were to start you in Brook Street?'

"I stared at him in astonishment.

"'Oh, it's for my sake, not for yours,' he cried. 'I'll be perfectly frank with you, and if it suits you it will suit me very well. I have a few thousands to invest, d'ye see, and I think I'll sink them in you.'

"'But why?' I gasped.

"'Well, it's just like any other speculation, and safer than most.'

"'What am I to do, then?'

"'I'll tell you. I'll take the house, furnish it, pay the maids, and run the whole place. All you have to do is just to wear out your chair in the consulting-room. I'll let you have pocket-money and everything. Then you hand over to me three-quarters of what you earn and you keep the other quarter for yourself.'

"This was the strange proposal, Mr. Holmes, with which the man Blessington approached me. I won't weary you with the account of how we bargained and negotiated. It ended in my moving into the house next Lady Day and starting in practice on very much the same conditions as he had suggested. He came himself to live with me in the character of a resident patient. His heart was weak, it appears, and he needed constant medical supervision. He turned the two best rooms on the first floor into a sitting-room and bedroom for himself. He was a man of singular habits, shunning company and very seldom going out. His life was irregular, but in one respect he was regularity itself. Every evening at the same hour he walked into the consulting-room, examined the books, put down five and threepence for every guinea that I had earned, and carried the rest off to the strong box in his own room.

"I STARED AT HIM IN ASTONISHMENT."

"I may say with confidence that he never had occasion to regret his speculation. From the first it was a success. A few good cases and the reputation which I had won in the hospital brought me rapidly to the front, and during the last few years I have made him a rich man.

"So much, Mr. Holmes, for my past history and for my relations with Mr. Blessington. It only remains for me now to tell you what has occurred to bring me here to-night.

"Some weeks ago Mr. Blessington came down to me in, as it seemed to me, a state of considerable agitation. He spoke of some burglary which, he said, had been committed in the West-end, and he appeared, I remember, to be quite unnecessarily excited about it, declaring that a day should not pass before we should add stronger bolts to our windows and doors. For a week he continued to be in quite a peculiar state of restlessness, peering continually out of the windows, and ceasing to take the short walk which had usually been the prelude to his dinner. From his manner it struck me that he was in mortal dread of something or somebody, but when I questioned him upon the point he became so offensive that I was compelled to drop the subject. Gradually as time passed his fears appeared to die away, and he had renewed his former habits, when a fresh event reduced him to the pitiable state of prostration in which he now lies.

"What happened was this. Two days ago I received the letter which I now read to you. Neither address nor date is attached to it.

"'A Russian nobleman who is now resident in England,' it runs, 'would be glad to avail himself of the professional assistance of Dr. Percy Trevelyan. He has been for some years a victim to cataleptic attacks, on which, as is well known, Dr. Trevelyan is an authority. He proposes to call at about a quarter-past six to-morrow evening, if Dr. Trevelyan will make it convenient to be at home.'

"This letter interested me deeply, because the chief difficulty in the study of catalepsy is the rareness of the disease. You may believe, then, that I was in my consulting-room when, at the appointed hour, the page showed in the patient.

"He was an elderly man, thin, demure, and commonplace—by no means the conception one forms of a Russian nobleman. I was much more struck by the appearance of his companion. This was a tall young man, surprisingly handsome, with a dark, fierce face, and the limbs and chest of a Hercules. He had his hand under the other's arm as they entered, and helped him to a chair with a tenderness which one would hardly have expected from his appearance.

"HELPED HIM TO A CHAIR."

"'You will excuse my coming in, Doctor,'

said he to me, speaking English with a slight lisp. 'This is my father, and his health is a matter of the most overwhelming importance to me.'

"I was touched by this filial anxiety. 'You would, perhaps, care to remain during the consultation,' said I.

"'Not for the world,' he cried, with a gesture of horror. 'It is more painful to me than I can express. If I were to see my father in one of those dreadful seizures, I am convinced that I should never survive it. My own nervous system is an exceptionally sensitive one. With your permission I will remain in the waiting-room while you go into my father's case.'

"To this, of course, I assented, and the young man withdrew. The patient and I then plunged into a discussion of his case, of which I took exhaustive notes. He was not remarkable for intelligence, and his answers were frequently obscure, which I attributed to his limited acquaintance with our language. Suddenly, however, as I sat writing he ceased to give any answer at all to my inquiries, and on my turning towards him I was shocked to see that he was sitting bolt upright in his chair, staring at me with a perfectly blank and rigid face. He was again in the grip of his mysterious malady.

"My first feeling, as I have just said, was one of pity and horror. My second, I fear, was rather one of professional satisfaction. I made notes of my patient's pulse and temperature, tested the rigidity of his muscles, and examined his reflexes. There was nothing markedly abnormal in any of these conditions, which harmonized with my former experiences. I had obtained good results in such cases by the inhalation of nitrite of amyl, and the present seemed an admirable opportunity of testing its virtues. The bottle was downstairs in my laboratory, so, leaving my patient seated in his chair, I ran down to get it. There was some little delay in finding it—five minutes, let us say—and then I returned. Imagine my amazement to find the room empty and the patient gone!

"Of course, my first act was to run into the waiting-room. The son had gone also. The hall door had been closed, but not shut. My page who admits patients is a new boy, and by no means quick. He waits downstairs, and runs up to show patients out when I ring the consulting-room bell. He had heard nothing, and the affair remained a complete mystery. Mr. Blessington came in from his walk shortly afterwards, but I did not say anything to him upon the subject, for, to tell the truth, I have got in the way of late of holding as little communication with him as possible.

"Well, I never thought that I should see anything more of the Russian and his son, so you can imagine my amazement when at the very same hour this evening they both came marching into my consulting-room, just as they had done before.

"'I feel that I owe you a great many apologies for my abrupt departure yesterday, Doctor,' said my patient.

"'I confess that I was very much surprised at it,' said I.

"'Well, the fact is,' he remarked, 'that when I recover from these attacks my mind is always very clouded as to all that has gone before. I woke up in a strange room, as it seemed to me, and made my way out into the street in a sort of dazed way when you were absent.'

"'And I,' said the son, 'seeing my father pass the door of the waiting-room, naturally thought that the consultation had come to an end. It was not until we had reached home that I began to realize the true state of affairs.'

"'Well,' said I, laughing, 'there is no harm done, except that you puzzled me terribly; so if you, sir, would kindly step into the waiting-room, I shall be happy to continue our consultation, which was brought to so abrupt an ending.'

"For half an hour or so I discussed the old gentleman's symptoms with him, and then, having prescribed for him, I saw him go off on the arm of his son.

"I have told you that Mr. Blessington generally chose this hour of the day for his exercise. He came in shortly afterwards and passed upstairs. An instant later I heard him running down, and he burst into my consulting-room like a man who is mad with panic.

"'Who has been in my room?' he cried.

"'No one,' said I.

"'It's a lie!' he yelled. 'Come up and look.'

"I passed over the grossness of his language, as he seemed half out of his mind with fear. When I went upstairs with him he pointed to several footprints upon the light carpet.

"'D'you mean to say those are mine?' he cried.

"They were certainly very much larger than any which he could have made, and were evidently quite fresh. It rained hard this afternoon, as you know, and my patients were the only people who called. It must have been the case, then, that the man in the

"HE BURST INTO MY CONSULTING-ROOM."

waiting-room had for some unknown reason, while I was busy with the other, ascended to the room of my resident patient. Nothing had been touched or taken, but there were the footprints to prove that the intrusion was an undoubted fact.

"Mr. Blessington seemed more excited over the matter than I should have thought possible, though, of course, it was enough to disturb anybody's peace of mind. He actually sat crying in an arm-chair, and I could hardly get him to speak coherently. It was his suggestion that I should come round to you, and of course I at once saw the propriety of it, for certainly the incident is a very singular one, though he appears to completely overrate its importance. If you would only come back with me in my brougham, you would at least be able to soothe him, though I can hardly hope that you will be able to explain this remarkable occurrence."

Sherlock Holmes had listened to this long narrative with an intentness which showed me that his interest was keenly aroused. His face was as impassive as ever, but his lids had drooped more heavily over his eyes, and his smoke had curled up more thickly from his pipe to emphasize each curious episode in the doctor's tale. As our visitor concluded Holmes sprang up without a word, handed me my hat, picked up his own from the table, and followed Dr. Trevelyan to the door. Within a quarter of an hour we had been dropped at the door of the physician's residence in Brook Street, one of those sombre, flat-faced houses which one associates with a West-end practice. A small page admitted us, and we began at once to ascend the broad, well-carpeted stair.

But a singular interruption brought us to a standstill. The light at the top was suddenly whisked out, and from the darkness came a reedy, quavering voice.

"I have a pistol," it cried; "I give you my word that I'll fire if you come any nearer."

"This really grows outrageous, Mr. Blessington," cried Dr. Trevelyan.

"Oh, then it is you, Doctor?" said the voice, with a great heave of relief. "But those other gentlemen, are they what they pretend to be?"

We were conscious of a long scrutiny out of the darkness.

"Yes, yes, it's all right," said the voice at last. "You can come up, and I am sorry if my precautions have annoyed you."

He re-lit the stair gas as he spoke, and we saw before us a singular-looking man, whose appearance, as well as his voice, testified to his jangled nerves. He was very fat, but had apparently at some time been much fatter, so that the skin hung about his face in loose pouches, like the cheeks of a bloodhound. He was of a sickly colour, and his thin sandy hair seemed to bristle up with the intensity of his emotion. In his hand he held a pistol, but he thrust it into his pocket as we advanced.

"Good evening, Mr. Holmes," said he; "I am sure I am very much obliged to you for coming round. No one ever needed your advice more than I do. I suppose that Dr. Trevelyan has told you of this most unwarrantable intrusion into my rooms."

"Quite so," said Holmes. "Who are these two men, Mr. Blessington, and why do they wish to molest you?"

"Well, well," said the resident patient, in a nervous fashion, "of course, it is hard to say

IN HIS HAND HE HELD A PISTOL."

that. You can hardly expect me to answer that, Mr. Holmes."

"Do you mean that you don't know?"

"Come in here, if you please. Just have the kindness to step in here."

He led the way into his bedroom, which was large and comfortably furnished.

"You see that," said he, pointing to a big black box at the end of his bed. "I have never been a very rich man, Mr. Holmes—never made but one investment in my life, as Dr. Trevelyan would tell you. But I don't believe in bankers. I would never trust a banker, Mr. Holmes. Between ourselves, what little I have is in that box, so you can understand what it means to me when unknown people force themselves into my rooms."

Holmes looked at Blessington in his questioning way, and shook his head.

"I cannot possibly advise you if you try to deceive me," said he.

"But I have told you everything."

Holmes turned on his heel with a gesture of disgust. "Good-night, Dr. Trevelyan," said he.

"And no advice for me?" cried Blessington, in a breaking voice.

"My advice to you, sir, is to speak the truth."

A minute later we were in the street and walking for home. We had crossed Oxford Street, and were half-way down Harley Street before I could get a word from my companion.

"Sorry to bring you out on such a fool's errand, Watson," he said at last. "It is an interesting case, too, at the bottom of it."

"I can make little of it," I confessed.

"Well, it is quite evident that there are two men—more, perhaps, but at least two—who are determined for some reason to get at this fellow Blessington. I have no doubt in my mind that both on the first and on the second occasion that young man penetrated to Blessington's room, while his confederate, by an ingenious device, kept the doctor from interfering."

"And the catalepsy!"

"A fraudulent imitation, Watson, though I should hardly dare to hint as much to our specialist. It is a very easy complaint to imitate. I have done it myself."

"And then?"

"By the purest chance Blessington was out on each occasion. Their reason for choosing so unusual an hour for a consultation was obviously to insure that there should be no other patient in the waiting-room. It just happened, however, that this hour coincided with Blessington's constitutional, which seems to show that they were not very well acquainted with his daily routine. Of course, if they had been merely after plunder they would at least have made some attempt to search for it. Besides, I can read in a

man's eye when it is his own skin that he is frightened for. It is inconceivable that this fellow could have made two such vindictive enemies as these appear to be without knowing of it. I hold it, therefore, to be certain that he does know who these men are, and that for reasons of his own he suppresses it. It is just possible that to-morrow may find him in a more communicative mood."

"Is there not one alternative," I suggested, "grotesquely improbable, no doubt, but still just conceivable? Might the whole story of the cataleptic Russian and his son be a concoction of Dr. Trevelyan's, who has, for his own purposes, been in Blessington's rooms?"

I saw in the gaslight that Holmes wore an amused smile at this brilliant departure of mine.

"My dear fellow," said he, "it was one of the first solutions which occurred to me, but I was soon able to corroborate the doctor's tale. This young man has left prints upon the stair carpet which made it quite superfluous for me to ask to see those which he had made in the room. When I tell you that his shoes were square-toed, instead of being pointed like Blessington's, and were quite an inch and a third longer than the doctor's, you will acknowledge that there can be no doubt as to his individuality. But we may sleep on it now, for I shall be surprised if we do not hear something further from Brook Street in the morning."

Sherlock Holmes's prophecy was soon fulfilled, and in a dramatic fashion. At half-past seven next morning, in the first dim glimmer of daylight, I found him standing by my bedside in his dressing-gown.

"There's a brougham waiting for us, Watson," said he.

"What's the matter, then?"

"The Brook Street business."

"Any fresh news?"

"Tragic but ambiguous," said he, pulling up the blind. "Look at this—a sheet from a notebook with 'For God's sake, come at once—P. T.' scrawled upon it in pencil. Our friend the doctor was hard put to it when he wrote this. Come along, my dear fellow, for it's an urgent call."

In a quarter of an hour or so we were back at the physician's house. He came running out to meet us with a face of horror.

"Oh, such a business!" he cried, with his hands to his temples.

"What, then?"

"Blessington has committed suicide!"

Holmes whistled.

"Yes, he hanged himself during the night."

We had entered, and the doctor had preceded us into what was evidently his waiting-room.

"I really hardly know what I am doing," he cried. "The police are already upstairs. It has shaken me most dreadfully."

"When did you find it out?"

"He has a cup of tea taken in to him early every morning. When the maid entered about seven, there the unfortunate fellow was hanging in the middle of the room. He had tied his cord to the hook on which the heavy lamp used to hang, and he had jumped off from the top of the very box that he showed us yesterday."

Holmes stood for a moment in deep thought.

"With your permission," said he at last, "I should like to go upstairs and look into the matter." We both ascended, followed by the doctor.

It was a dreadful sight which met us as we entered the bedroom door. I have spoken of the impression of flabbiness which this man Blessington conveyed. As he dangled from the hook it was exaggerated and intensified until he was scarce human in his appearance. The neck was drawn out like a plucked chicken's, making the rest of him seem the more obese and unnatural by the contrast. He was clad only in his long night-dress, and his swollen ankles and ungainly feet protruded starkly from beneath it. Beside him stood a smart-looking police inspector, who was taking notes in a pocket-book.

"Ah, Mr. Holmes," said he, heartily, as my friend entered. "I am delighted to see you."

"Good morning, Lanner," answered Holmes. "You won't think me an intruder, I am sure. Have you heard of the events which led up to this affair?"

"Yes, I heard something of them."

"Have you formed any opinion?"

"As far as I can see, the man has been driven out of his senses by fright. The bed has been well slept in, you see. There's his impression deep enough. It's about five in the morning, you know, that suicides are most common. That would be about his time for hanging himself. It seems to have been a very deliberate affair."

"I should say that he has been dead about three hours, judging by the rigidity of the muscles," said I.

"Noticed anything peculiar about the room?" asked Holmes.

"Found a screwdriver and some screws on the wash-hand stand. Seems to have smoked heavily during the night, too. Here are four cigar ends that I picked out of the fireplace."

"Hum!" said Holmes. "Have you got his cigar-holder?"

"No, I have seen none."

"His cigar-case, then?"

"Yes, it was in his coat pocket."

Holmes opened it and smelled the single cigar which it contained.

"Oh, this is a Havana, and these others are cigars of the peculiar sort which are imported by the Dutch from their East Indian colonies. They are usually wrapped in straw, you know, and are thinner for their length than any other brand." He picked up the four ends and examined them with his pocket lens.

"Two of these have been smoked from a holder and two without," said he. "Two have been cut by a not very sharp knife, and two have had the ends bitten off by a set of excellent teeth. This is no suicide, Mr. Lanner. It is a very deeply-planned and cold-blooded murder."

"Impossible!" cried the inspector.

"And why?"

"Why should anyone murder a man in so clumsy a fashion as by hanging him?"

"That is what we have to find out."

"How could they get in?"

"Through the front door."

"It was barred in the morning."

"Then it was barred after them."

"How do you know?"

"I saw their traces. Excuse me a moment, and I may be able to give you some further information about it."

He went over to the door, and turning the lock he examined it in his methodical fashion. Then he took out the key, which was on the inside, and inspected that also. The bed, the carpet, the chairs, the mantelpiece, the dead body, and the rope were each in turn examined, until at last he professed himself satisfied, and with my aid and that of the inspector cut down the wretched object, and laid it reverently under a sheet.

"How about this rope?" he asked.

"It is cut off this," said Dr. Trevelyan, drawing a large coil from under the bed. "He was morbidly nervous of fire, and always kept this beside him, so that he might escape by the window in case the stairs were burning."

"HOLMES OPENED IT AND SMELLED THE SINGLE CIGAR WHICH IT CONTAINED."

"That must have saved them trouble," said Holmes, thoughtfully. "Yes, the actual facts are very plain, and I shall be surprised if by the afternoon I cannot give you the reasons for them as well. I will take this photograph of Blessington which I see upon the mantelpiece, as it may help me in my inquiries."

"But you have told us nothing," cried the doctor.

"Oh, there can be no doubt as to the sequence of events," said Holmes. "There were three of them in it: the young man, the old man, and a third to whose identity I have no clue. The first two, I need hardly remark, are the same who masqueraded as the Russian Count and his son, so we can give a very full description of them. They were admitted by a confederate inside the house. If I might offer you a word of advice, Inspector, it would be to arrest the page, who, as I understand, has only recently come into your service, Doctor."

"The young imp cannot be found," said Dr. Trevelyan; "the maid and the cook have just been searching for him."

Holmes shrugged his shoulders.

"He has played a not unimportant part in this drama," said he. "The three men having ascended the stair, which they did on tiptoe, the elder man first, the younger man

second, and the unknown man in the rear——"

"My dear Holmes!" I ejaculated.

"Oh, there could be no question as to the superimposing of the footmarks. I had the advantage of learning which was which last night. They ascended then to Mr. Blessington's room, the door of which they found to be locked. With the help of a wire, however, they forced round the key. Even without a lens, you will perceive by the scratches on this ward where the pressure was applied.

"On entering the room, their first proceeding must have been to gag Mr. Blessington. He may have been asleep, or he may have been so paralyzed with terror as to have been unable to cry out. These walls are thick, and it is conceivable that his shriek, if he had time to utter one, was unheard.

"Having secured him, it is evident to me that a consultation of some sort was held. Probably it was something in the nature of a judicial proceeding. It must have lasted for some time, for it was then that these cigars were smoked. The older man sat in that wicker chair: it was he who used the cigar-holder. The younger man sat over yonder: he knocked his ash off against the chest of drawers. The third fellow paced up and down. Blessington, I think, sat upright in the bed, but of that I cannot be absolutely certain.

"Well, it ended by their taking Blessington and hanging him. The matter was so prearranged that it is my belief that they brought with them some sort of block or pulley which might serve as a gallows. That screwdriver and those screws were, as I conceive, for fixing it up. Seeing the hook, however, they naturally saved themselves the trouble. Having finished their work they made off, and the door was barred behind them by their confederate."

We had all listened with the deepest interest to this sketch of the night's doings, which Holmes had deduced from signs so subtle and minute, that even when he had pointed them out to us, we could scarcely follow him in his reasonings. The inspector hurried away on the instant to make inquiries about the page, while Holmes and I returned to Baker Street for breakfast.

"I'll be back by three," said he when we had finished our meal. "Both the inspector and the doctor will meet me here at that hour, and I hope by that time to have cleared up any little obscurity which the case may still present."

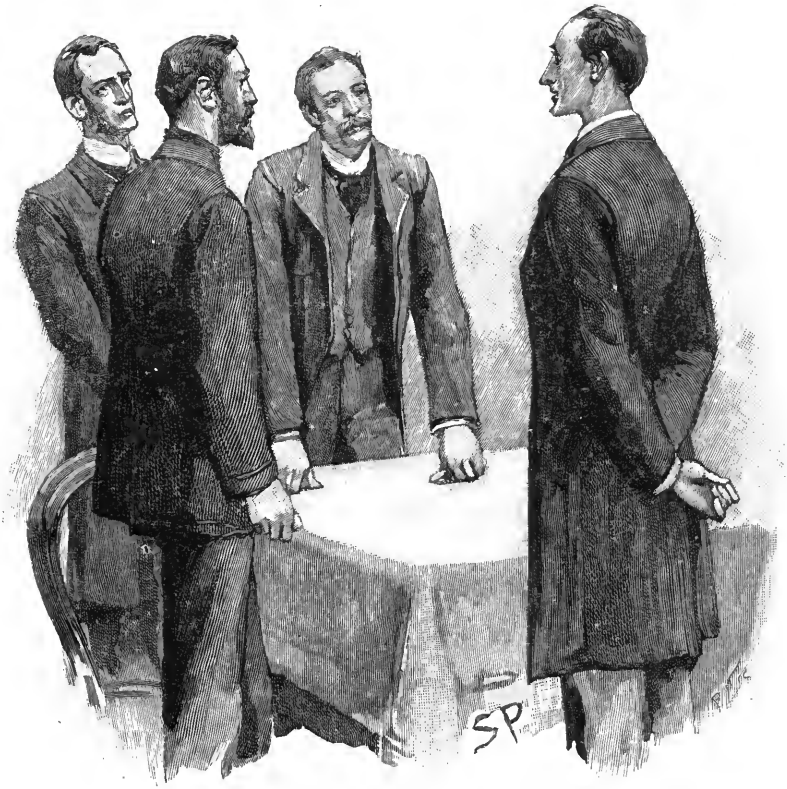
Our visitors arrived at the appointed time, but it was a quarter to four before my friend put in an appearance. From his expression as he entered, however, I could see that all had gone well with him.

"Any news, Inspector?"

"We have got the boy, sir."

"Excellent, and I have got the men."

"You have got them!" we cried all three.



"'YOU HAVE GOT THEM!' WE CRIED."

"Well, at least I have got their identity. This so-called Blessington is, as I expected, well known at headquarters, and so are his assailants. Their names are Biddle, Hayward, and Moffat."

"The Worthingdon bank gang," cried the inspector.

"Precisely," said Holmes.

"Then Blessington must have been Sutton?"

"Exactly," said Holmes.

"Why, that makes it as clear as crystal," said the inspector.

But Trevelyan and I looked at each other in bewilderment.

"You must surely remember the great Worthingdon bank business," said Holmes; "five men were in it, these four and a fifth called Cartwright. Tobin, the caretaker, was murdered, and the thieves got away with seven thousand pounds. This was in 1875. They were all five arrested, but the evidence against them was by no means conclusive. This Blessington, or Sutton, who was the worst of the gang, turned informer. On his evidence, Cartwright was hanged and the other three got fifteen years apiece. When they got out the other day, which was some years before their full term, they set themselves, as you perceive, to hunt down the traitor and to avenge the death of their comrade upon him. Twice they tried to get at him and failed; a third time, you see, it came off. Is there anything further which I can explain, Dr. Trevelyan?"

"I think you have made it all remarkably clear," said the doctor. "No doubt the day on which he was so perturbed was the day when he had read of their release in the newspapers."

"Quite so. His talk about a burglary was the merest blind."

"But why could he not tell you this?"

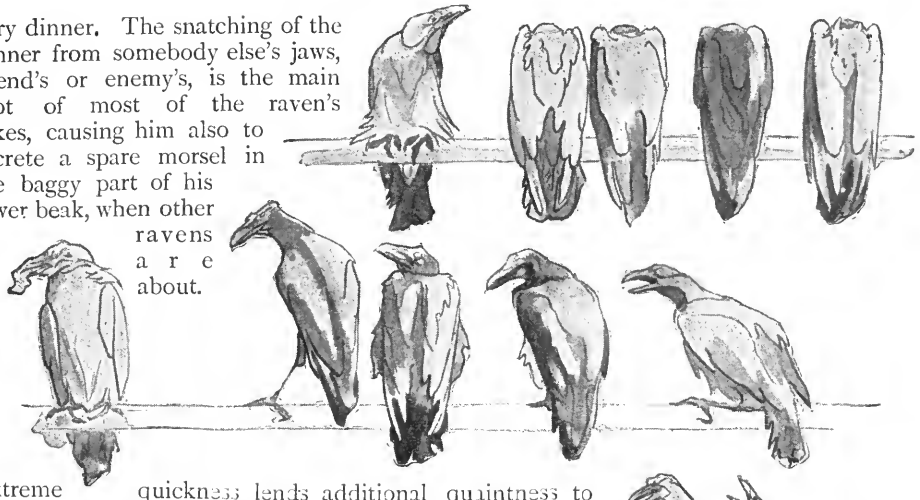
"Well, my dear sir, knowing the vindictive character of his old associates, he was trying to hide his own identity from everybody as long as he could. His secret was a shameful one, and he could not bring himself to divulge it. However, wretch as he was, he was still living under the shield of British law, and I have no doubt, Inspector, that you will see that, though that shield may fail to guard, the sword of justice is still there to avenge."

Such were the singular circumstances in connection with the resident patient and the Brook Street doctor. From that night nothing has been seen of the three murderers by the police, and it is surmised at Scotland Yard that they were among the passengers of the ill-fated steamer *Norah Creina*, which was lost some years ago with all hands upon the Portuguese coast, some leagues to the north of Oporto. The proceedings against the page broke down for want of evidence, and the "Brook Street Mystery," as it was called, has never, until now, been fully dealt with in any public print.

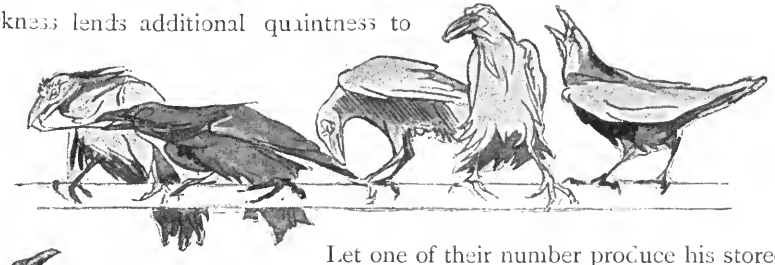
XIV.—ZIG-ZAG CORVINE.

A SENSE of humour is a vastly saving grace. Long has it saved all the Corvidæ from extermination at the hands of outraged man. The raven, the jackdaw, the magpie, the rook — what would their thievishness, their malignant mischief, earn were it not for their sense of humour? Thieves all, they are still Artful Dodgers and Charley Bateses, and we smile though they snatch our

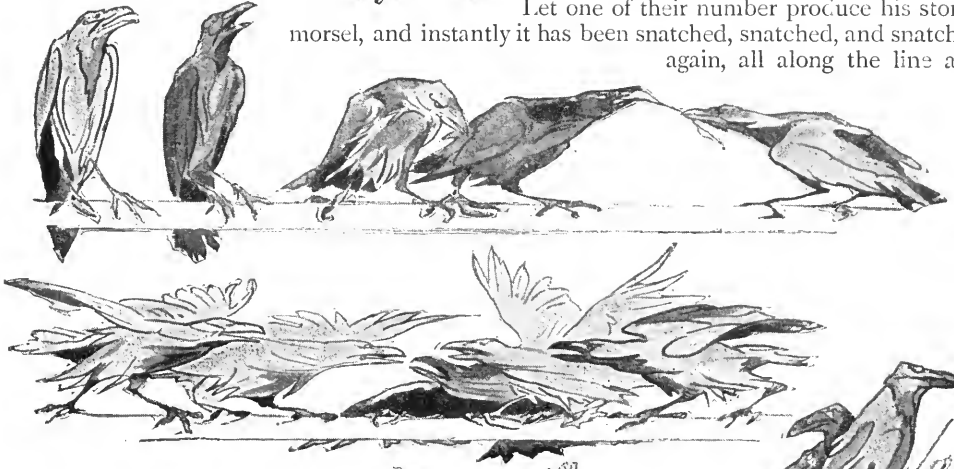
very dinner. The snatching of the dinner from somebody else's jaws, friend's or enemy's, is the main plot of most of the raven's jokes, causing him also to secrete a spare morsel in the baggy part of his lower beak, when other ravens are about.



Extreme quickness lends additional quaintness to the pranks of the raven. The ravens at the Zoo, ever changing in *personnel*, remain true to a sort of mixed game of coddam and hunt the slipper.



Let one of their number produce his stored morsel, and instantly it has been snatched, snatched, and snatched again, all along the line and



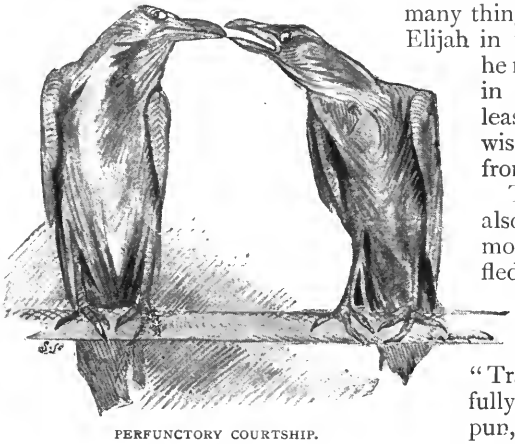
back. With whom it at last rests only one mortal creature knows—the raven who has it. In him a natural exultation struggles with an attempt to look as though he had lost the tit-bit. In the others the chagrin of loss wars with a desire to look triumphant; so that the net result is a very level appearance of general stolidity.

Sardonic joker as he is, the raven has an immense sense of personal dignity. He is the greatest of the Corvidæ, and he knows it. Not for him the scrambling hilarity of his small cousin, the jackdaw. Don't injure the raven's self-esteem, or he will be revenged, at some time or another. I have known a tame raven wait for months for an opportunity of plucking off, before a large company, the wig of a lady of doubtful age who had referred to

him disrespectfully as "that thieving beast." Also, when an innocent little boy at the Zoo has asked his mother if the raven were a blackbird, I have observed a look of indignation that carried with it a distinct threat to bite that little boy's little red legs. Never will a raven forget his dignity. Even a raven in love won't do it.

AM I A BLACKBIRD!

He has, after all, considerable excuse for pride. A bird on such familiar terms with the great Odin as to sit on his shoulder every evening and retail to him the day's gossip is naturally proud. One Scandinavian legend mentions two such ravens, but I imagine that they are a sort of prophetic allegory, intended to typify successive editions of the evening paper. The belief in the raven as a bird of ill-omen probably arose from the fact that he was never known to turn up anywhere without stealing something, or doing mischief in some other way; just as one may consider a nitro-glycerine bomb an unlucky article to find on the cellar stairs. His fame as a prophet—and he was chief of the ancient augurs—may be due to many things. Perhaps he had a wrinkle or two from Elijah in recognition of the supply of provisions; or he may even have felt a motive for his generosity in a certain fellow-feeling; which would at least seem a plausible conjecture, since otherwise it is impossible to conceive of his refraining from stealing the supplies *en route.*

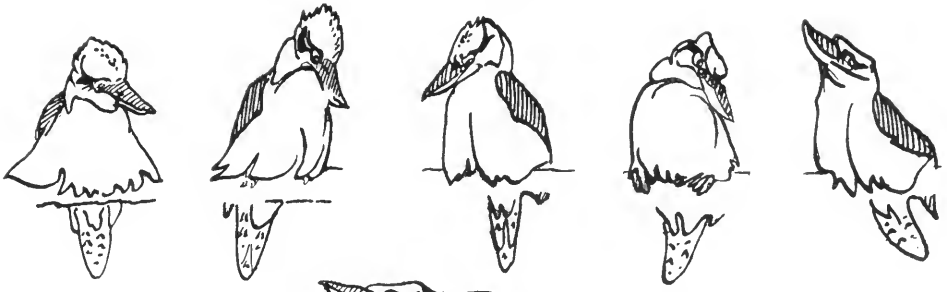


PERFUNCTORY COURTSHIP.

Travis is the keeper of the crows' cages, as also of the great Western Aviary. He is a most surprising authority on birds, and is no fledgeling himself; he is the oldest keeper in the service, as his "No. 1" testifies, and has been here since the year 1851. I have been lingering over the name "Travis" for some time, separating it thoughtfully into T. R. Avis, with an ultimate idea of a pun, or an acrostic, or a rebus, or a charade, or conundrum, or something of the kind, but have regretfully given up the notion. Still, considering his almost unique knowledge of birds—not to mention the ability of his brother as a bird-stuffer—I think Travis might arrange, by deed-poll, for some such name as *Terrae Rara Avis*, if the equal mutilation of name and catch-phrase be tolerated

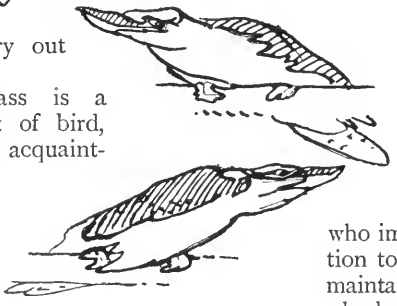
NUMBER ONE.

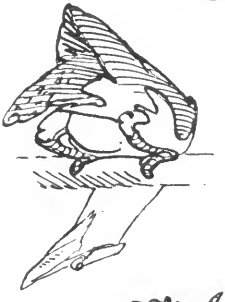
Among the many curious birds in the domain of Travis is the laughing jackass. Now, there are several reasons why something should be said here of the laughing jackass. In the first place, this is a Zig-zag, and since it is headed "Zig-zag Corvine," it is proper and in accordance with the correct spirit of Zig-zaggedness that something should be included that isn't corvine at all. Moreover, it is fitting that a bird which is called a jackass and is indeed a king-fisher, and being a kingfisher doesn't catch fish, should be classed with something that is neither jackass nor king-



fisner nor fish, to carry out the original principle.

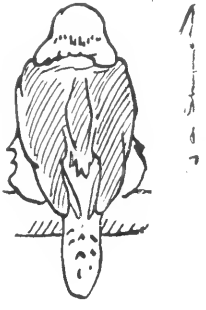
The laughing jackass is a broad low-comedy sort of bird, who usually makes your acquaintance in a little game of spoof of his own. He knows that you have come to the cage to hear him laugh, so he won't do it. But in order to keep you there in expectancy as long as possible, he pretends to have discovered an enemy, or something to eat, or the ghost of some other jackass, close by. He stares intently at nothing, and then turns round and inspects it on the other side. He crouches cautiously on his perch and looks at it cornerwise. He organizes an elaborate plan of strategy, and makes a beginning of approaching nothing on tip-toe. He finds that it has observed him, and forthwith ducks his head and looks out warily. It moves, and he follows it intently with his eyes; he seems about to spring at nothing, and you become excited; when he suddenly lets it go and grins at you, and you realize that you are sold.



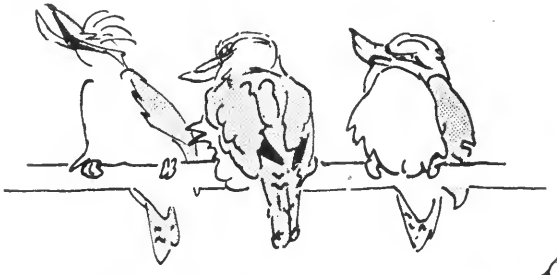


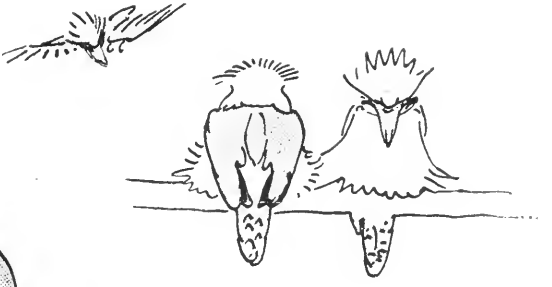
The laughing jackass is not a distinguished joker, like the raven. He is a very frantic sort of buffoon; one who imagines he has a funny reputation to maintain, and who strains to maintain it at all hazards. Which is why he bursts into his demoniac laugh at certain regular times of the day—a habit which has earned him the unflattering name of the "Settlers' Clock." The fact is, he has been trying for hours, unsuccessfully, to think of a joke, and laughs to make the world believe that he has made one.

It is noticeable that with these birds laughing is highly infectious, and that when one starts the rest join at once, each trying to outscream the others. Every individual is trying to claim the joke for himself. Personally, I incline to the belief that the laughing jackass, as a tribe, has only one joke. Mutual admiration societies are formed, and the members

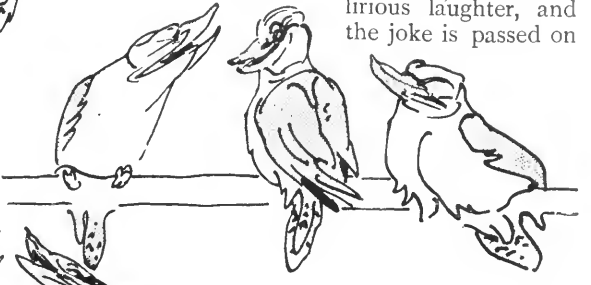


tell each other this joke in turn, and laugh unanimously. You may see the system in operation here. One bird will burst upon a few friends with the air of a breathless discoverer and a vast number of chuckles. He tells the





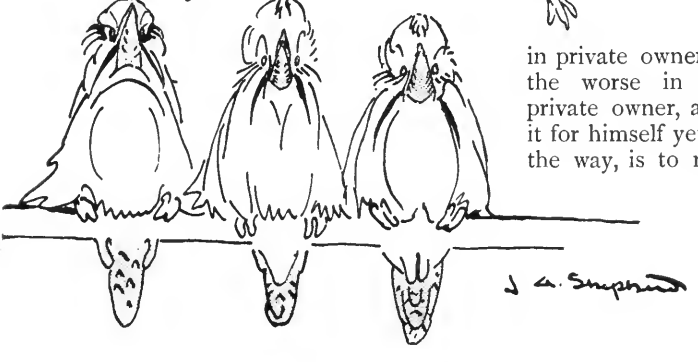
ancestral joke, in confidence, to jackass the second. Then the two scream and choke with delirious laughter, and the joke is passed on



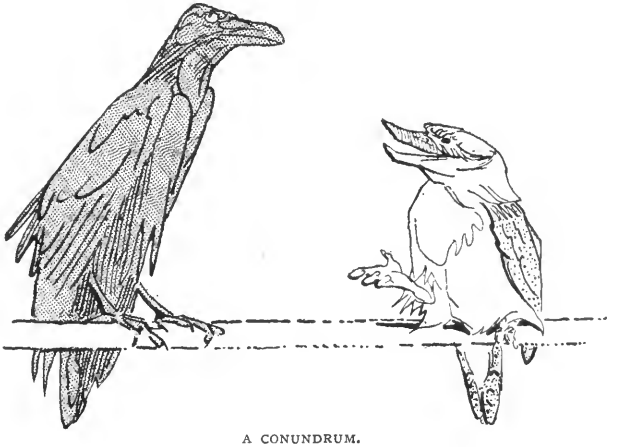
to jackass the third, and so forth—and fifth, and sixth—till every jackass is screaming for a minute together, till the regular amount of mutual admiration has been ex-

pended, and they stop suddenly and cock their beaks demurely for the approbation of visitors.

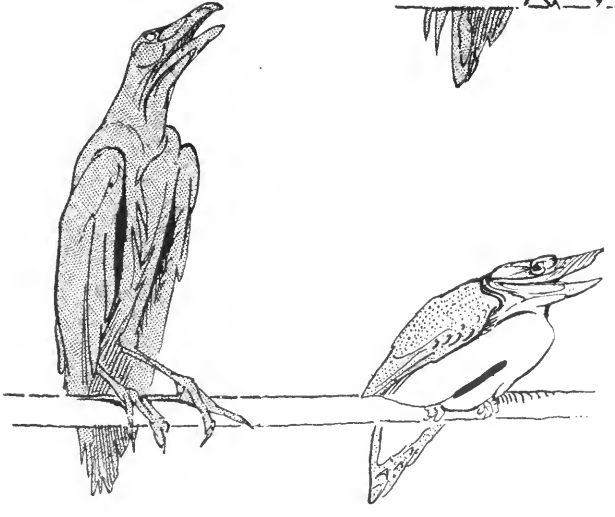
For the laughing jackass's own sake, I wouldn't introduce him to a raven; because the jackass would be sure to repeat the joke to his new acquaintance, and the raven, a sardonic and superior joker, would be apt to deal savagely with him; and this more because of the badness of the joke than its age. I know a raven named Elijah (there would appear to have been some confusion of Scriptural history at his christening) who would be a bad subject for the laughing jackass's joke. He is not at the Zoo, but in private ownership, which is a great deal the worse in general devilment for the private owner, although he hasn't discovered it for himself yet. Elijah's chief delight, by the way, is to run loose in a flower garden or a conservatory, where the surroundings may be reduced to a salad in about five minutes. "Do you know why they call me a laughing jackass?" *Dacelo gigantea* might ask Elijah;



for this conundrum, I am convinced, is the ancestral wheeze. "Perhaps it's because you're a jackass to laugh so much," Elijah would say, severely. "No, you're wrong!" would scream that fatuous kingfisher. "It's because they think Jack—as good as any other name! Ha! ha! How's that? Isn't Jackass good as his master?" and he would guffaw deliriously while Elijah sharpened his big beak. "H'm," Elijah would grunt, with savage calmness, when the laugh was over. "Just make another joke like that, will you?" And the unhappy jackass would have to save himself as best he might.

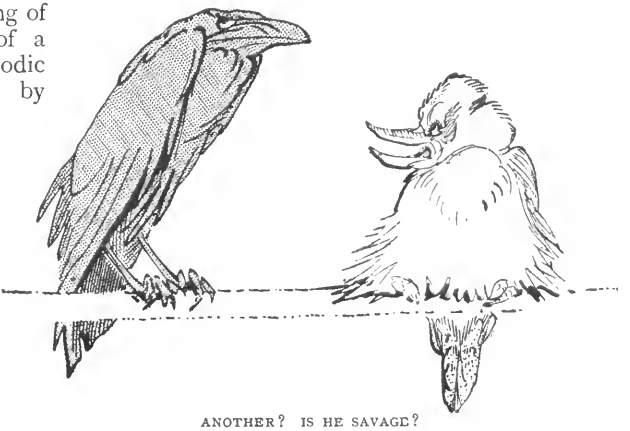


A CONUNDRUM.

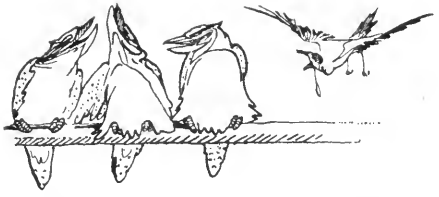


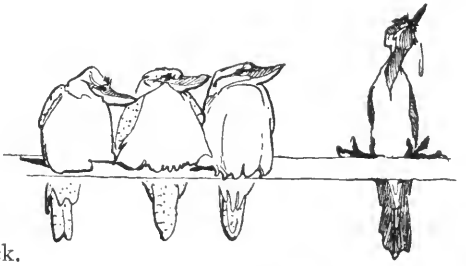
HA! HA!

The laughing jackass is all very well as a chorus, but he can't sustain a separate low-comedy part. The raven can, the jackdaw and the magpie can, the jay can, and even the rook and the ordinary crow have their humoursome talents. The chaplain crow becomes a very passable Stiggins, under the influence of the sun, which acts as his pineapple rum. Hot sunshine opens the mouth of the chaplain crow, and causes a rolling of the head and eyes, suggestive of a lachrymose sermon; and a spasmodic croak that is an overcharged rant by itself. You grow more serious at each step nearer the chaplain crow on these occasions, and you pull up with a start at the thought of a collection. I am not sure that much of his distress is not caused by the laughing jackasses, who have an impious practice of laughing at their conundrum on Sunday. There is a temptation to call the three worst offenders among the jackasses Tom, and Bob, and Billy, and the chaplain crow Sir Macklin, by compliment or with apologies to the "Bab Ballads"; but, in good truth, there is no other name for the chaplain crow but Stiggins. His white choker is

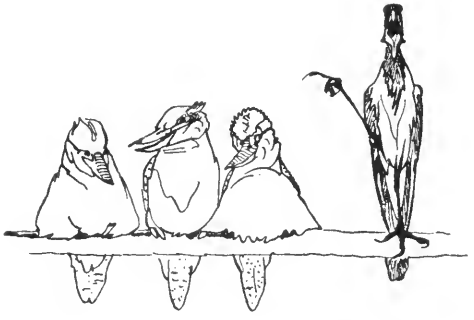


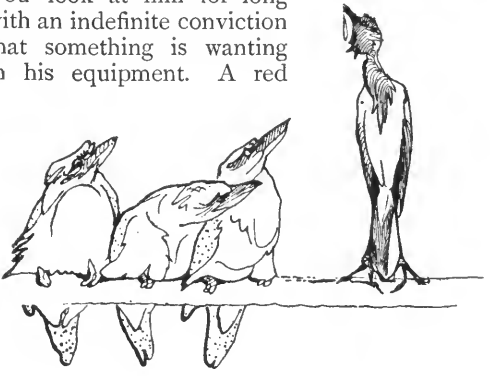
ANOTHER? IS HE SAVAGE?





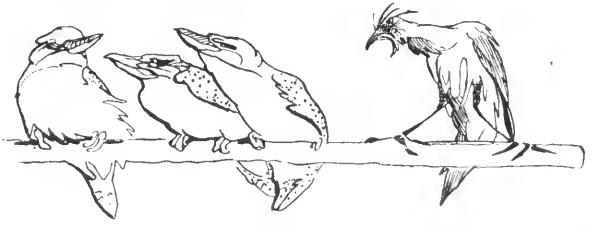
ragged and soiled and pulled askew on his neck. You look at him for long with an indefinite conviction that something is wanting in his equipment. A red



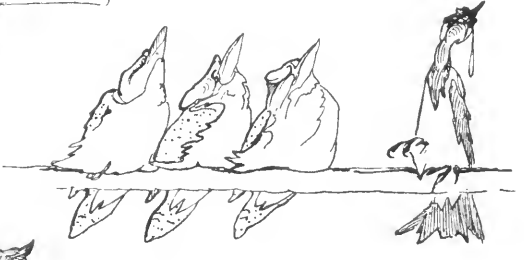


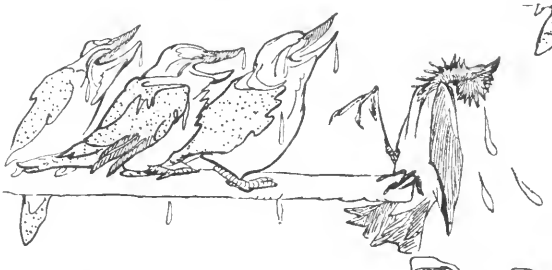
beak would be an improvement, certainly, and to secure it a cross with the chough might be tried; but what you really miss in Stiggins is a black bottle and a bad umbrella.

The raven was once white, Ovid tells us, but Apollo turned him black



for tale-bearing. The rook and the crow must have told tales, too, unless Apollo condemned the lot at once, from un-

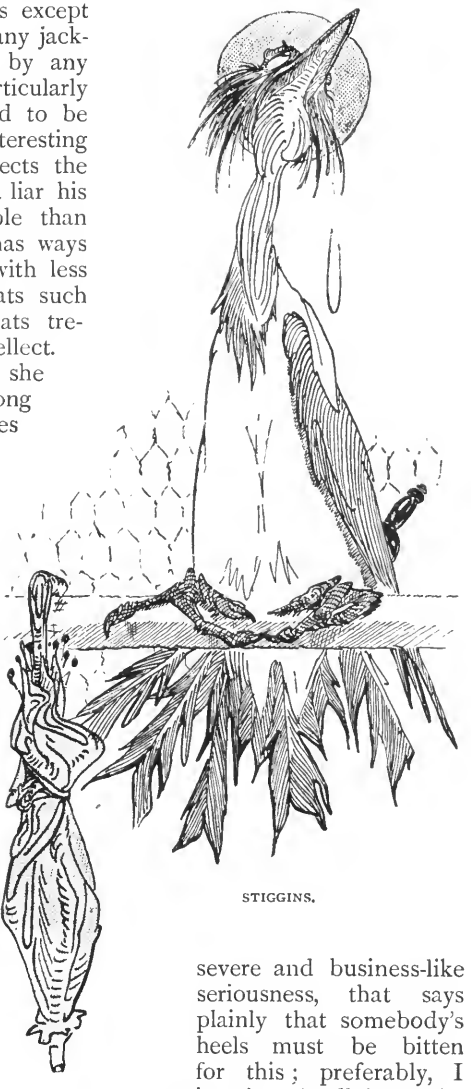




certainty as to the actual culprit. The magpie and the chaplain crow are only partly black — offence not specified. Perhaps they told white lies. Here at the Zoo are two perfectly white jackdaws, and I have spent some time in an effort to discover for what conspicuously virtuous exploit they have been so distinguished. I can find nothing in their histories

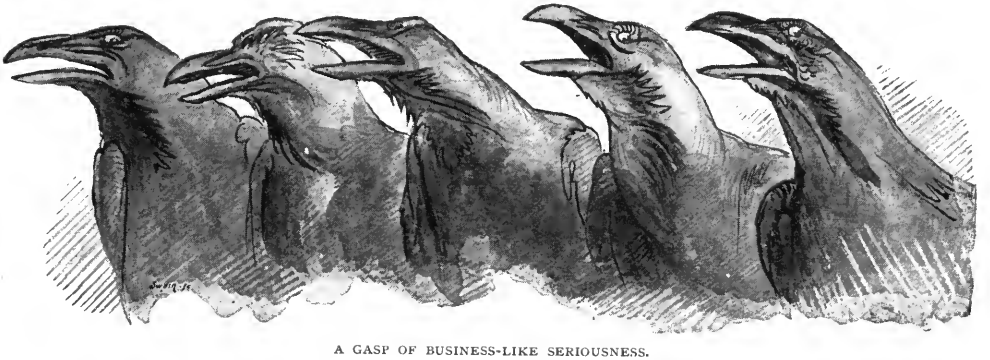
WICKED TOM AND BOB AND BILLY.

greatly to distinguish them from other jackdaws except the colour of their feathers. I have known many jackdaws and have possessed a few, but cannot, by any effort, imagine one of them doing anything particularly virtuous; jackdaws by nature are not intended to be pious. I have a jackdaw now who is a most interesting and pleasing thief, liar, and bully, but he neglects the more usual moral qualities. As a thief and a liar his performances are probably no more remarkable than those of other jackdaws, but as a bully he has ways of his own. He bullies every living thing with less brains than himself, irrespective of size, and eats such of them as are small enough. He hectors cats tremendously — merely by force of superior intellect. When a cat perceives a bird—the size of some she is in the habit of trying to catch—pelting headlong toward her down a garden-path, with furious eyes and beak, shouting "Hullo, Jack! Shut up! Shut up! Come along, old girl! Hi! hi! hi!"—that cat has some excuse for hastily retiring over the wall to think things over; and Jack cocks his head and chuckles. He bullies dogs when they will allow it; when he meets one that won't, he finds a safe perch and abuses him violently. He will even bully a housemaid who is afraid of having her heels pecked. Once he went on a visit and tried to bully Elijah, but that was very nearly being another tale. Elijah is not the sort of bird anyone would bully for pastime, and Jack found speed as useful as intellect, for once in a way. But if he came to the Zoo to-morrow, he would probably begin by bullying Jung Perchad.

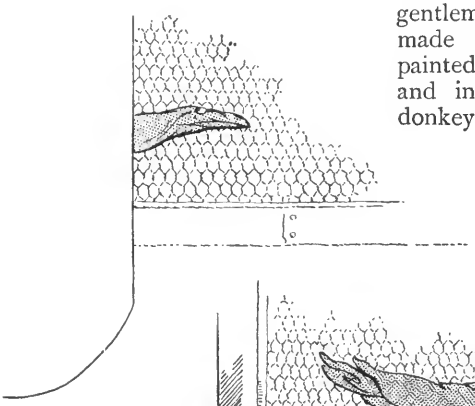


STIGGINS.

The raven was never meant to be bullied. He is a wag, certainly, but a wag of a satanic sort. His very chuckle is fierce; and when the heat makes him open his mouth to pant, it isn't with a lachrymation, as the chaplain crow, nor with a grin, as the magpie, but with a severe and business-like seriousness, that says plainly that somebody's heels must be bitten for this; preferably, I imagine, Apollo's, as the

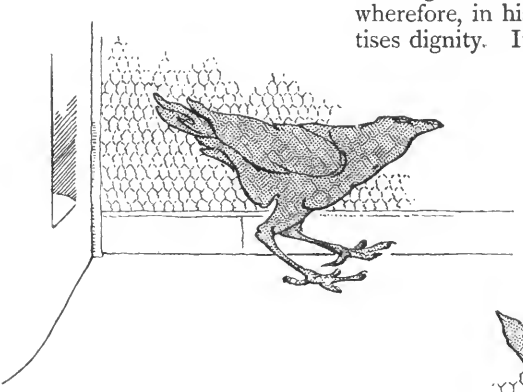


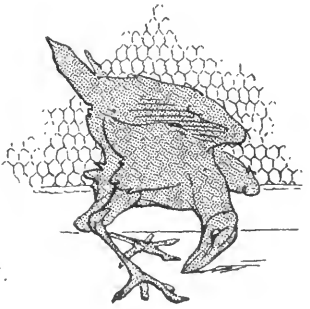
A GASP OF BUSINESS-LIKE SERIOUSNESS.

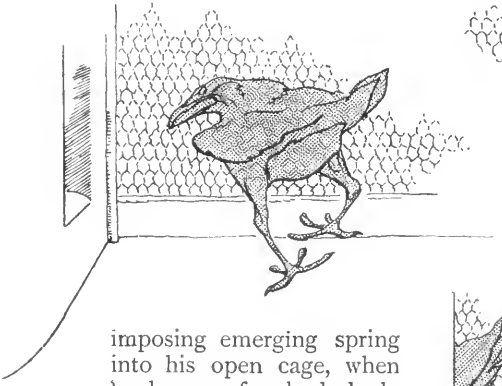


gentleman that drives the sun; and who, also, first made the raven as black as he could possibly be painted. The full age of the raven is not known, and in the belief of many he shares with the donkey the reputation of immortality. Notwithstanding which, Charles Dickens had a raven that died of too free indulgence in white paint.

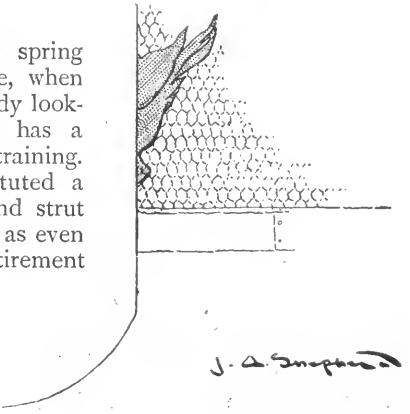
Like many another wag, the raven hates nothing so much as looking ridiculous; wherefore, in his private moments he practises dignity. It is the last thing one would expect of the raven, but he does it. Watch the occasion and you may observe him carefully practising a graceful and







imposing emerging spring into his open cage, when he knows of nobody looking. And, in truth, the practised raven has a courtly bow, but it requires preparation and training. Betray your presence after he has substituted a downer with his nose for the stately bow and strut he had intended, and you will humiliate him as even plucking would not; and send him into retirement with a longing to snatch your watch.



By Richard Marsh.

I.

"CONVICT'S escaped!"

"Oh—when?"

"Last night. Didn't you hear the guns?"

I had not heard them. I don't think that Ted had heard them, either. We had not gone to bed with the intention of lying awake to listen to guns.

We sat down to breakfast, Ted and I, thinking rather of the food in front of us than of the unfortunate or fortunate individual who, according to our landlord, had quitted Princetown Prison, in the small hours of the morning, without first going through the form of obtaining his host's permission. But the landlord was full of the subject. He went on talking while we went on eating.

"They'll catch him, safe enough. I've been here a few years, and I've seen a few of 'em escape, I tell you. But I've never known one that wasn't brought back yet. You see, there's five pounds to anyone who gives the screws the office—they call the warders 'screws,' them chaps up here. So pretty near everyone's hand's against them. And then Princetown isn't like Millbank. You can't drop over the wall and find a pal waiting for you round the corner. It's when they're out that their troubles begin. They don't know their way about Dartmoor any more than they know their way about the moon."

Mr. Pethick paused to take in a little breath. So Ted asked a question: "Have you heard who it is has got away?"

Mr. Pethick winked.

"They keep that dark just at first, you know. They like to lay their hands upon him before anybody gets to know who it is has tried to slip his collar. But I was told it was a 'lifer'—a chap who, if he'd got his rights, would have been hung. I shouldn't be surprised if he made a bit of a fight for it before he lets them lay their hands on him."

Ted Lane and I were staying at a certain little inn within two miles of Princetown Prison, which is not unknown to brethren of the rod and the line, and of the palette and the brush. It stands just at the junction of the tiny stream which they call the River Cowsick with the River Dart; in the heart of a country which, at least in summer, is as beautiful as it is wild. We had gone there ostensibly to sketch, but we had done a little fishing, and to tell the truth, I don't think that we had done much of either.

I was a lazy man in those days. I don't know that I am much more hard-working now.

But that particular day we had planned a ten-mile walk over the moor—ten miles out and ten miles home—to Erme Head. And if we felt in the mood, and not too lazy, and that sort of thing, we had vague intentions of pushing on to Red Lake, about a mile farther on.

It was good walking weather, a clear sky

overhead, and just breeze enough to keep one cool; and I need scarcely observe that we did not allow the fact of a man having escaped from the convict establishment at the top of the hill to make any alteration in our plans.

The man, however, seemed to be running in Mr. Pethick's mind. There is not much to talk about at Two Bridges except the weather, and an escape from Princetown is undoubtedly an event.

"You are sure to meet him," our landlord remarked, as we set out. I will only hint that if I had only been as sure of this as our host professed to be, at least one of those pedestrians would have stayed at home. I am not at all sure that the stay-at-homes would not have extended to two. I am not a thief-catcher. I had no desire to earn five pounds by what Mr. Pethick had termed "giving the 'screws' the 'office.'" As for the members of the criminal classes, I have always felt that the less I have to do with them, the better I am pleased. I do not know how it is with other men. It has always been that way with me. And I am sure—on that point there cannot be the slightest possible doubt!—that if I had anticipated having an interview, in the remotest and most secluded fastnesses of wild Dartmoor, with a gentleman who would have been hung "if he had had his rights," I, for one, should have postponed that little excursion *sine die*. Indeed, I should not have minded if it had never come off at all. Ted Lane, however, gave me the impression that he was not of my way of thinking. I am persuaded that if you had listened to the remarks which he made as we went along—casual remarks, as it were—you would have supposed, as I supposed at the time, that nothing would have given him greater pleasure than to capture, or recapture, all the inmates of Princetown Prison single-handed. Nor do I deny that I might have dropped a hint, a distant hint, that under certain circumstances I should do, or endeavour to do, my duty to my Queen and to my country. But when Ted Lane declares, as he since has declared, that I said that I should be only too glad, five pounds or no five pounds, to have a chance of taking the blood-stained villain by the throat, and "scrunching the life right out of him!" he libels me. I hope and I believe, in fact I know, that I would "scrunch the life" out of no man, whether convict or, so to speak, layman.

We had gone five miles, it may be; perhaps a little more, because we had passed For Tor. We were not talking about convicts—nothing of the kind. We were in the middle of a discussion about the Whistlerian theories of art, when I turned round, the better to get a light to my pipe. As I turned I saw, or thought I saw, someone or something drop down behind a hillock some two hundred yards away. But as I continued to look steadily in that direction and saw nothing and no one, I concluded that I was mistaken, and that some chance object had deceived my eye. Having lit my pipe, I rejoined Lane, who had gone on and was a few yards ahead.

We resumed the thread of our discussion; but as we argued I could not rid myself of the impression that, after all, I might not have been mistaken, and that someone had dropped down behind the hillock. To make quite sure, I glanced backwards, over my shoulder. As I did so I gave an exclamation.

"What's the matter?" inquired Ted.

I had stood still and turned. He also stood still and turned.

'CASUAL REMARKS.

"It's very queer," I said, "but I could have sworn that I saw somebody peeping over the top of that hillock."

"Which hillock?"

"That one—with the patch of gorse at the side."

Ted looked in the direction in which I pointed.

"There's nothing there."

It was true that there was nothing there just then; but if there had not been something there a moment before, then I had been the victim of an optical delusion, and of an optical delusion of a curious kind. But for some reason, on which I need not dwell, I did not altogether relish the idea of there being someone in that wild place who, while he was anxious to look at us, was even more anxious that we should not look at him. So I did not think it worth while to insist that I could scarcely have been twice deceived, in broad daylight, in such a very singular manner.

Ted went on talking in his light-hearted way.

"You were dreaming, my dear fellow." He recommenced his forward march. "In Whistler's portrait of his mother——"

My thoughts were not with Whistler's portrait of his mother. They were behind my back. As Ted went prosing on, I gave another glance over my shoulder. What I saw—well! I do not wish to use exaggerated language, so I will not say that it made my blood run cold, but I do affirm that it did not increase my sense of comfort. I saw that a man was following us, as it seemed to me, upon his hands and knees. He must have been well on the alert, because directly I looked round he dropped down, so that he lay concealed among the ferns and grasses. But I had seen him, though he might not think it. Upon that point I had no doubt.

I was at a loss as to what was the best course to pursue. I am aware that it may seem obvious enough on paper. I can only state that I did not find it quite so obvious in fact. I am not a fighting man, and what is more, I never have been. I do not know that that is anything to be ashamed of, though, to listen to some people, and to some ostensibly respectable people, you would think that it was. There is nothing I object to so much as a row; and, in fact, although I may be an artist, I am a peace-loving and peace-abiding citizen. And I defy even a cross-examining barrister to prove that I am otherwise.

After a few moments of what I will call inward meditation, I gathered myself together, moistened my lips, and said, "Ted!"

"Yes?" He looked at me. I suppose he saw that there was something in my face. "What's up?"

"Keep cool, old man."

"Keep cool! What do you mean?" I caught his arm.

"Don't turn. Perhaps it would be as well not to let him think we see him."

"See him? See whom?"

"Keep cool. Don't get excited, Ted." I dropped my voice to what I have seen described as a "lurid" whisper. "The gentleman who escaped from Princetown last night is just behind. He's following us."

I used the word "gentleman" advisedly; because, although, of course, I knew that he could not hear what we were saying, still I did not wish him even to *think* that we were using towards him the language of discourtesy.

I had not imagined that my observation would have had the effect it did have upon Ted Lane. He pulled up short.

"Don't stop," I said. "Don't let him think we've noticed him."

Ted went on again, as it seemed to me, a little hurriedly.

"You're sure it's the man?"

"Quite sure."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know where he is now. When I just looked back he was rather more, perhaps, than fifty yards behind us."

"Fifty yards? That all? Why is he following us?"

"I'm sure I don't know why he's following us. I say, Ted, I wish you wouldn't walk so fast. I can scarcely keep up with you."

"I'm not walking fast." I did not see how he could walk much faster, unless he ran. But I said nothing. I did my best to keep at his side.

After we had walked a dozen or twenty yards at the rate of about seven miles an hour, Ted gasped out:—

"What sort of man is he?"

"I didn't see. I only just had a peep at him."

"Look where he is!"

"Then don't go tearing off like that."

I caught him by the arm, to make sure that he did not walk on and leave me behind. I glanced behind. As I did so I uttered an exclamation. What I saw was enough to make any man exclaim. A truculent-looking scoundrel, apparently about eight feet high,

attired in the hideous costume of a convict, was striding after us as if he were in possession of the seven league boots, and was wearing them just then.

My exclamation caused Ted to look behind him. When he saw that murderous-looking monster bearing down upon us in a manner which inevitably suggested a bloodthirsty pirate bearing down upon an inoffensive trading craft, Ted tore his arm out of my grasp, and, without giving me the slightest hint of what his intentions were, made off as fast as his legs would carry him. When that convict saw that Ted had taken to his heels, he took to his, and, of course, when he took to his heels, I also took to mine.

"Stop!" I cried to Ted. "Don't run away from the man."

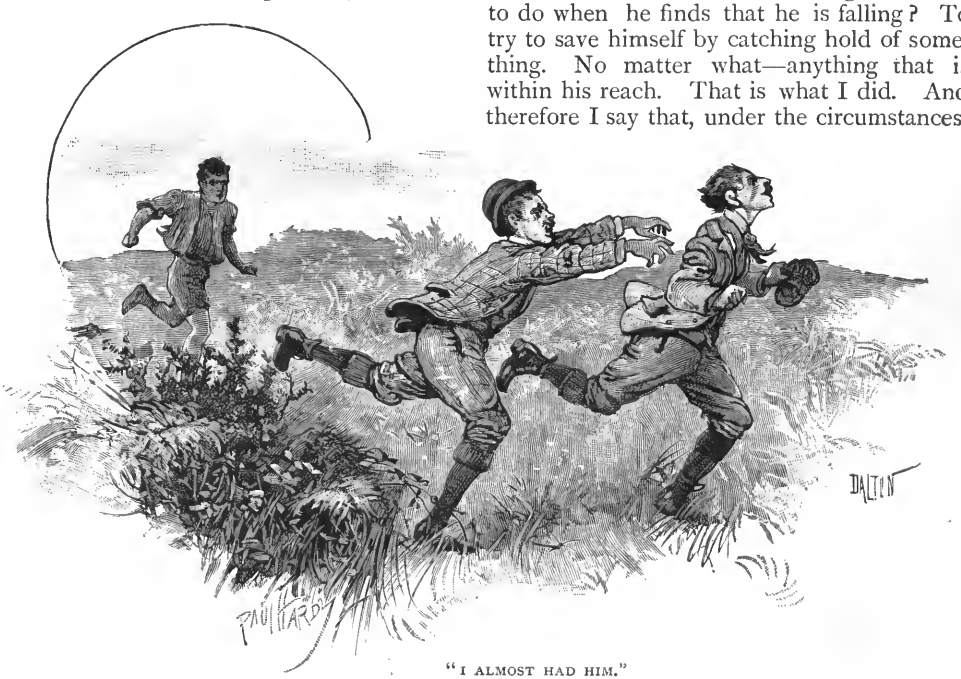
I protest that I shouted this with the full force of my lungs, although—in this way is history told—Ted denies that I did so to this hour.

I had no idea that Ted Lane could run so fast. He simply flew over the ground. All I did was to try to catch him, and, I need scarcely observe, I had to strain every nerve if I wished to have a chance of doing that. As for that convict, no sooner had the procession started, than that audacious villain gave utterance to an ear-piercing yell, which must have been audible all the way to Princetown. When that sound fell upon Ted Lane's ear, he stood, if possible, still less upon the order of his going even than before. He tore off the light knapsack which held his sketch-book, his palette, and his lunch, and cast it to the winds. When he let his knapsack go, of course, I let mine go too. But, merely on that account, it is absurd to suppose that I was running away from the man behind. I repeat that my sole desire was to catch Ted Lane, who was in front. And how could I expect to be able to catch him if I was more heavily weighted than he was?

That convict, instead of pausing as he might have been expected to do, to see what the knapsacks contained, came on, if anything, faster than before. He moved so much faster than I did that I already seemed to feel his outstretched hand upon my collar, which is a sufficient refutation of the ridiculous suggestion that, in the *true* sense of the words, I was running away from him.

So, as it was plainly a case of at once or never, I increased my already almost superhuman efforts to catch Ted Lane. I gained upon him, perceptibly, inch by inch—though seldom was a man more winged by fear than he was then. I almost had him. In another second we should have been side by side, when my foot caught against some obstacle on the uneven turf, and I fell headforemost to the ground.

What is the most natural thing for a man to do when he finds that he is falling? To try to save himself by catching hold of something. No matter what—anything that is within his reach. That is what I did. And therefore I say that, under the circumstances,



"I ALMOST HAD HIM."

Ted Lane's simulated indignation is simply nonsense.

When I felt myself going, I did the most natural thing in the world—I made a snatch at something. I suppose it is not my fault if Ted Lane's leg was the only thing there was to snatch. I presume that even Ted Lane himself will not venture to suggest that I put his leg where it was. Nor, when I touched his leg, if he chose to go sprawling forward on to his face, was that any affair of mine. Anyhow, he did go forward. And there we both of us lay.

"So I've got you!"

This observation was made in a tone of voice which induced me, after a short interval for reflection, to look round. The speaker was the gentleman—but why should I write "gentleman"? I will write it plainly. The speaker was the unmitigated ruffian who had escaped from Princetown Gaol.

I sat up, feeling a little out of sorts. In my sanguine way, I imagined that the time had not yet passed for peaceful overtures. So I spoke to the fellow as I would have spoken to an ordinary Christian.

"Good-day! Warm weather for walking."

"I'll make it warmer for you before I've done."

That was what the crime-stained wretch replied. Yet, such was the extent and fulness of my Christian charity, still I did not wish him to look upon us as his natural enemies.

"You need not be afraid of us, my dear sir," I remarked, in that friendly and affable way I have. "We have a fellow feeling for a fellow creature in distress, and rather than re-consign you to the dungeons which you appear to have so recently quitted——"

"Afraid of you!" he yelled. He gave a whoop which would have done credit to a Red Indian on the war-path. He also bounded about four feet from the ground. "I am Jim Slim, the Camden Town murderer. I have slain nine people with this right hand—seven women, three men, and a boy." His arithmetic reminded me of a dining-room waiter's, but that is what he said. "And why should I not add you to the number of the slain?"

This inquiry was such a peculiar one, even proceeding from an escaped convict in the middle of Dartmoor, that I was induced to look more carefully at the speaker. He was quite worth looking at, from the point of view of the people who derive satisfaction from gazing at the ladies and gentlemen in the "Room of Horrors."

A more horrible and malignant-looking scoundrel I never saw. I am not prepared to state what were his exact measurements in inches, but he was certainly head and shoulders taller than I am. I should say, if we had been placed rear to rear, that the top of my head would have reached somewhere about the middle of his back. And, what is more, he was *more* than broad in proportion.

But he was not only a dreadful object as regards his physical configuration, but, if the thing was possible, his attire lent to his appearance an added charm. He was, of course, clad in convict's clothing, but, although one does not expect that clothing to be "cut" in Savile Row, one certainly does expect to see about it *some* sort of a fit. For instance, one does not expect to see a man of, say, seven foot in a suit of clothes which would not be large enough for a man of three foot six. The hideous miscreant in front of us had been crammed into garments which had apparently been intended for his infant brother. I don't know, but I had always supposed that they provided even convicts with boots or shoes. This individual had neither. He had on a pair of stockings, the whole of which was scarcely large enough to contain his feet. His knickerbockers stopped short about ten inches above his knees. They looked more like curtailed bathing drawers, of novel design and pattern, than any other garment I ever saw. He had apparently cut them open at the back to induce them to meet in front, and the result was singular. He had cut his jacket open at the seams to enable him to get into it. Between the bottom of that garment and the top of his knickerbockers was a vacant space of about two feet. This was scantily covered by the ragged remnants of a parti-coloured shirt. No waistcoat was visible to the naked eye. As for hat or cap, perhaps the gentleman had come away so hastily that he had forgotten to bring that with him.

I felt that if that is the costume in which a grateful country attires her criminals, honesty may be the better policy, after all.

While Ted and I regarded the guilt-smirched scoundrel with eyes of wonder and admiration, he plunged his hand into the bosom of what, I presume, was intended for his shirt. When that hand reappeared it held what I have seen described as a "shooting-iron." A revolver was flashed in our faces. It only needed that to make the situation perfect.

"What shall I do with you?" he de-

"A REVOLVER WAS FLASHED IN OUR FACES."

manded, in a manner which, so far as I was concerned, required no reply whatever.

Ted, however, seemed to think otherwise.

"I haven't brought much money with me; but so far as half a sovereign is concerned——"

"Half-sovereign me no half-sovereign!"

Ted ducked. He appeared to be under the impression—which, I am bound to own, I shared—that that ideal candidate for Falstaff's ragged regiment was about to "take a shot" at him. Our new acquaintance, however, restrained his zeal.

"My dear sir," cried Ted, "don't fire! I assure you that my sympathy is yours. I have always been conscious that a gentleman in your position may be, if all were known, a better man——"

"Sympathy me no sympathy!" (Another duck from Ted.) "What I want," yelled the stranger, as if he were addressing a meeting in Hyde Park, "is clothes!"

I felt that this was true; indeed, we both of us felt that this was true. But none the less, we were not prepared for what immediately followed.

"Take off your coat!"

Ted chose to take the request as being addressed to him.

"I am afraid you will find my coat too small for you."

"The two of you take off your coats. I will sew them both together."

The proposition did not commend itself to me as being of a practicable kind, nor as one which was likely to lead to a satisfactory result. I did not see how he proposed to provide himself with a well-fitting garment even when the two coats were sewn together. However, as Ted took off his coat, of course I took off mine. I had always regarded that man as my friend, and I was not going to desert him then. I have some consideration for the claims of friendship, whatever other men may have.

But the stranger was not content when he had got our coats.

"Take off your waistcoats," was his next demand.

Here Ted made a stand; not such a stand as I should have made—still, he made a stand.

"You really must excuse me, my dear sir, but if you wouldn't mind——"

"Strip!" roared the stranger.

And—well, I may say, in fact, I do say it, without the slightest hesitation, that if Ted had not stripped first, I should not have stripped: I should have remonstrated with that ruthless ruffian. I should have pointed out to him that there are circumstances which an escaped convict ought to consider even in the centre of Dartmoor. I should have done this in a manner which would have commended itself to his sense of what was right and what was wrong. But, as I have already pointed out, I am not a man to desert a friend, especially in the hour of his need. So, when Ted stripped, I stood to him, shoulder to shoulder, and I stripped too.

There was one thing—the weather was tolerably warm, and the spot was a secluded

"TAKE OFF YOUR WAISTCOATS."

one, ten miles from anywhere, so that there was nothing to shock the proprieties. Otherwise, if I know myself, I should certainly have refrained.

I must confess, though, that I did not understand why he would not allow us to keep our socks. Even if he had sewn the two pairs together he would not have been able to get into them. And as for our shoes, the idea of his ever being able to wear them was simply ridiculous. But no, he would not even allow us to keep a pocket-handkerchief. He would only allow us to keep our hats. And that was absurd. A man cannot do much in the way of outdoor exercise if he only has a hat on. The thing would make the absence of the rest of his apparel more marked than ever.

"Take six steps to the left," observed the stranger.

We took six steps to the left; or, rather, Ted took six steps to the left, and, of course, I followed him. I never *would* desert a friend.

When we had taken six steps to the left, the stranger tucked my clothes under one arm, and Ted's clothes under the other. He turned away. He disappeared among the heather, down a winding path which led, with a sharp descent, to some lower ground upon the right.

I will not attempt to describe the feelings with which we watched him disappear. We waited for him to reappear. But we waited in vain. We saw nothing more of him, or of our clothes. We spent the greater part of that day, in the heart of Dartmoor, with "nodings on" except our hats. And what is even a Lincoln and Bennett when you have no other garments with which to keep that article in countenance?

II.

"STAND! or we fire!"

This was the agreeable observation which was addressed to us from the rear, when we had become more than a little tired of wandering about a rough, and a rugged, and a thorny country in a state of arcadian simplicity. Our first impression was that the gentleman who had replenished his wardrobe at the expense of ours, after carefully considering the matter, desired the pleasure of our further acquaintance. Perhaps he had come back after our hats.

But our first impression was a mistaken one, as we perceived when we looked behind us.

A little distance off stood a small group of warders, evidently a search party from the prison. Their guns were raised to their shoulders, and the muzzles were pointed in our direction, with evident and obvious intent. But we had no objection to "stand." Not the slightest. We had already been standing for some time, chiefly because we had experienced a difficulty in sitting or lying on the prickly turf with "nodings on."

As the warders advanced they stared at us with unmistakable and increasing surprise, which conduct, on their part, was not altogether without excuse. In front of them walked a superior officer, perhaps a "chief" warder, or something—I don't know; I have

"STAND! OR WE FIRE!"

myself not yet "done time." At his side was an individual who, as he was attired in the ordinary costume of every-day life, was, apparently, a civilian. When he had come close enough to make quite sure that our attire was represented by a minus quantity, he addressed us:—

"Who are you; and what are you walking about like that for?"

We told him who we were. We also told him why we were walking about like that. We explained, with a certain dignity, that we had encountered the gentleman he was in search of, and that he had relieved us of what we would charitably hope he had supposed to be our superfluities.

That officer's surprise, for some occult reason, appeared to increase rather than to diminish.

"You don't mean to say that you two men allowed a little man like that to strip you both stark-naked?"

Little man! I don't know what he called a little man. I pointed out to him, with sarcastic and even cutting emphasis, that a man seven foot six could be only called "little" in a land of giants.

"Seven foot six! Why, he scarcely tops five foot."

Scarcely topped five foot! Then that was the most liberal five foot I ever yet encountered. I said so.

The individual who was attired in civilian costume interposed:—

"If the man these gentlemen are speaking of was unusually tall, it is possible that it was Mr. Mogford, and if so——"

He got no further; because just then there came sauntering out from among the gorse and the heather "Jim Slim, the Camden Town murderer." His appearance created a sensation. His costume, in particular, seemed to occasion almost as much surprise as ours had done. He carried under each arm a bundle of clothing. Ted Lane and I recognised those bundles without a moment's hesitation. The fellow had been wise enough not to attempt to clothe himself with our belongings. With an air of the most perfect tranquillity he approached the group of warders. Then he stretched out his arm, letting Ted's garments tumble to the ground, and he shook the civilian by the hand.

"How do, Pierce?" he observed. "I'm Jim Slim, the Camden Town murderer."

He said he was—but he wasn't. There have been moments since then when I have almost wished he had been.

The man was a lunatic—in a legal, not merely in a colloquial sense. His name was Mogford. He was residing, for the benefit of his health, in a cottage, somewhere—I cannot say exactly where; I never knew, but somewhere upon Dartmoor. The individual in civilian clothes, Mr. Pierce, was his keeper. Mr. Mogford had risen at a very early hour that morning and, unknown to his keeper, gone out upon the moor. He

"I'M JIM SLIM."

had not been heard of since. Mr. Pierce was looking for him when he had encountered the search party from the prison.

That lunatic, Mogford, had met that convict, who was probably then in the first ardour of his flight. The chaste beauty of the flying convict's costume had filled his lunatic soul with longing. He had insisted upon a change of clothing. What that convict thought of the transaction history does not record. Although the fit must have left something to be desired, he probably needed but slight coercion.

Mr. Mogford, having got himself in—and very much in—his new garments, somehow, felt himself bound to act up to his attire. Coming upon us he had insisted not exactly upon another exchange, but upon rank robbery.

I have heard it whispered since that my conduct on that occasion did not exactly merit the cross for valour. I have even heard it insinuated that it showed rank cowardice for two men to allow one man to strip them to the skin. That sort of observation merely denotes inexperience. If you go to the United States, that great country, you will find that a couple of men with "shooters" can, and do, "hold-up" a whole train full of passengers, and among them men of valour.

I beg to observe, with emphasis, and without hesitation, that it is only when ten miles away from anywhere you meet a bloodthirsty, blood-guilty, gigantic, murderous, truculent, reckless ruffian, who has everything to win and nothing to lose, and who is in possession of a revolver which he shows every intention of using on the slightest possible pretext, that you learn what force of persuasion there is in a certain kind of argument.

Ted Lane *may* have been a coward. I wish it to be understood that I say nothing to the contrary. For myself, I spurn the paltry suggestion with the withering contempt which it deserves.

AGE 15.
From a Photo. by W. Woodbury, Manchester.

AGE 30.
From a Photo. by Deneulain & Blake, Strand.

SYDNEY GRUNDY.

Born 1848.

MR. SYDNEY GRUNDY was born in Manchester, and devoted himself to playwriting at the early age of twelve. He practised for six years as a barrister in his native city; but his one-act piece, "A Little Change,"

AGE 22.
From a Photo. by Calvert Bros., Manchester.

having been produced by Buckstone, with Madge Robertson and Mr. Kendal in the leading parts, he came to London in 1876, and has produced a play almost yearly ever since. His first remarkable success was "Mammon," produced at the Strand Theatre in 1877. In 1882 he wrote the comic opera, "The Vicar of Bray," recently revived, with considerable alteration, at the Savoy. "Clito," produced by Mr. Wilson Barrett in 1886, was the beginning of a series of almost uniform successes, of which, perhaps, the most popular have been "The Arabian Nights," "A Pair of Spectacles," and "Haddon Hall."

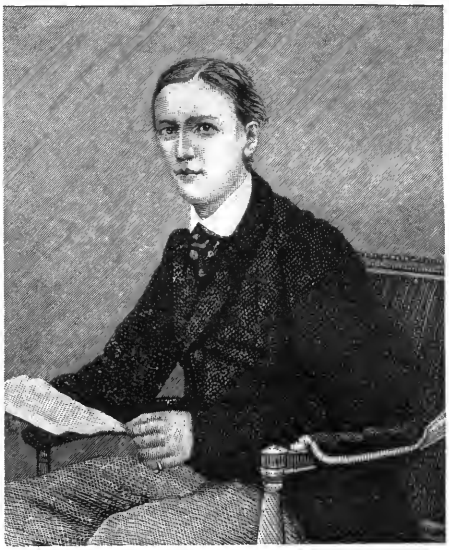
PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Lombardi & Co., Pall Mall East.

AGE 18.
From a Photo. by Southwell Bros., Baker Street, W.

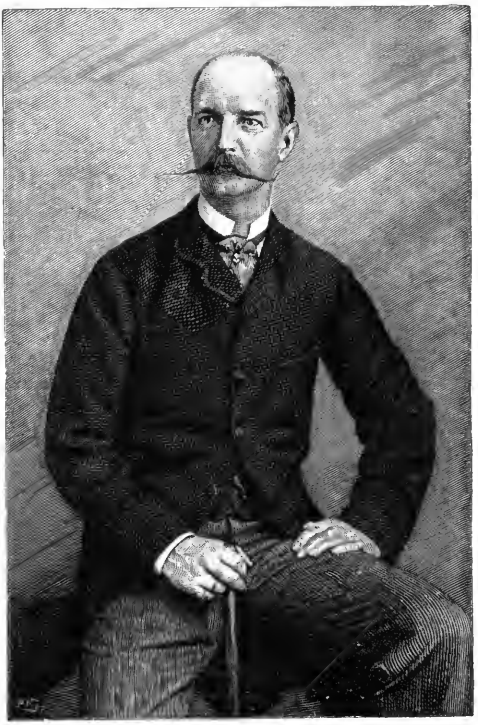
THE KING OF GREECE.

Born 1845.

GEORGE I. (Christian William Ferdinand Adolphus George), King of the Hellenes, second son of the King of Denmark, and brother of the Czarina and of the Princess of Wales, was born December 24th, 1845, and served for some time in the Danish navy. After the abdication of Otho I., the late King of Greece, in 1863, the vacant throne was first tendered by a majority of the Greek people to Prince Alfred of England, whose nomination the English Government refused to accept. It was then offered to Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who declined it; and eventually to Prince Christian, who, with the concurrence of his own family and the consent of the Great Powers, accepted it, and began to reign as King George I. on June 6th, 1863. Since the year 1876, when active trouble broke out in the Balkan Peninsula, King George's position has been very difficult; but as yet he has maintained it without going to war.



AGE 28.
From a Photograph.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

AGE 19.
From a Photo. by Bergamasco, St. Petersburg.

THE QUEEN OF GREECE.

BORN 1851.

PRINCESS OLGA, daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine, was married at St. Petersburg, at the age of sixteen, to George I. of Greece. Her eldest son, Constantine, Duke of Sparta, was born in

AGE 26.
From a Photo. by Bergamasco, St. Petersburg.

the following year at Athens. He married in 1889 Princess Sophia of Prussia, the aunt of the German Emperor. The Queen of Greece has five other children living, her eldest daughter, Princess

AGE 32.
From a Photo. by Moraïtes & Co., Athens.

Alexandra, who married the Grand Duke Paul of Russia, having died two years ago.

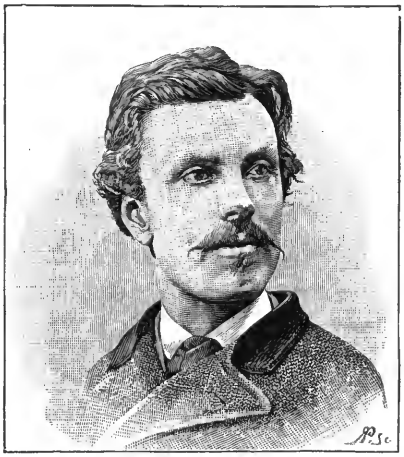
PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Pasetti, St. Petersburg.

From a] AGE 13. *[Daguerreotype.*

WILLIAM EWART LOCKHART, R.S.A.

BORN 1846.

MR. WILLIAM EWART LOCKHART, R.S.A., was born in Dumfriesshire on February 14th, 1846. He exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy at the early age of fourteen, and a few years later in the Royal Academy. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1870. Eight years later, in 1878, Mr. Lockhart was made a full Academician. He is the representative of the Scottish Academy among the Trustees

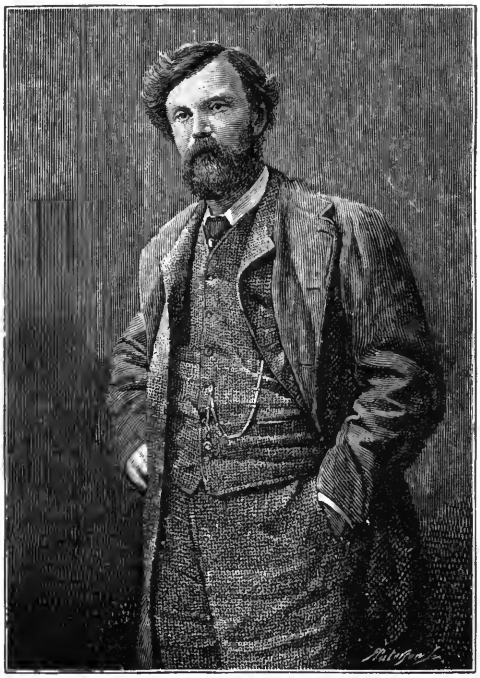


AGE 21.
From a Photo. by Nesbitt & Lothian, Edinburgh.

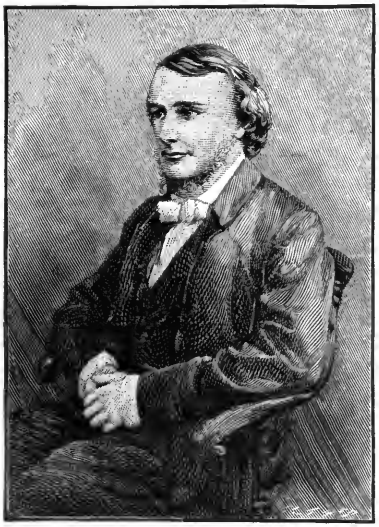
of the British Institution, and is a member of the Royal Water-Colour Society. In June, 1887, Mr. Lockhart was commissioned by Her Majesty the Queen to paint, for the Royal galleries at Windsor, a picture of the "Jubilee Celebration in Westminster Abbey," which large work engrossed his whole attention for almost three years. His principal works exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy are: "Priscilla," 1870; "Don

AGE 31.
From a Photo. by T. Rogers, St. Andrews, N.B.

Quixote," 1875; "Gil Blas," 1878; "Alnaschar," 1879; "Cardinal Beaton," 1881; "The Cid," 1882; "Swineherd," 1885; "Church Lottery," 1886; "Glaucus," 1887; and "The Jubilee Celebration in Westminster Abbey," 1887.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Crook, Edinburgh.*

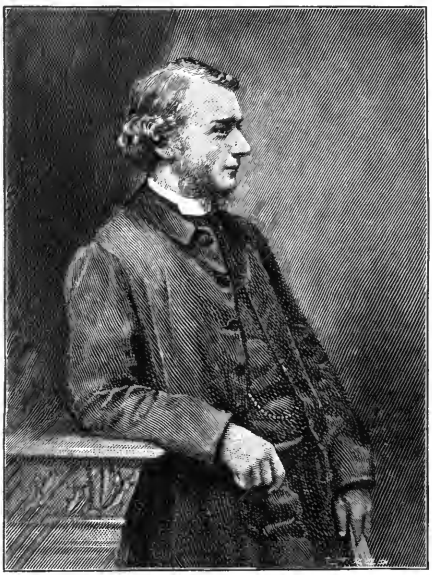


From a] AGE 27. *[Photograph.*

THE BISHOP OF EXETER.

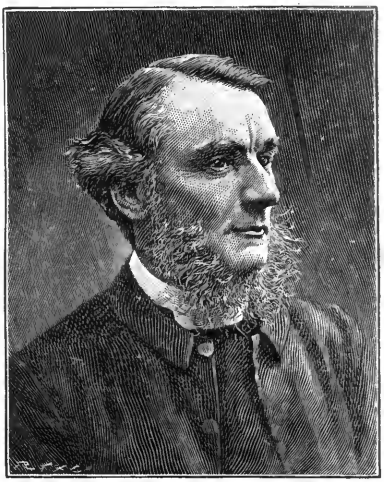
BORN 1825.

THE RIGHT REV. EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, D.D., Bishop of Exeter, son of the late Edward Bickersteth, author of the "Christian Psalmody,"



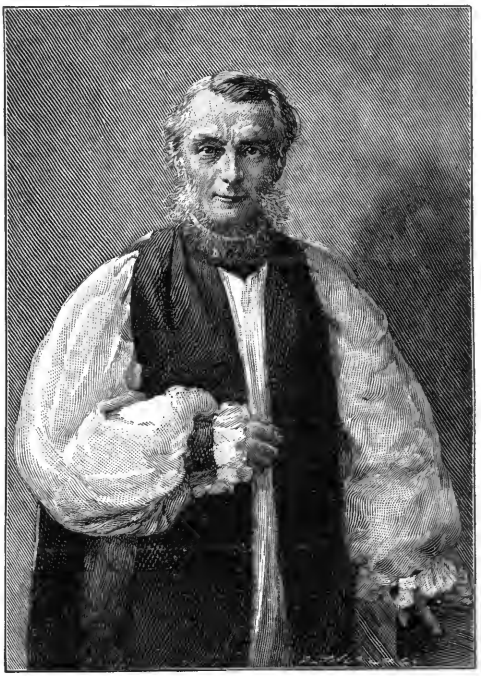
From a Photo. by] AGE 40. *[Debenham, Regent St.*

took his degree at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1847. Having entered the Church, he held the curacies of Benningham, Norfolk, and of Christ Church, Tunbridge Wells; in 1852 he became rector of Hinton Martell, Dorset, and vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead, in 1855. He had published some poems in 1848, but his most celebrated poetical work did not appear till 1866. It is entitled "Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever." This was followed, in 1870, by



From a] AGE 52. *[Photograph.*

the popular collection of hymns known as "The Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer." Early in 1885 Mr. Bickersteth, at Mr. Gladstone's recommendation, was created Bishop of Exeter as successor to Dr. Temple.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

AGE 7.
From a Daguerreotype by W. J. Benham.

W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.

BORN 1852.

MR. WILLIAM LIONEL WYLLIE is the son of Mr. W. M. Wyllie, the artist, and became a Royal Academy student at the age of fourteen. From the first his inclination was for drawing ships and seas, which he has been doing ever since, with a success which is familiar to every lover of art. At seventeen his first Academy picture appeared, and shortly afterwards he won the Turner Medal, awarded to him for a picture of a wreck. In 1876 his picture, "Tracking in Holland," was hung on the line; but the pictures which chiefly sent up his reputation were "Our River," in the Academy of 1882, and the still finer "Toil, Glitter, Grime, and Wealth on a Flowing Tide," which was bought for the Chantrey collection, of which it is one of the best works. In 1889 Mr. Wyllie was elected an A.R.A., an honour which his bold, fresh, effective work had thoroughly earned. He has literally lived with boats, and long before he was twenty he had learned to sketch from the deck of a yawl. To this habit of working on a level with the water, instead of seeing it from above, or merely from the shore, his work owes much of its originality and firmness.

AGE 30.
From a Photo. by Mrs. W. L. Wyllie.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Mrs. W. L. Wyllie.

Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

By the Author of "THE MEDICINE LADY."

II.—MY HYPNOTIC PATIENT.

"VERY well," I said, "I will call to-morrow at the asylum, and you will show me round."

I was talking to a doctor, an old chum of mine. He had the charge of a branch hospital in connection with the County Asylum, and had asked me to take his post for a few days. His name was Poynter—he was a shrewd, clever fellow, with a keen love for his profession, and a heart by no means callous to the sufferings of his fellow-beings. In short, he was a good fellow all round, and it often puzzled me why he should take up this somewhat dismal and discouraging branch of the profession.

Poynter had been working hard, and looked, notwithstanding his apparent *sang-froid*, as if his nerves had been somewhat shaken.

When he begged of me to take his post, and so to secure him a few days' holiday, I could not refuse.

"But I have no practical knowledge of the insane," I said. "Of course, I have studied mental diseases generally; but practical acquaintance with mad people I have none."

"Oh, that is nothing," answered Poynter, in his brisk voice; "there are no very violent cases in the asylum at present. If anything unforeseen occurs, you have but to consult my assistant, Symonds. What with him and the keepers and the nurses, all we really want you for is to satisfy the requirements of the authorities."

"I am abundantly willing to come," I replied. "All the ills that flesh is heir to, whether mental or physical, are of interest to me. What hour shall I arrive to-morrow?"

"Be here at ten to-morrow morning, and I will take you round with me. You will find some of my patients not only interesting from a medical point of view, but agreeable and even brilliant men and women of the world. We keep a mixed company, I assure you, Halifax, and when you have been present at some of our 'evenings,' you will be able to testify to the fact that, whatever we fail in, we are anything but dull."

"I WILL TAKE YOU ROUND WITH ME."

This statement was somewhat difficult to believe, but as I should soon be in a position to test its truth, I refrained from comment.

The next morning I arrived at Norfolk House at the hour specified, and accompanied Poynter on his rounds.

We visited the different rooms, and exchanged a word or two with almost every inmate of the great establishment. The padded room was not occupied at present, but patients exhibiting all phases of mental disease were not wanting to form a graphic and very terrible picture in my mind's eye.

I was new to this class of disease, and almost regretted the impulse which had prompted me to give Poynter a holiday.

I felt sure that I could never attain to his coolness. His nerve, the fearless expression in his eyes, gave him instant control over even the most refractory subjects. He said a brief word or two to one and all, introduced me to the nurse or keeper, as the case might be, and finally, taking my arm, drew me into the open air.

"You have seen the worst we can offer at present," he said; "now let us turn to the brighter picture. The people whom you will meet in the grounds are harmless, and except on the one mad point, are many of them full of intelligence. Do you see that pretty girl walking in the shrubbery?"

"Yes," I said, "she looks as sane as you or I."

"Ah, I wish she was. Poor girl, she imagines that she has committed every crime under the sun. Her's is just one of the cases which are most hopeless. But come and let us talk to Mr. Jephson: he is my pet patient, and the life of our social evenings. I have considerable hopes of his recovery, although it is not safe to talk of giving him his liberty yet. Come, I will introduce you to him. He must sing for you when you come here. To listen to that man's voice is to fancy oneself enjoying the harmonies of Heaven."

We walked down a broad grass path, and found ourselves face to face with a gentlemanly man of middle age. He had grey hair closely cropped, an olive-tinted face, good eyes, and a fine, genial, intelligent expression.

"How do you do?" said Poynter. "Pray let me introduce you to my friend, Dr. Halifax. Dr. Halifax, Mr. Jephson. I am glad to be able to tell you," continued Poynter, addressing himself to Jephson, "that I have just made arrangements with Halifax to take my place here for a week or so. You will be interested, for you have kindly wished me a holiday. I start on my pleasure trip to-night."

"I am delighted," responded Jephson, in a genial tone. "If ever a man deserves a holiday, you do, doctor. Your patience, your zeal, your courage, fill me with amazement at times. But such a life must be wearing, and a complete change will do you a world of good."

"You will do what you can for my friend here," said Poynter. "At first, of course, he will be a stranger, but if I place him under your wing, Jephson, I have no fear for the result."

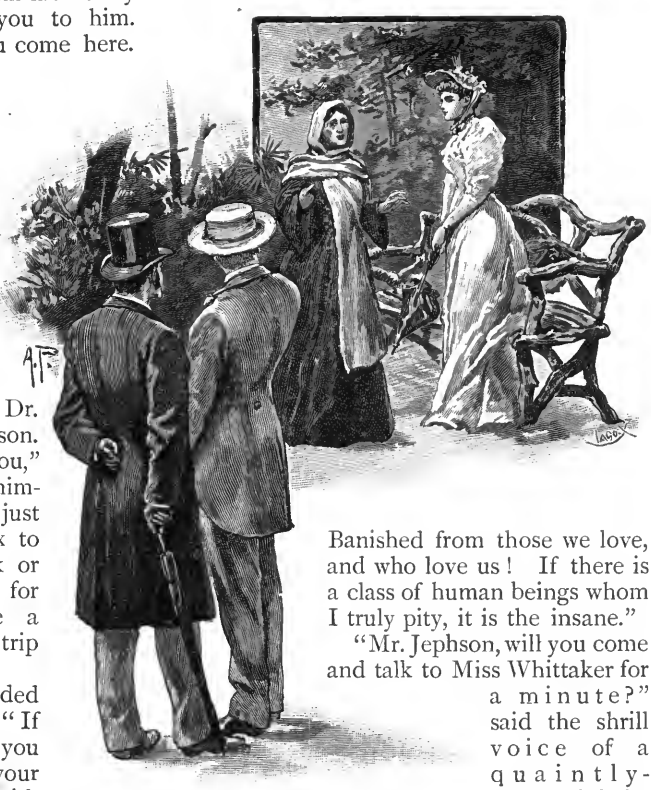
Jephson laughed. The sound of his laugh was heart-whole. His full, dark eyes were fixed on me intently for an instant.

"I'll do what I can for you, Dr. Halifax," he said. "Come to me if you are in any difficulty. Poynter will assure you that I have a certain influence at Norfolk House. There are few of its unhappy inmates who do not come to me for advice—in short, who do not count me among their friends."

At this moment Poynter was called away to speak to someone.

"Yes, I'll do what I can to make your stay amongst us pleasant," continued Jephson. "But, dear, dear, at the best it's a sad life, and those who come under its influence must at times be troubled by melancholy reflections. When all is said and done, Dr. Halifax, what are we but a set of prisoners? Banished from those we love, and who love us! If there is a class of human beings whom I truly pity, it is the insane."

"Mr. Jephson, will you come and talk to Miss Whittaker for a minute?" said the shrill voice of a quaintly-dressed lady,



"WILL YOU COME AND TALK TO MISS WHITTAKER?"

who I was told afterwards imagined herself to be Bathsheba.

He turned at once, bowing courteously to me as he did so.

Poynter returned and took my arm.

"Well, what do you think of him?" he inquired.

My reply came without hesitation.

"He is one of the handsomest and most intelligent men I have ever spoken to. Why is he here, Poynter? He is no more insane than you or I."

"In one sense you are right, but he has his mad, his very mad, point. He imagines that he is the richest man in the world. Acting on this delusion he has done all kinds of eccentric things—written out cheques for sums which never existed, misled no end of people, until at last his friends found it necessary to confine him here. But I have hopes of him—he is better, much better, than he was. Let us take this path to the left, and we will come upon him again. I see he is talking just now to poor Miss Whittaker. Introduce the subject of money to him while I have a chat with Miss Whittaker, and note his reply."

We very quickly came up to the pair. Mr. Jephson was holding an earnest conversation with a very pretty, very sad-looking, young girl. He was evidently trying to cheer her, and his fine face was full of sympathy.

"How do you do, Miss Whittaker?" said Poynter, as we came up to them. "Allow me to introduce my friend, Dr. Halifax. Jephson, I am sorry to interrupt your chat, but as I am going away to-night, I want to have a word with Miss Whittaker. Will you come this way, Miss Whittaker? I shall not detain you for an instant."

The doctor and the girl turned down one of the many shady paths. Jephson sighed as he looked after them.

"Poor, poor girl," he said; "hers is one of the saddest cases in the whole of this unhappy place."

"And yet she looks perfectly sane," I replied.

"She is sane, I am perfectly convinced on that point. Ask our doctor to tell you her story. Would that it were in my power to help her!"

His eyes sparkled as he spoke, and a smile of profound pity lingered round his lips.

I felt almost sure that the man himself was sane, but to make doubly certain I must press my finger on the weak point.

"Allow me to remark," I said, "that to be confined here must be a great deprivation to a man of your wealth."

When I said this a quick change came over Jephson's face. He came close to me, looked fixedly into my eyes, and said, with sudden, grave emphasis:—

"My dear sir, your remark is more than just. A man of my exceptional wealth must feel this confinement acutely. I do feel it for more reasons than one—you will understand this when I tell you that my income is a million a minute. Fact, I assure you. I have often thought seriously of buying up the whole of England."

He spoke with great emphasis, but also with great quietness, and his eyes still looked sane and calm. I knew, however, that Poynter was right, and hastened to change the subject.

We followed Miss Whittaker and Poynter at a respectful distance. They came to a part of the grounds where several paths met. Here they paused to wait for us. Miss Whittaker raised her eyes as we approached, and fixed them, with an eager, questioning gaze, on my face.

The moment I met her eyes, I felt a thrill of quick sympathy going through me. She was certainly a very pretty girl, and her dark grey eyes, well open and set rather wide apart, were full of the pleading expression I had only seen hitherto in a dog's. Her lips were beautifully curved, her abundant soft brown hair shaded as gentle and intelligent a face as I had ever seen. There is a peculiar look in the eyes of most mad people, but if ever eyes were sane, Miss Whittaker's were as they looked pleadingly at me.

"I will say good-bye for the present, Dr. Poynter," she said, holding out her hand to my friend, "for if you have nothing more to say, I must go into the house to give Tommy his reading lesson."

Her voice was as sweet as her face.

"Who is Tommy?" I asked of Poynter after she had left us.

"An idiot boy whom Miss Whittaker is more than kind to," he replied, "and whom she is developing in the most marvellous manner."

"Look here, Poynter," interrupted Jephson, "be sure you give Halifax a right impression of that poor girl."

He turned away as he spoke. I immediately raised eyes of inquiry to my friend.

"Why is Miss Whittaker here?" I asked at once. "I seldom saw a more beautiful face or a more intelligent-looking girl. When I

look at her, I feel inclined to say, 'If she is insane, God help the rest of the world.'"

"And yet," said Poynter, speaking in a low voice which thrilled me with the horror of its import, "that gentle-looking girl is so insane that she was guilty of murder. In short, she is under confinement in a lunatic asylum during the Queen's pleasure, which of course may mean for life."

Just then some people came up, and I had not a moment to ask Poynter for any further particulars. I had to catch the next train to town, but I arrived at Norfolk House again that evening prepared to stay there during the week of my friend's absence.

This happened to be one of the social evenings, and immediately after dinner I had to put in an appearance in the immense drawing-room which ran right across the front of the house. There were from seventy to eighty people present. Most of them were nice looking. Some of the girls were really pretty, some of the men handsome. They all wore evening dress, and dancing, music, and song were the order of the hour.

My quick eyes at once singled out Jephson's fine figure. He looked more striking than ever in his evening dress, and when he sang, as he did twice during the evening, the quality of his tenor voice was so rich and sweet that I abundantly indorsed Poynter's verdict with regard to it.

There was a sudden hush in the rooms when Jephson sang. Restless people became quiet and talkative ones silent. A pleasant melancholy stole over some faces—a gentle peace over others. On the last of these occasions Miss Whittaker approached close to the piano and fixed her beautiful, sad eyes on the singer's face.

If ever eyes told a tragic story, hers did.

"Poynter says that this girl has been accused of murder," I muttered to myself. "There must be a mistake—if Jephson knows her story he will probably tell it to me, but I wish I had had time to ask Poynter to give me full particulars."

During that first evening I had no opportunity to say any special word to the young girl, but her image followed me when I retired at last to my own room, and I saw her sad, pale face again in my dreams.

I am not a coward, but I took care to lock and draw the bolts of my door. To say the least of it, a lunatic asylum is an eccentric sort of place, and I felt that I had better prepare against the vagaries of my immediate neighbours.

I fell asleep almost the moment my head touched the pillow. In my sleep I dreamt of Miss Whittaker. At first my dream was of the tranquil order; but gradually, I cannot tell how, my visions of the night became troubled, and I awoke at last to find myself bathed in cold perspiration, and also to the fact that the noises which had mingled with my dreams were real, and very piercing and terrible.

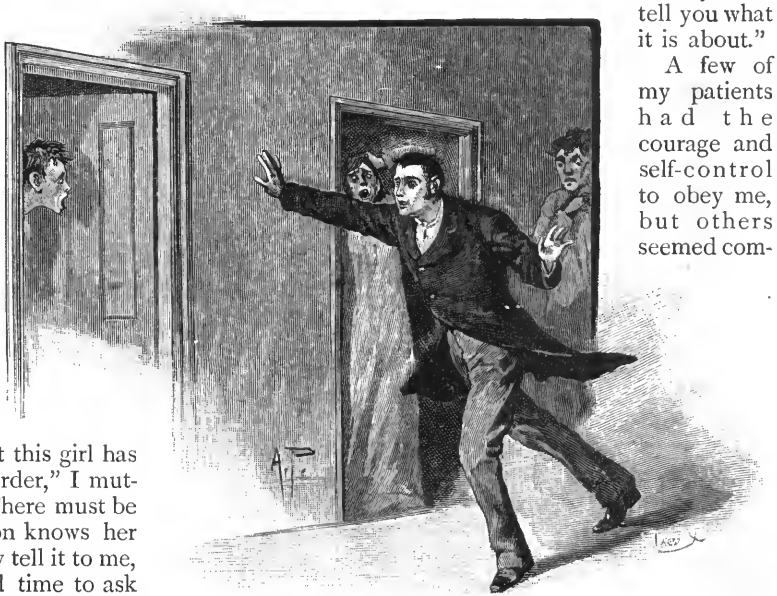
Shrieks of agonized human beings, the quick, hurrying tread of many feet—and then a rushing sound as of a body of water, smote upon my ears.

I sprang to my feet, struck a light, dressed in a moment, and hurried down the corridor in the direction from where the noises came.

Lights were flashing, bells were ringing, and terrified faces were peeping round doors in all directions.

"Keep back, keep back!" I exclaimed to one and all. "There has been an accident of some sort. Stay in your rooms, good people. I will promise to come back presently and tell you what it is about."

A few of my patients had the courage and self-control to obey me, but others seemed com-



"KEEP BACK! KEEP BACK!"

pletely to lose their heads, and laughed and shrieked as the case might be, as they followed me in the direction from where the noise came.

I found myself at last in a large room which was evidently used as a sort of general store-room, for there was a huge linen press occupying nearly the whole of one side, while the other was taken up with big cupboards filled with different stores.

My eyes took in these details in a flash. I remembered them distinctly by-and-by, but now all my thoughts were occupied with the scene of confusion which arrested my attention in the middle of the floor. Several nurses, keepers, and attendants were bending over the prostrate figure of a woman who lay stretched in an unconscious state on the floor. Another poor creature was jabbering and talking in a distant corner. I looked quickly at him and saw that he was a boy. He was shaking and sobbing, and pointed his finger at the woman.

"This is Tommy, sir," exclaimed one of the attendants; "he's our idiot boy, and is quiet most times, but sometimes he takes a contrary sort of fit, and once or twice before now we thought he meant mischief. He took a wonderful fancy to her," pointing to the unconscious woman, "and she seemed to be doing him a power of good; but to-night he broke loose, and crept about setting places on fire. That's his craze, and he's always locked up at night. How he got loose to-night there's no telling; but, there—he's more sly and cunning nor a fox. He escaped, and might have had the whole building in flames but that she saw him, or smelt something, or found out. We can't say what did happen, for when I and my mate Jones rushed in here, we found her on the floor all unconscious as you see her, and dripping wet as if she was deluged with water; and here's Tommy—Tommy won't utter a word for the next twenty-four hours, so there ain't no use trying to pump him."

"How do you know there has been a fire?" I asked.

"You look here, sir—this wood is all charred, and we found a box of matches in Tommy's pocket. Oh, and here's her dress burnt too, poor thing. I expect she turned on the water tap and then lost her senses. She gets very nervous at times. Dear, dear—it was brave of her to tackle the fire alone, and Tommy in one of his mad fits."

"Stand aside now, please," I said. "I must see what can be done for this lady; I am afraid she is seriously hurt."

The attendants made way for me at once, and I knelt on the floor, to discover that the pale, unconscious face over which I bent belonged to the pretty girl whom I had admired so much in the drawing-room that evening.

With the assistance of a couple of men, and a kind-looking elderly nurse of the name of Hooper, I had Miss Whittaker conveyed back to her bedroom, and in a very short time we had her wet things removed, and she was lying in bed.

As I feared, she was very badly burnt about her left arm and side. Her right hand, too, was swollen and cut, and one of her fingers was dislocated.

"It must have been with this hand she held Tommy," exclaimed Mrs. Hooper. "Well, she is brave, poor thing; everybody likes her, she's that obliging and tractable. Do you think she is much hurt, sir?"

"We must get her round before I can say," I replied. "I don't like the look of this continued unconsciousness."

The nurse helped me with a will, and in about an hour's time a deep breath from the patient showed that her spirit was slowly returning to a world of suffering. The breath was followed by one or two heavily-drawn sighs or groans of pain, and then the dark grey eyes were opened wide.

They had a glassy look about them, and it was evident that she could not at first recall where she was or what had happened to her.

"I think I have fully surrendered my will," she said, in a slow voice. "Yes, fully and absolutely. Yes—the pains are better. There is comfort in resting on you. Yes, I submit my will to you. I obey you—absolutely."

"What are you talking about?" I said in a cheerful tone. "I don't want you to submit your will to mine, except to the extent of allowing me to dress this bad burn. Will you move a little more round on your right side? Ah, that is better."

She submitted at once. A faint blush came into her cheeks, and she said in a tone of apology:—

"I beg your pardon. I thought you were my friend, Dr. Walter Anderson."

I made no reply to this, but having made the poor thing as comfortable as I could, I administered an opiate, and, telling Hooper to sit up with her, went away to see after Tommy and to quiet the rest of the excited household.

There was very little more sleep for me

that night, for the event which had just taken place had aroused more than one refractory patient to a state bordering on frenzy. I found I had to use my soothing powers to the best advantage.

Early in the morning I went to Miss Whittaker's room to inquire after her. I found her in an alarming state, highly feverish, and inclined to be delirious.

"Pore thing, it's partly her madness, no doubt," remarked Nurse Hooper; "but she do talk queer. It's all about giving up her will—as if anyone wanted to take it from her, pore lamb, and that she'd like to see Dr. Anderson."

"Do you know who he is?" I inquired.

"No, sir, I never heard his name before."

I looked again at my patient, and then beckoned the nurse to the door of the room.

"I BECKONED THE NURSE TO THE DOOR."

"Look here," I said, "I see by your manner that you are anxious to be kind to that poor young girl."

"Kind? Who wouldn't be kind?" exclaimed Hooper. "She's the nicest young lady, and the least selfish, as I ever come across."

"But you know what she is here for?"

"Yes." Nurse Hooper tossed her head disdainfully. "I'm aware of what they *say*. You don't catch *me* believing of 'em. Why, that young lady, she wouldn't hurt a *fly*, let alone kill a man. No, no, I know the good kind when I see 'em, and she's one."

"I will sit with her for a little," I said. "You can go and have some breakfast."

While the nurse was away Miss Whittaker opened her eyes. She looked full at me, and I saw that she was quite conscious again.

"You are the new doctor?" she said.

"Yes," I replied, "Dr. Halifax."

"I can't quite remember, but I think you were very kind to me last night?" she said again, and her sad eyes scrutinized me anxiously.

"I naturally did all I could for you," I replied. "It was very brave of you to put out the fire: you saved us all. I was bound to help you."

"I remember about Tommy now," she said, with a little shudder. "Tommy was awful last night. I cannot soon forget his face."

"Try not to think of it," I said. "Shut your eyes and let your imagination wander to pleasant things."

She gave a long shiver.

"What pleasant things are there in an asylum?" she answered. "And I am, you know I am, shut up here for life. I am only twenty-three, and I am shut up here for life!"

There was not a scrap of excitement in her manner. She never even raised her voice, but the dull despair of her tone gave me a sort of mental shiver.

"Forgive me for forgetting," I said. "Some time, perhaps, you will be well enough to tell me something of your story. In the meantime, believe in my sympathy. Now I must attend to your physical condition. Are your burns very painful?"

"Not for the last hour, but I feel weak and as if I were drifting away somewhere, and it seems to me that my life must be nearly over."

"Don't say that," I replied. "At your age, life is little more than really begun." Then I added, driven by an impulse which I could not resist, "It is my earnest wish and desire to help you. I have a strong feeling that there is some terrible mistake here. I would do anything to prove your innocence, and your sanity."

"Thank you," she answered. Her eyes grew dim for a moment—she turned her head away. "Thank you," she repeated again, more faintly.

Nurse Hooper came into the room, and I hurried downstairs.

After breakfast I spoke to Jephson.

"Did you ever happen to hear of a man of the name of Walter Anderson, a doctor?" I inquired.

"Only from Miss Whittaker," he replied.

"We all know, of course, that he is her greatest friend."

"I should wish to know more about him," I answered.

Jephson fixed his fine eyes on my face.

"I am glad you are going to be kind to that poor girl," he said.

"I am not only going to be kind to her, but I mean to get her out of this place," I answered, stoutly. Jephson laughed.

"The kind of speech you have just made is often heard at Norfolk House," he replied. "For at Norfolk House nothing is impossible to anyone—no feat is too daring, no exploit too vast. But you will pardon me for laughing, for this is the very first time I have heard the doctor of the establishment go into heroics. You are, of course, aware under what conditions Miss Whittaker is confined here?"

"You know the story, don't you?" I retorted.

"Yes, I know the story."

"Can you tell it to me in a very few words?"

"In as few or as many as you please."

"The fewer words the better. I simply want to be in possession of facts."

"Then I can give them to you very briefly. Miss Whittaker has come here from London. Her story can be told in half-a-dozen sentences. She was a gentle, modest, rather nervous, very highly-strung girl. One day she went to the house of a man with whom she had little in common, who had, as far as we can make out, never in any way injured her, for whom she had no apparent dislike, to whom she bore no apparent grudge, and forcing her way into his private sitting-room, deliberately fired at him."

"She killed him?" I exclaimed.

"She fired at his head; he died at once—and Miss Whittaker is here for life. It is a short story—none shorter—none sadder, in the whole of this terrible place."

"You believe that she did it?" I said.

"Yes, I believe that she did it—the papers gave full accounts of it—there were witnesses to prove it. Miss Whittaker was brought to trial. As there was no motive whatever for the act, it was put down to dangerous homicidal insanity, and she was sent first of all to the criminal asylum, afterwards, through the influence of friends, here."

"I cannot make head or tail of it," I exclaimed. "You believe that pretty, sweet-looking young girl to be guilty of a horrible deed, and yet you don't think her insane?"

"I think she is as sane as you are, sir."

"Believing this, you tolerate her—you can bear to be friends with her!"

"I tolerate her—I like her much. The fact is, Mr. Halifax, the solution of this story has not yet been arrived at. My firm belief is this, that when it comes it will not only clear Miss Whittaker of any responsibility in the crime she has committed, but also re-establish her sanity."

"Nonsense, nonsense," I said. "If she did this deed, she is either insane or wicked. You say you are convinced that she did fire at the man?"

"She undoubtedly fired at a man of the name of Frederick Willoughby with intent to take his life. She fulfilled her purpose, for the man died; still I believe her to be sane, and I believe that there is something to be found out which will establish her innocence."

"You talk in riddles," I answered, almost angrily. I turned on my heel and walked away.

The whole episode worried and distressed me. I found that I could scarcely attend to my other duties. Jephson's words and manner kept recurring to me again and again. He stoutly declared that Miss Whittaker was both innocent and sane, and yet she had killed a man!

"Why should I bother myself over this matter?" I murmured once or twice during that morning's work. "Jephson is mad himself. His ideas are surely not worth regarding. Of course, Miss Whittaker is one of those unfortunate people subject to homicidal mania. She is best here, and yet—poor girl, it is a sad, sad, terrible lot. I told her, too, that I would try to clear her. Well, of course, that was before I knew her story."

As I busied myself, however, with my other patients, the look in the gentle young girl's grey eyes, the expression of her voice when she said "Thank you—thank you," kept recurring to me again and again.

Try as I would, I found I could not force her story out of my mind. Towards evening I went to see her again. Nurse Hooper told me that my patient had passed a restless and feverish day, but she was calmer now.

I found her half sitting up in bed, her soft hair pushed back from her forehead, her face very pale—its expression wonderfully sweet and patient. The moment I looked at her I became again firmly convinced that there was some mistake somewhere—so refined and intelligent a young girl could never have attempted senseless murder.

"I am glad you are easier," I said, sitting down by her side.

When she heard my voice a faint, pink colour came to her cheeks, and her eyes grew a shade brighter.

"I am almost out of pain," she answered, looking at me gratefully. "I feel weak—very weak; but I am almost out of pain."

"Your nervous system got a severe shock last night," I replied; "you cannot expect to be yourself for a day or two. You will be glad to hear, however, that Tommy is better. He asked for you about an hour ago, and told me to give you his love."

"Poor Tommy," replied Miss Whittaker—then she shuddered, and grew very pale—"but oh!" she added, "his face last night was terrible—his stealthy movements were more terrible. I cannot forget what he has done."

"How did you first discover him?" I asked.

"I was going to sleep, when I heard a slight noise in my room. I looked up, and there was Tommy—he had hidden in that cupboard. He was trying to set the bed on fire. When he saw me, he laughed, and ran away. I followed him as far as the store-room—I don't think I remember any more."

"You must try to forget what you do remember," I replied, in a soothing tone. "Tommy had a mad fit on. When people are mad they are not accountable for their actions." I looked at her fixedly as I spoke.

"I suppose that is true," she answered, returning my gaze.

"It is perfectly true," I replied. "Even a gentle girl like you may do terrible things in a moment of insanity."

"They tell me that I once did something dreadful," she replied. "It comes over me now and then as if it were a dream, but I cannot distinctly recall it. Perhaps I *am* mad. I must have been if I did anything dreadful, for I hate, oh, I hate dreadful things! I shudder at crime and at cruelty. You said you believed in me, Dr. Halifax."

"I earnestly desire to help you," I said.

"I have learned patience," she continued, falling back upon her pillows and clasping her hands. "I lost all—all, when I came here. I have nothing more to fear, and nothing more to lose; but I do wish to say one thing, and that is this: If I am insane, I don't feel it. Except for that one dark dream which I cannot distinctly recall, I have none of the symptoms which attack other members of this unhappy establishment. It is my own impression that if I was insane for a moment I am sane again. Dr. Halifax, it is terrible, terrible, to be locked up for all your life with mad people when you are not mad."

"It is too awful to contemplate," I answered, carried out of myself by her pathos and her words. "I wonder you kept your reason, I wonder you did not become really mad when you came here."

"For the first week I thought I should do so," she replied; "but now I am more accustomed to the people here, and to the sights which I see, and the terrible sounds which come to me. For the first week I was rebellious, fearfully rebellious; but now, now, I am patient, I submit—I submit to the will of God."

"Pardon me," I interrupted. "Your speaking of submitting your will reminds me of an expression you made use of when you were recovering consciousness last night; you spoke then of submitting your will to—to a certain human being. Is that the case?"

"Don't! don't!" she implored.

Her eyes grew bright as stars, her face became crimson.

"You must not speak of him. To speak of him excites me beyond reason."

"YOU MUST NOT SPEAK OF HIM."

"Tell me his name, and I won't say any more," I replied.

She looked fearfully round her. The emotion in her face was most painful to witness. She was evidently frightened, distressed, worried; but gazing at her intently, I could not see, even now, that there was anything in her actions or attitude which might not be consistent with perfect sanity.

"I wish you would not try to get his name from me," she said; "and yet, and yet, you are good. Why should not I tell you? He is my friend. Dr. Walter Anderson is my dearest friend, and I shall never, never see him again."

"You would like to see him again?" I retorted.

"Like it!" she replied. She clasped her hands. "Oh, it would be life from the dead," she answered.

"Then I will find him and bring him to you. You must give me his address."

"But he won't like to come here; I dare not displease him. You understand, don't you, Dr. Halifax, that where we—we revere, we—we love, we never care to displease?"

"Yes, yes," I replied, "but if Dr. Anderson is worth your friendship, he will come to see you when he knows that you are in sore trouble and need him badly."

"You can't understand," she replied. "My feelings for Dr. Anderson are—are not what you imagine. He is a physician, a great physician—a great healer of men. He soothes and strengthens and helps one, when all other people fail. He did much for me, for I was his patient, and he my physician. I love him as a patient loves a physician, not—not in the way you think. I am only one patient to him. It is not to be expected that he would give up his time to come to me here."

"Let me have his address, and I will try if he will come," I answered.

When I said this, Miss Whittaker was much perturbed. It was more than evident that I presented to her a strong temptation, which she struggled to resist. The struggle, however, was brief, for she was weak both in mind and body at that moment.

"You tempt me too much," she said, in a faltering voice. "The address is in that note-book. Turn to the first page and you will see it. But, oh, remember, if he fails to come after you have gone to him, I shall die!"

"He will not fail to come," I replied. "Keep up your heart. I promise to bring him to see you."

I spent some time arranging matters that night in order to make myself free to attend to Miss Whittaker's affairs on the morrow. After my interview with her I was quite resolved to take up her case; nay, more, I was resolved to see it out to the bitter end.

There was a mystery somewhere, and I meant to fathom it. Queer, excitable, nervous, this young girl undoubtedly was, but mad she was not. She had killed a man, yet she was neither mad nor cruel.

With Dr. Walter Anderson's address in my pocket-book I started for town on the following morning. I told my assistant doctor to expect me back in the middle of the day at latest.

"Attend to all the patients," I said when I was leaving, "and in particular, visit Miss Whittaker. Tell her she is not to get up till I see her."

Symonds promised faithfully to do what I wished, and I stepped into my train. I arrived at Charing Cross a little before ten o'clock, and drove straight to the address which Miss Whittaker had given me.

Just before I reached my destination, a sudden thought occurred to me. This Dr. Anderson, whose name was quite unknown to me, was doubtless in his own way a celebrity. Miss Whittaker had spoken of him with reverence as well as affection. She had used the expressions which we employ when we speak of those who are far above us. She had alluded to him as a great physician, a wonderful healer of men. Now, I, a brother physician, had never heard the name, and the address to which I was driving was in a poor part of Fulham. It would help me much in my coming interview if I knew something of the man beforehand.

I pushed my umbrella through the window of the hansom, and desired the driver to stop at the nearest chemist's.

I went in, and asked to be directed to the house of Dr. Anderson.

"Do you mean Dr. Walter or Dr. Henry Anderson?" asked the chemist.

"Dr. Walter," I said. "Do you know him?"

"Well, yes—not that we dispense many of his medicines." Then the man looked me keenly in the face, and I looked back at him. He was young and intelligent, and I thought I might trust him, and that perhaps he would be willing to help me.

I took out my card and gave it to him.

"If you can tell me anything with regard to Dr. Walter Anderson, I shall be very much indebted," I said.

"Do you mean with regard to his special line?" asked the chemist.

"Yes, that and anything else you like to tell me. I am about to see him on behalf of a patient, and as I do not know him at all, anything you can say will be of use."

"Certainly, Mr. Halifax," said the chemist, reading my name off my card as he spoke. "Well, the fact is, Dr. Walter Anderson is a gentleman with whom we haven't much to do. He is not, so to speak, recognised by the faculty. Now, Dr. Henry——"

"Yes, yes," I interrupted, "but my business is with Dr. Walter. Is his practice anything out of the common?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you what I know, but that isn't much. Dr. Walter Anderson went in for family practice when first I settled in these parts. He did fairly well, although he never placed, in my opinion, enough dependence on drugs. One winter he was unfortunate. There was a lot of illness about, and he lost several patients. Then all of a sudden he changed his mode of treatment. He went in for what you in the profession call fads, and Dr. Henry Anderson and other doctors who have large practices round here would have nothing more to do with him. I cannot but say I agree with them, although my wife holds by Dr. Walter, and says he did her neuralgia a world of good."

"What are his fads?" I inquired.

"He has taken up what we used to call mesmerism, but what is now known as hypnotism. Lots of women swear by him, and my wife is one. I shouldn't suppose you'd place much faith in such quackery, sir?"

"Hypnotism can scarcely be termed quackery," I answered. "It is a dangerous remedy with small advantages attached to it, and possibilities of much evil. Thank you for your information," I added.

I took my leave immediately afterwards, and five minutes later had rung the bell at Dr. Walter Anderson's modest door.

"So he is a hypnotist!" I muttered under my breath. "That accounts for poor Miss Whittaker's surrender of her will. I must say I don't like the complexion of things at all. The hypnotist is one of the most dangerous productions of modern times."

I sent in my card, and was shortly admitted to Dr. Anderson's sanctum.

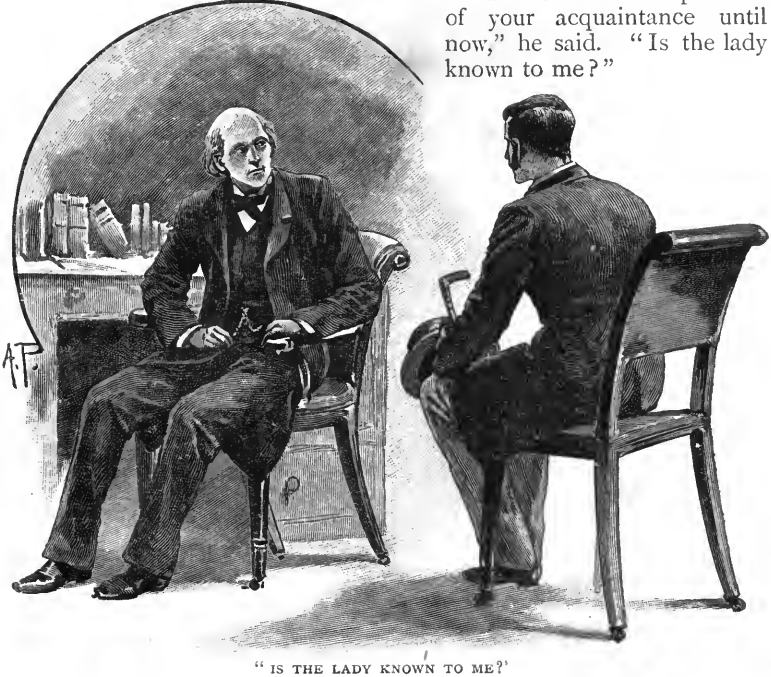
I was greeted by a tall man, with silvery white hair, an olive-tinted face and brown eyes, which gave me at once a mingled sensation of attraction and repulsion. They were the kind of eyes which a woman would consider beautiful. They were soft like brown velvet, and, when they looked full at you, you had the uncomfortable, and yet somewhat flattered, sense of being not only read through but understood and appreciated. The eyes had a queer way of conveying a message without the lips speaking.

When I entered the room they gave me a direct glance, but something in my answering expression caused them to become veiled—the hypnotist saw even before I opened my lips that I was not going to become one of his victims.

"I must apologize for taking up some of your time," I said; "but I have come on behalf of a lady who is ill, and who is very anxious to see you."

Dr. Anderson motioned me to seat myself, and took a chair at a little distance himself.

"I have not had the pleasure of your acquaintance until now," he said. "Is the lady known to me?"



"IS THE LADY KNOWN TO ME?"

"Yes, she is a great friend of yours—she tells me that you know her well. Her name is Miss Whittaker."

Dr. Anderson turned hastily to ring an electric bell at his side. A servant immediately answered his summons.

"If any patients call, Macpherson, say that I am not at home."

Having given these instructions he turned to me.

"Now, sir," he said, "I am ready to give you my best attention. I knew Miss Whittaker; hers is one of the saddest cases I have ever come across. I shall be glad to hear of her, poor soul, again. Are you her physician at the asylum where she is confined?"

"I am her physician *pro tem.* I am interested in her, because I do not believe her to be insane."

Here I paused. Dr. Anderson was looking down at the carpet. His face appeared to be full of a gentle meditation.

"She was always a very nervous girl," he said, after a pause; "she was easily influenced by those whom she respected. I took an interest in Miss Whittaker: she was my patient for some months. My treatment was highly beneficial to her, and the outburst which occurred was the last thing to be anticipated. When you speak of doubting her insanity, you forget——"

"No, I forget nothing," I said, speaking with some impatience, for I did not like the man. "After all, Dr. Anderson, my opinion on this point is quite wide of the object of this visit. Miss Whittaker is ill, and wants to see you. She has a bodily illness, which may or may not terminate fatally. She wants to see you with great earnestness, and I have promised to do all in my power to bring you to her sick bed."

Dr. Anderson raised his eyes and looked full at me. There was a steady reproach in them, but his lips smiled, and his words were gentle.

"I don't know you," he said, "and I am quite sure you don't know me. I am more than anxious on all occasions to obey the call of suffering. I will go to see Miss Whittaker with pleasure."

"When can you come?" I asked.

"When do you want me to come?"

"Now—if it will at all suit your convenience."

"Miss Whittaker's convenience is the one to be considered. You heard me give orders a moment ago to have my patients dismissed. That means that I am at your service. If you will excuse me for five minutes, I will be ready to accompany you."

He went out of the room in a dignified fashion, and I sat and looked round me. No one could have been kinder or more prompt in attending to what must have been an inconvenient summons; yet I could not get over my prejudice against him. I tried to account for this by saying over and over to myself:—

"He practises hypnotism, and my natural instincts as a doctor are therefore in arms against him."

But when he returned to the room prepared to accompany me, I found that my instinctive dislike was more to the man than to his practices.

We had a very uneventful journey together, and arrived at Norfolk House early in the afternoon. I was met by Symonds in the avenue. I introduced him at once to Dr. Anderson.

"I am glad you have come," he said, looking at the doctor and then at me. "Miss Whittaker is worse. She is very weak. She has fainted two or three times."

I was startled at the effect of these words on my companion—he turned white, even to the lips—his expressive eyes showed the sort of suffering which one has sometimes seen in a tortured animal. He turned his head aside, as if he knew that I witnessed his emotion and disliked me to see it.

"This is too much for her, poor child," he muttered. "My God, who could—who *could* have foreseen?"

"I will just go up and tell my patient that you are here," I said to him. "She longed so for you that doubtless you will have a reviving effect upon her immediately."

"You need not prepare her," he said; "she knows I am here already. You are perhaps aware, or perhaps you do not know, that I study a science as yet in its infancy. I am a hypnotist by profession. Over Miss Whittaker I had immense influence. She knows that I am here, so you need not prepare her."

"Well, come with me," I said.

I took him upstairs and down a long, white corridor which led to the young girl's room.

It was a pretty room looking out on the lovely garden. The western sun was shedding slanting rays through the open window.

Miss Whittaker was lying flat in bed, her arms and white hands were lying outside the

counterpane; her eyes, bright, restless, and expectant, were fixed on the door.

The moment she saw Dr. Anderson they became full of a sudden intense and most lovely joy. I never saw such a look of beatitude in any eyes. He came forward at once, took her two little hot hands in one of

"HE CAME FORWARD AT ONCE."

his, and sat down by her side. I followed him into the room, but neither he nor she saw me. The physician and the patient were altogether absorbed with one another.

I went away, closing the door behind me.

I did not like Miss Whittaker's look. I had already found she was suffering from a critical heart condition owing to the repeated strains and shocks which her delicate temperament had undergone.

I could not attend to my other patients, but moved restlessly about, wondering how long Dr. Anderson would remain with her.

He came out of the room much sooner than I expected.

The look of real trouble and distress was still most apparent on his face.

"She is asleep now," he said, coming up to me.

"You have mesmerized her, then?" I answered.

"Only very, very little, just sufficient to give her repose. She is extremely weak, and I am anxious about her. I should like to talk over her case with you, if you will allow me."

"With pleasure," I replied. "Come with me to my consulting-room."

We went there. I motioned the doctor to an easy chair, but he would not seat himself.

"You do not like me," he said, looking full at me. "You distrust me: I am an enigma to you."

"I do not understand you, certainly," I replied, nettled by his tone.

"That is evident," he retorted. "Notwithstanding, I am going to put implicit confidence in you. I am a man in a great strait. Since Miss Whittaker's arrest, and since the severe sentence pronounced against her, I have been one of the most unhappy men on God's earth. There was one right and straight course before me, and day after day I shrank from taking it. All the same, I knew that a day would come when I should have to take it. When you called on me this morning and mentioned Miss Whittaker's name, I knew that the day and hour had arrived. That was why I desired my servant to dismiss my patients—that was why I, a very busy man, leaping into popularity day by day, gave up my time at once to you."

Here he paused. I did not interrupt him by a single word. I looked full at him, as he restlessly paced up and down the room.

"My opinion of Miss Whittaker is this," he said, stopping abruptly and fixing me with his dark, curious eyes. "My opinion is this, that if she stays here much longer, she will die. Do you agree with me?"

"I have not studied her case as carefully as you have," I replied. "Nevertheless, my opinion coincides with yours. Miss Whittaker is not strong—she is more than usually nervous. The sights she cannot help seeing in this place, the sounds she must hear, and the people she must associate with, cannot but be injurious to her health. Even if she

lives, which I doubt, she is extremely likely to become mad herself."

"That is true," he retorted. "She is quite sane now, but she cannot with impunity live day and night, for ever, with the insane. She will die or go mad unless she is liberated."

"She cannot be liberated," I replied. "She was tried for murder, and is here during the Queen's pleasure."

He was quite silent when I said this. After a brief pause in his restless pacing up and down, he turned on his heels and walked to the window. He looked fixedly out for a moment, then turned full upon me.

"You must listen to an extraordinary confession," he said. "In very deed, if justice were done, I ought to be now in Miss Whittaker's place."

"You!" I answered, jumping from my seat.

"Yes—I repeat that I ought to be in her place. Mr. Halifax, you don't believe in hypnotism?"

"I believe it to be a little known science full of dangerous capabilities," I answered.

"Yes, yes; you have not studied it, I can see. You talk from an outsider's point of view. I believe in hypnotism, and I have acquired the powers of a hypnotist. I can exercise great power over certain people—in short, I can hypnotize them. As a physician I was somewhat of a failure; as a hypnotist, I have been an enormous success. I have cured mind troubles, I have made drunkards sober, I have comforted folks who were in trouble, and I have removed by my influence the desire of evil from many hearts. Some of my patients speak of me as little short of an angel from Heaven. I have an extraordinary gift of looking right down into the souls of men; I can read motives, and I can absolutely subdue the wills of those over whom I have influence to my own will.

"This is a great power, and except in the case of Miss Whittaker, I can conscientiously say that I have only used it for good. She was the patient over whom I had the most complete influence. She was the most extraordinary medium I ever came in contact with. Circumstances arose which tempted me to use my power over her in an evil way. The man Willoughby, whom she killed, happened to have been an enemy of mine. It is unnecessary to go into particulars—I hated the fellow for years—he did me untold mischief—married the girl I had already wooed and was engaged to, amongst other trifles.

"Miss Whittaker came completely under my influence. Her health improved rapidly, and I found that by my will I could make her do anything that I pleased.

"It so happened that by an accident Miss Whittaker and Willoughby met together in my presence. She had never seen the man before. I observed that when he came into the room she shuddered, trembled, grew very pale, and turned her head away. I guessed at once that my will was influencing her, and that because I hated him she did the same.

"Instantly the desire came to strengthen her dislike. I willed her to hate him more and more, and so great was my power over her, that she made an excuse to leave the room, being unable to remain in his presence. The next time I met her, she said to me impulsively, 'I cannot get over the terrible horror I feel of the man whom I met when I was last in your house.'

"I made no reply whatever, but hastened to turn the subject.

"She had not the faintest idea that I had any cause to detest him.

"Willoughby had come to live near me—we were friends outwardly, but his hateful presence came between me and all peace. The temptation grew greater and greater to exercise my will over Miss Whittaker in this matter—at last, with the result you have heard. It is true that I did not go to the length of willing her to kill him. This was but, however, the natural result of the hate I had inculcated. On a certain morning, this innocent, gentle, affectionate girl went to the man's rooms, and because I hated him, and because I willed her to hate him too, she took his life.

"That is the story of Miss Whittaker's insanity."

When Dr. Anderson had finished speaking, he sat down and wiped the moisture from his brow.

"I am willing to tell this story again in open court, if necessary," he said. "My agony of mind since Miss Whittaker was arrested baffles any powers of mine to describe. I am abundantly willing now to make her all reparation. Do you think there is a chance of her being saved?—in short, is there any hope of the sentence against her being reversed?"

"It is impossible for me to say," I replied. "Had you given the evidence you have now favoured me with in open court at the time of the trial, the result might have been very different. May I ask you, Dr. Anderson, why your remorse did not lead

you to make this reparation to your unhappy victim at the only time when it was likely to help her?"

"I can give you a plain answer to that question. At the time of the trial I had not the moral courage to deliberately ruin myself by making the confession which I now make to you. You can, or perhaps you cannot, understand what it is to struggle with remorse—what it is daily and hourly to bid your conscience be quiet. In my case, it would not obey me; it would keep calling loudly on me to repair the awful mischief I had done. I have spoken to you to-day—I have reposed full confidence in you. The question now is this: Can Miss Whittaker be liberated, and, if so, how soon?"

"You will stand to the confession you have just made me, even though it lands you in the prisoner's dock?" I answered.

A queer smile crept into his face.

"That will not be my punishment," he retorted. "I shall lose my patients and my chance of success in life, but there are no laws at present to punish hypnotists. Even if there were, however, I think—I think now—that I should be willing to abide the issue."

"In that case we must draw up an appeal to the Home Secretary," I began; "your statement must be taken down in writing——" I was interrupted by an imperative knock at the door. Even before I could reply it was pushed open and Nurse Hooper, very pale and frightened-looking, put her head in.

"Will you come at once to Miss Whittaker?" she said. "She's in a very queer state."

"Let me come with you," said Anderson, springing to his feet.

We rushed up the stairs and entered the sick girl's room.

Dr. Anderson had left her sleeping quietly, but she was not asleep now. She was sitting up in bed, gazing straight before her and speaking aloud with great rapidity. From the look in her eyes, it was evident she was gazing intently at a vision we could not see.

"I gave up my will," she said. "I gave it up when first you asked me. It is yours to do whatever you like with. I have heard you telling me day and night to hate him. To hate him! I do hate him. Now you tell me to kill him. Please don't tell me that. Please stop before you ask that. I'll have to do it if you insist, but *don't* insist. Don't lay this awful, awful command on me. Did you say you must? Did you say you would have to lay it on me? Then I'll do it! I'll borrow my father's pistol, it is over his mantelpiece. I can get it easily. No one will suspect me of hating that man, so I can easily, easily kill him. I know, of course, where this will lead—to prison first, and then to death. But if you ask me, I'll go even there for your sake. Yes, I'll go even there."

Her words were low, intensely horrible to listen to, her face was deadly white. The fierceness, the hungry glare of a tiger gleamed in the eyes which were generally so sweet in their glance.

"This is the house," she went on, in a hoarse voice. "I am knocking at the door. It is opened. I see the servant's face. Yes, he is at home. I am going in. That is his room to the left. Oh, how dreadful, how dreadful is the thing I have got to do! Dr. Anderson, I submit my will to yours. I obey the voice which tells me to——"

"WE RUSHED UP THE STAIRS."

"Stop—hold!" cried Dr. Anderson, suddenly. "Take back your will. See, I give it back to you."

He took her hands and forcibly laid her back on the bed. She stared up at him fixedly, and he gazed intently into her wide-open eyes.

"Take back your will, Ursula," he repeated in an imperative voice. "Here it is—I return it to you. Be the gentle—the loving Ursula of old once again."

His words acted as magic. The hungry, angry light died out of the beautiful eyes—they grew soft—then they filled with tears.

"I had a bad dream," she said, speaking as if she were a child. "It is over—I am glad to be awake again."

"I'll stay with you until you are better," he answered—"until you fall into a gentle, healing sleep."

But, strange to say, when Anderson gave Miss Whittaker back her will, his power over her had vanished. Try as he would, he could not soothe her to sleep; by the evening she was more feverish than ever, and her condition was highly critical.

She lay in a state of delirium all through the night, but she did not talk of any more horrors. Her troubled spirit had evidently entered into a happier and more peaceful phase of memory. Her conversation was all of her mother who was dead, and of her own life as a light-hearted schoolgirl.

When the sun rose the next day, Miss Whittaker died.

I have not seen Dr. Anderson since. It is my belief that he will never again try hypnotism, either for good or evil.

Beauties.

From Photos. by Elliott & Fry, Baker Street.

From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

Miss Gilpin.

Miss Margaret Macintyre.

From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

From a Photo. by Turner & Drinkwater, Hull.

Miss Vivien Travis Cook.

From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Miss Lily Hamilton.

Miss Tyrrell.

Miss Frances Ivor.

From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co

From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

THE too familiar words "Declined with thanks," however unpleasant to receive, are scarcely supposed under ordinary circumstances to excite despair. Something, however, akin to that passion was legible upon the face of Elsa Vane, as she sat trying to master their curt significance.

They were written upon a sheet of large note-paper, bearing in print the address of the offices of the *London Month.* On the table lay a torn envelope, directed with decisive clearness in the same hand to "Mrs. Thos. Vane, The Elms, Stamworth, Surrey."

There were no signs, however, of the usual MS., but beside the envelope lay a few sprigs of dried lavender. There could be no mistake. She, Elsa, was Mrs. Thomas Vane; she knew with too great certitude whose hand had written those words, and she was sitting in the dining-room of "The Elms, Stamworth."

It was a pretty, home-like room, and the table was laid daintily for her solitary breakfast. She poured herself out a cup of tea, and drank it, but she pushed the food away untasted. Then she returned to the contemplation of the ill-fated words. No, there could be no mistake. She held, only too clearly, the clue to their meaning. The evil wrought was beyond remedy, and the doing of it had been hers; yet her unpreparedness had been terrible.

She saw there written the ruin of her own life, and of another, which only last night she had told herself she held more dear. At last she rose and went over to the fire, still holding the paper; the sprigs of lavender, also, she had gathered into her hand. For a moment she looked at these, as though she would have thrown them into the blaze, and so finished their decay for ever. Instead, she thrust them into the bosom of her dress. Then she took her accustomed seat in a low chair by the hearth. Her husband's chair was opposite, and she looked at it as though she could see there the handsome, clever face which had fascinated her. His nature was so calm—sleepy, she had called it—she had never imagined it possible to anger him beyond recall. She had known his love for her to be so deep, even when to herself she had professed to doubt it, that, in truth, the

idea of its failure under trial had never reached her.

She recalled painfully the story of the last two years. Her husband was nearly fifteen years older than herself when he had asked her to be his wife. His talent, his acknowledged position, had lent almost the character of condescension to the act. Not on his side; he was the most humble-minded of men—but she had already idealized him through his writings. Yet he had told her that she was absolutely needful to him, that she ran through his conceptions as the model for all fairness. It had seemed to her as the voice of a god.

Latterly, he had ceased to say these things.

She had pictured a life of intellectual excitement and constant variety when she exchanged the old Garden House in Cambridge, where she had lived with her aunt, Miss Poyntz, for the home of a man holding the literary and artistic position in the London world, of Tom Vane. Instead, she had been excessively dull. Her husband was much from home; he was the proprietor and editor of the *London Month*—and he was collecting material for a new work. He liked the house twenty miles out of town for the sake of change and refreshment; she hated it. The deadness of the suburban village had much to answer for; she grew morose and depressed, brooding in her solitude over her wrongs.

She told herself finally that her marriage had been a mistake; that she was no more to her husband than a source of occasional relaxation—and that she was deteriorating. The views imbibed from girl friends, chiefly graduates, lacking at any rate in personal experience, revived. The development of woman was checked, and aspiration stifled, by the merging of her identity in the will of a man to whom she was a mere toy.

Theories of this kind, somewhat superficially grafted on to a nature that craved incessantly, not only for affection, but for its expression, bade fair to work complications in the fate of Mrs. Vane. She was utterly unable to conceal even momentary feeling, and she let her husband see plainly the effects of the phase through which she was passing, without attempting any explanation.

So far, her idea of change in him was purely imaginary; he was placid and restful by nature. She still ran, like the finest thread, through the whole woof and web of his life; but as daily widening interests claimed him, he did not forecast that she would need daily assurance of the fact. He felt the change in her, and feared with a dumb, aching pain that she was disappointed; that she regretted having married a man so much her senior, imagining that she was tired of his affection, rather than that she needed more of it. The thought was present with him in the pauses of his work; in his journeys to and from town; he grew more reserved, and less hopeful, losing buoyancy daily.

In this way the breach widened, and a crash became inevitable.

One night he returned, after nearly a week's absence, only to tell her that he was starting for Edinburgh two days later. Her sense of injury culminated, and she, at last, gave it vent in no very measured terms. She said many things bitter for Tom Vane to hear and to remember. She told him that she had married him under a girlish illusion, before she knew what life meant; she also spoke of her aspirations, and of her individual development. Finally, she begged for freedom, that she might live her life, that she might realize—herself. How far she understood her own meaning was doubtful. He heard her patiently to the end. She saw that he was deeply moved, whether with pain or anger she could not tell.

"You must be mad," he said, when she paused; "but it shall be as you wish. Certainly, I will not detain you against your will." Then he had left her abruptly; the blow had fallen upon him when he was wearied both physically and mentally.

Later he had come back, and put before her, as a brother or a friend might have done, the irretrievable consequences of her act, but he had not sought to influence or persuade her. His calmness exasperated her; and although growing rather frightened at the definiteness which her desire had taken, she would not draw back.

Finally he had ceased all argument; he had entered, still with the same quietude, upon the easiest method of carrying out her wish. He had suggested that at first, at any rate, she should return to her aunt's house at Cambridge. She could go as if on a visit while he was in the North, future arrangements could follow, but he would lose no time in securing her comfort and freedom, as far as possible.

She ventured no further opposition. The next day he went to town as usual—he was to remain that night in London, starting on the following afternoon for the North. Their farewell was quite unemotional; he had the

traditional horror of a scene, and she was thoroughly subdued. After he was gone, she busied herself with her preparations, collecting a few treasures, her own special property. She tried to feel some gladness, some foretaste of a possible future awaiting her, but her heart sank, aspiration seemed dead. Her thoughts turned persistently to the past and to the present; the future was an utter blank.

Was Tom really as indifferent as he seemed? What would he feel when he next came home—after she was gone? He had always seemed glad to come home, even last night before——

Going through the house was a fresh trial. She was a careful housewife in spite of loftier aims; now, everything would be left to the servants, there would be terrible waste and disorder. Even this accentuated the sense of general disturbance and undoing.

In opening a box to look for some trinkets she came upon a packet of old letters. She knew them well enough — Tom's letters before they were married; and tied up with them a little bunch of dried lavender. She had not looked at the letters for a year, nor smelt the lavender. She sat down now on the floor in the midst of the disorder she had created, with the packet in her lap. She would read them to herself, she called it taking a last look into an open grave, which was rather a strong expression; afterwards she would—burn them. She began to read, with the lavender in her hand, and the tender, living words of a great love spoke to her anew, moving her nobler nature as they had moved it in the old days, and the dried sticks in her hand bloomed again, and she was back in the old garden where the lavender bushes grew, and the sun was shining, and Tom was there—and——

"SHE CAME UPON A PACKET OF OLD LETTERS."

The poor girl flung herself sobbing upon the couch; oh! what had she done—had he really changed so, and forgotten everything in this short while, or was it all through the fault of her own unrestful heart? With the quick rebound into extremes that belonged to her nature she suddenly saw herself utterly in the wrong, false to her wifely duty, and the sacredness of her love. To be the wife of Tom Vane again seemed the highest of all aspirations. The days and hours in which he had left her were forgotten. She looked at her watch; she was longing now to throw herself into her husband's arms and sob out all her folly and her repentance. But it was already too late in the afternoon to find him at his office if she went to town; but for her wickedness he would soon have been coming home. She would write; he would receive the letter the first thing in the morning, if not that night. There would be time for him to reply before starting North — perhaps even to come. She wrote as sweet and penitent a letter as woman could write; her tears, the realities of the step which had been so fatally near, and the recurrence of the old strain of half-forgotten happiness, had deepened her nature. She humbled herself utterly, only asking him to remember her youth and impetuosity, promising that if he would bear with her she would strive to be to him the help and companion that he needed. She laid bare the doubts and distrust of the past months, and the revival

of the truth in her heart through the old letters.

As she wrote, it seemed to become clear that she had never seriously intended to leave him; development that could lead a woman away from the man to whom she had sworn fidelity, could be nothing but a false growth.

The game had been "dangerous," if it had been anyone but Tom! But, with him, now that she had owned herself in the wrong, she had no fear.

When her letter was finished, she bethought her of the lavender; she folded it within the sheet, and added a postscript, recalling to his memory the day in the garden when they had plucked it together. He had told her that to his mind she was like it for softness of colour—he could see the purple shadows beneath the greyness of her eyes. Also in the endurance of its sweetness it was a fitting type of the quiet strength of their love; and many other pretty things he had conjured out of the homely flower. Alas! how miserably had she failed. Now she sent it to him, as a reminder and the strongest pleading, stronger than her words could be.

She had posted her letter that night, and all the next day went happily about the house, feeling reinstated.

Then—this morning—the answer had lain upon the breakfast table. The envelope, with the direction in the hand she knew so well, and within, the withered lavender and those three pregnant words.

She pressed her hands to her bosom as she recalled that pain.

Not the least part of it was the destruction of her faith, the irony of the official message was so untrue to the belief in her husband's nature which she had cherished, even when she was most rebellious. She was forced soon to rouse herself, for she felt clearly that there must be no further delay. She could plead no more; the last breath of the fragrance of their love was dead, and she had nothing to urge. Tom had finished the work she had begun, taken her at her word finally. She had laid bare before him the inner sanctuary, and he had looked back at her scornfully and derisively. It was a cruel wrong. Beneath it, his suggestion that she should return to her aunt's roof became intolerable; she was in no mood to bear question or criticism, and the avoidance of scandal became a small matter where all was wrecked. She felt no responsibility towards Miss Poyntz, she was only her great-aunt, and, so long as Elsa could remember, had been feeble and querulous, often finding the presence of her niece a burden. The life of the outer world touched her but faintly; probably, unless her niece returned to her roof, she would never fully understand what had occurred.

Mrs. Vane was scarcely a strong-minded woman, but she gathered strength from a certain persistency of will that enabled her to surmount weakness when the need of action was clear. The beacon lights of aspiration had become painfully misty, but she was not long in forming her plans.

She could take no help from her husband; her private income would suffice to keep her from actual want, and she had education, with —she had been told—some talent, to fall back upon. She would go to Paris, and complete the studies she had begun at the Cambridge local school of painting, in connection with South Kensington. She had her certificates, and she knew the address of a Home for Students, to which she had once petitioned her aunt to send her. There, if she could not be received, she would, at any rate, be directed to a suitable *appartement*, and to the best studios. She wrote a few lines to her husband.

"Your reply has convinced me that my first judgment was right; you will not be surprised that I have acted upon it. I beg to be relieved of all offers of assistance."

These she inclosed and sealed, and laid the packet where she knew he could not fail to see it on his return.

No further hesitation or avowed regrets delayed her preparations; the following day she went to town, as the first stage upon her journey.

Mrs. Crawley, of 131, Marlborough Road, had not always let apartments. She was one of those unfortunate people who had come down in the world, and her descent had been rapid, and entirely owing to the speculative tendencies of Mr. Crawley. Although she had faced the position bravely enough, she was keenly alive to the discernment of her new lodger, Mrs. Poyntz; who with rare delicacy ignored the landlady in the hard-worked gentlewoman. Mrs. Poyntz's own means limited her to rooms on the third floor, and her great loneliness may have led her to welcome her landlady's visits when the latter found leisure for rest after the toils of the day. For, although young, and more than ordinarily good-looking, the new lodger seemed strangely friendless. No one called upon her, and she rarely

left the house save on business visits to the City. She had chosen her present abode because the rooms were large and inexpensive, because she had chanced to hear something of the antecedents of Mrs. Crawley, and because she thought that here she was not likely to encounter anyone who had known her as Elsa Vane.

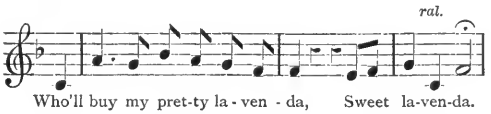
She had had no very clear reason for adopting her mother's name in preference to her own, save that the latter had grown distasteful, and painfully suggestive. Now, Elizabeth Poyntz was a useful signature, and she retained it. Five years' struggle with fortune had wearied her; as a painter she had met with no very marked success; latterly she had added the writing of fiction to her original profession, and here old associations came to her aid, helping to lift her out of the rawness of amateur effort. Still, at five-and-twenty life seemed a dull, monotonous plane, and an uncontrollable longing drove her home. She had developed at any rate in patience, and realized, if not herself, some of the harder truths of life. She would not own to herself a desire to tread the same pavement, breathe the same air as Tom Vane; she said that the fascination of the great town, murky and fog-laden, was upon her. She had occasionally heard of her husband through the newspapers. He had written another novel, realistic and philosophic, which had been well reviewed, and he still edited the *London Month*. She read the book, and judged that he had deteriorated; she thought the tone cynical and worldly, and could detect nothing favourable to any second overture on her part, had she felt the desire to make it.

For the rest, she was utterly alone; her aunt, Miss Poyntz, was dead, and the house at Cambridge in the hands of strangers That news had reached her when in Paris Since that time she had travelled constantly, studying both in Belgium and in Rome, until her restless craving led her back to England. She thought she had attained indifference, and had grown quiescent; but the vitality of sensation is apt at startling revival, oversetting all calculation.

One afternoon she returned from the City with a face strangely moved from its usual passivity. She had seen Tom Vane in the Strand. She, herself, had been unnoticed; she had watched him pass from the doorway of a shop. He was very much aged; more than the lapse of five years would reasonably account for. His beard was grey instead of black, and he stooped slightly. Elsa watched him until he was out of sight; she felt a sort of rage against her fate and against his hardness, against the man he was walking with, which must have been a form of unreasonable jealousy. When disturbance has once set

"SHE HAD SEEN TOM VANE IN THE STRAND."

in there follows often a slight hurrying up of incident—effects succeed quickly, as small clouds gathering, and the swift splash of rain on a sultry day. Perhaps an unquiet atmosphere lends significance to every whisper of the coming storm rush. A further stirring of hushed memories had awaited Elsa Vane before she reached the door of 131. Near the corner of Old Queer Street a lame boy carrying a basket paused a few paces in front of her, and gave in a rich, mellow voice a cry that was almost a refrain :—



Sweet La-ven-der. The words died away with plaintive appeal, for the voice was rarely sweet. Elsa was very tired, and the tears rose to her eyes. She stopped and spoke a few words to the lavender merchant before she turned into the gate. His face, like his voice, was refined. He told her that he had learned his cry from an old woman whom he used to hear calling in the streets; he added, rather sadly, that his voice was wearing, although he only used it for this trade; he was not so young as he looked, and the cry tried it. When Elsa had turned towards the house, he paused a few steps further on and gave his call twice with clear, prolonged sweetness. Elsa felt that it was for her.

"SWEET LA-VEN-DA."

Such peace as she had gained was at an end from that day; memory grew vivid, quick-fingered, torturing; and under this hand her present surroundings showed repulsive and sordid. The sounds from the tavern ground their way into ears grown suddenly appreciative of only their hideous vulgarity, the daily routine of her life seemed harsh and unlovely. Behind it all, the refinement and sweet-scentedness of the home that had been hers shone far away, a rainbow-tinted vista beyond thoroughfares which were thronged and grey-hued. She felt jostled and wearied, and upon that mud-stained, fog-laden way the cry of the lavender merchant sounded very sweetly, like a song from home. She listened daily for its recurrence, but it came no more. It had been a mere street-cry, crossing her life like other incidents of the streets, pregnant with impression, but it dwelt in her mind with curious persistency.

This limitation of the God-given gift of song to the carrying of sweetness into sordid ways, waking Heaven knew what memories of pure life in tired hearts, grew to her somewhat strained imagination into a parable, losing nothing from the unconsciousness of the singer, and bearing heavily upon her own failure; the homely sweetness had been hers to disdain and cast aside.

One evening depression and hopelessness seemed to have reached their climax. She had been to the Strand that day, and many times since she had seen Tom Vane, but had never encountered him again. She began to feel that unless she wished to become a mere ghost haunting the confines of his life she must wander away again in search, at any rate, of numbness. An aching of keen desire was becoming habitual, and scarcely to be borne. She leaned her head upon her arm, folded over the blank

page—where the words refused to be written—and longed to sob out her loneliness, her grief and her despair, her great wrong, for surely Tom had wronged her.

Mrs. Crawley's knock upon the door startled her, and she tried to smooth away the signs of her trouble before she bade her landlady enter.

"I hope I am not disturbing you, Mrs. Poyntz. I fear you were going to write?"

"I cannot write a word; pray come in," said Elsa. She pushed aside her papers impatiently and drew forward an easy chair for her visitor.

"You seem, as a rule, to find your work so easy," said Mrs. Crawley presently, with something of a sigh. "I used to try at one time, but I never had anything accepted."

"Perhaps you did not persevere long enough."

"Well, the last thing I sent was a poem. All my troubles came upon me not long after, and since that I have had no time to think about writing. Something very strange happened about that poem too."

"What was that?" asked Elsa, indifferently.

"A matter in which I have always felt guilty, although it was not altogether my fault, but I will show you the paper—it is in my desk. I can lay my hand on it easily."

Elsa sat on, listless and idle, while Mrs. Crawley was gone in search of the paper. She expected to be asked to read some verses; it would not have occurred to her that Mrs. Crawley could write poetry.

That lady came back shortly, an old mahogany desk in her hand.

"I thought I would bring the desk," she explained. "There are two or three little things here I might ask your advice about; but this is the paper I was referring to, it was inclosed with my returned poem."

She had been searching among the bundles of letters while she spoke; now she handed to Elsa an open envelope.

Mrs. Vane took it carelessly; then she gave a little cry, for she saw that it had come from the *London Month*. Within was a short MS. poem and a folded sheet. She opened the latter hastily. It bore the date February ——, 188—, in Tom Vane's hand, and was closely written on three sides. There was no superscription, but after the first word she read on eagerly. At last she stood up, holding the back of her chair, and looking, almost fiercely, at Mrs. Crawley.

"You—you have kept this letter for five years—after reading it—and knowing it was not yours."

Mrs. Crawley glanced up quickly.

"I am not so much to blame as you think. We were living in —— Street then, at our old home. When that letter came I was lying very ill; my husband just glanced at it, and seeing one of my MSS. returned, threw it aside. He always laughed at my trying to write. Afterwards, my little baby died. It was months before I even saw the letter, not till the crash came and everything was being turned out for the sale, then I

"AT LAST SHE STOOD UP."

found it lying in the study among a heap of bills. I thought I would write then, but I was in great trouble and perplexity; somehow I put it off and forgot. It was six months old, and I thought if it had been of consequence inquiries would have been made; then, later, it seemed absurd to rake up the matter. I did not know how to account for the delay. Of course, I was to blame, but I never read more than the first few lines. It suddenly came into my mind to-night, and I thought there could be no harm in showing it to you after all this time. I had almost forgotten it."

Elsa had listened to this explanation in perfect stillness. When Mrs. Crawley said that she had not fully read the letter, her face showed signs of relief. She leaned over a little, her outspread hand pressed heavily upon the table, palm downwards.

"It was a slight want of honour," she said, quietly, "that was all. I have noticed that we women are apt to fail in that way towards each other; but there were great excuses. Forgive me, if I speak harshly. This letter, it is mine. It was meant for me five years ago."

"MRS. CRAWLEY SPRANG UP, SCATTERING HER BALLS OF YARN."

Mrs. Crawley sprang up—scattering her balls of yarn, and dropping her knitting.

"For you—oh! Mrs. Poyntz. May God forgive me—can you? Ever?"

Elsa did not seem to see the outstretched hands.

"If you don't mind," she said, measuring her tones, "will you leave me alone for a little while—quite alone."

There was no sign of agitation save the pitiful gather in the brows, the slightest tremor in the last words. Mrs. Crawley stooped and picked up her knitting. She had seen enough of the letter to know what its loss might mean; perhaps even the key to the solitary life that had sometimes perplexed her. Her eyes were full of tears when she had recovered her balls of yarn.

Elsa never moved until the door closed, leaving her to the blessed solitude; then she sank down upon her knees, the sobs that had been so far away all these years shaking her, as she wept out her grief upon the friend's heart that she had found—Tom's letter.

If, as has been said, the essence of tragedy is the nearness of joy, then had the fates of Tom Vane and his wife been tragic for the last five years, with a tragedy hinging upon an incident that might have been burlesque. The words of the letter that all this time had lain in Mrs. Crawley's old mahogany desk—and but for the curious chain of circumstances called chance, might so have lain until it crumbled into dust, and the sorrows that it cancelled were for ever dead—were these:—

"I thank God, my darling, for your sweet words, and for the renewal of your confidence. I have such a short time to write, to say all that must be said. You reproach yourself too much, the burden of what you have suffered lies heavily upon me. My love has never faltered or lessened for one moment—bear this in mind in what I have yet to say—also that from my tried middle age I can swear that it never will falter or slacken until death. But I have watched you and felt the change in you. God knows I hold our vows sacred, but I have a horrible fear lest the impulse of the moment should have wrung from you the truth—and the renewal of your tenderness been dictated only by a sense of duty. I will put my love for you to the test—the hardest. If your heart allows that this is so—if you feel that

your consent to our marriage sprung from your untried ignorance, and that you were robbed of your youth, I offer you such freedom as can still be yours, uncomplainingly, ungrudgingly. Although in some ways you are a child still, I trust you unhesitatingly, as I would trust one of God's angels. I know the pure uprightness of your nature. I have already told you that everything you can need shall be at your disposal. I am in hopes that you will feel that I would be to you something more than husband or lover—your most faithful friend.

"All this I say only to set your mind at rest, to free you from self-reproach. But if, my wife, if your heart should desire to cling to me from deliberate choice—then—if ever the love of man compassed the life of woman, my love shall compass yours. I fear to urge you, to put before you the selfishness of my great desire.

"I send you back a part of the lavender, a renewal of my faith until the days or years of our separation are ended, for that in the end you will come back to me I feel assured."

Here the letter broke off suddenly, evidently through some interruption. Below had been added in pencil, now scarcely legible:—

"Oh, my love, think well—something more than life is at stake."

The whole was finely and closely written; the sheet was large and folded in three, the fourth side was blank. Elsa saw plainly enough how it had happened, and in the hurry of the last hours among the numberless interruptions and distractions of the office, the folded sheet had been placed in the wrong envelope. She remembered that the lavender had been separately inclosed.

Perhaps impotent grief at the wasted years, the loss of joy, was the strongest feeling just at first; then a sense of wonder at the great, unselfish heart that had been so wronged, with sorrow and tender pity for the pain it must have laid at her door.

Was it possible that its fidelity had survived even the needless cruelty of her farewell, the silence of these five long years? Five long years—how could she approach him, and tell him all the truth, not knowing if she would be welcome? She tried to form the words of a letter, but it seemed full of bald surprise. They had grown strange to each other, and their wooing must begin again; she could not tell him now that she had loved him all along.

Then an idea came to her. She would weave their story, his and hers, into a tale and send it to him. He would surely read it when he saw the writing, and the signature—Elsa Vane.

In this way she would discover his feeling towards her; if he let it pass unheeded, unanswered, she would know——

And if—but here she could not follow out the conclusions, for her heart trembled. She went back to her writing-table and began to write; she wrote far into the night, until indeed the winter's day was near breaking, no longer hesitant for words or for matter. And when her task was done, she laid down for an hour of happy dreams, with Tom's letter beneath her pillow.

She herself took the MS. to the office on the following morning, and saw it carried into his room.

She had addressed it to him personally, and put her own name and address on the outside of the fly-leaf. She had also added a few lines in which she spoke of herself as "the writer," and begged him to give the MS. his personal attention. She felt she could do no more—only wait. At any rate, she would have the right to ask for the return of the MS., and in that way she would be assured. She had tried to prepare herself for days of uncertainty, but wondered how she would bear them before the first hours of the afternoon were over.

She walked the room restlessly, like a caged creature, starting at every sound, and feeling a sense of despair as every half hour chimed softly by her little clock. The dinner, which she had made some pretence of eating, had been carried away, and she had gathered herself over the fire. She knew that Mrs. Crawley would not trouble her to-night, when the servant came to say a gentleman wished to see her.

It was over then. She had heard no summons, nothing, but there was the hasty step upon the stair, and he was in the room—and they were alone.

"Elsa—Elsa—do you mean to say I did that idiotic thing?"

"Indeed then, Tom, you did."

But he could hardly have heard the words, although the whisper was not far away.

Tom Vane had traced his wife to Paris. He resented bitterly what appeared mere groundless obstinacy and contempt, both of himself and all common sense. Partly in anger, and partly because he thought that through his silence she would the more quickly realize her folly, he refrained from all insistence of his desire for her greater

comfort, and from any interference. An income amply sufficient for her wants had been paid to her account at the Bank had she chosen to draw it.

When, subsequently, he lost sight of her in her restless journeyings, he blamed himself bitterly. The darkness had never seemed more hopeless than when she was nearest—when he passed her in the Strand.

Were those five years wasted? was the question they sometimes asked themselves.

"DO YOU MEAN TO SAY I DID THAT IDIOTIC THING?"

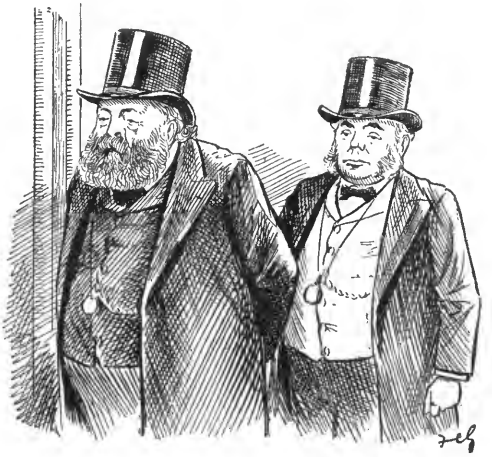
From Behind the Speaker's Chair

VIII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

"OLD MORALITY."

ONE of the most interesting books of the forthcoming season will be the "Life of W. H. Smith," a work undertaken by his friend and colleague, Sir Herbert Maxwell. Sir Herbert, who combines the qualities of an excellent Whip with those that go to make up a successful literary man, will doubtless have found himself hampered in his task by the exceptional goodness of the subject of his memoir. I suppose the most depressing work of biography still in print is that which many years ago had considerable vogue under the title "The Dairyman's Daughter." Mr. Disraeli, a keen judge of public taste, desiring at one time to say something pungently deprecatory of Mr. Gladstone, observed that he had no pleasant vices. Mr. Smith more fully and accurately came within this category. It will be impossible even for so attractive a writer as Sir Herbert Maxwell to make his biography as interesting as, for example, that of Becky Sharp.



LORD SALISBURY AND MR. W. H. SMITH.

Mr. Smith was, in truth, monotonously good. Yet what was meant to be a placid life had its stream unexpectedly turned into turbulent courses. Prosperity made him acquainted with some notable work-fellows, and led him to take a part in making the history of England. It was a strange fate that drew this modest, retiring, gentle-minded bourgeois citizen into being a colleague, first of Mr. Disraeli, and at last the very pivot of an Administration which had the Marquis of Salisbury for its motive power.

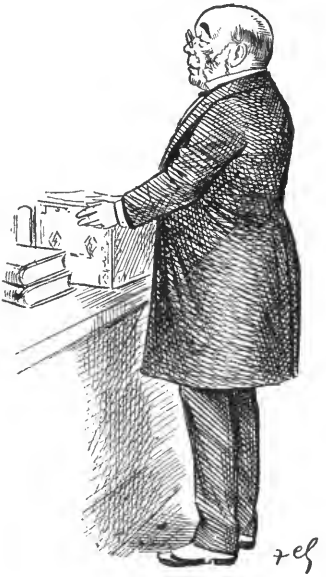
I remember more than a dozen years ago, crossing Palace Yard, seeing Lord Salisbury and Mr. W. H. Smith enter the precincts of the House by the archway leading to the Ladies' Gallery. Mr. Smith had at that time, doubtless to his own modest surprise, been nominated First Lord of the Admiralty, the first of a series of uses made of him whenever the Government were in difficulty. "When in doubt play trumps" is a time-honoured maxim, the wisdom of which some players are inclined to dispute. "When in difficulties play W. H. Smith" was a game Mr. Disraeli first led, and was followed up to the last by Lord Salisbury with unfailing success. It was doubtless a mere accident, but I noticed that Lord Salisbury strode along silent, taking no notice of his companion, who walked just half a pace behind him, as if feeling that he had no right to intrude on the meditation, or even the company, of the great patrician by whose side in the Cabinet an inscrutable Providence had led him to take his seat.

This is a trivial incident which only riotous fancy could invest with significance. It often came back to my mind watching Mr. Smith steadily yet surely marching to the first place in the aristocratic Cabinet, progress involuntarily made, impelled not more by sheer capacity than by force of simple, honest, upright character. In course of time it came to pass that the Cabinet of Lord Salisbury could have better withstood the shock of the Premier's withdrawal than of the resignation of plain Mr. Smith.

Though the study of such a character is apparently lacking in dramatic incident, what may be done with it by competent hands has

been triumphantly proved in another branch of literature. Mrs. Walford has made a charming and touching sketch, which not only in many respects recalls the sterling qualities of "Old Morality," but, by a strange coincidence, bore his surname. "Mr. Smith; a Part of His Life" was published long before the member for Westminster came to think he might succeed Pitt, Wellington, and Palmerston in the Lord Wardenship of the Cinque Ports. Yet if Mrs. Walford had used him as a model she could not have come to a closer or more striking appreciation of the subject. Naturally enough, she never dreamed of placing her Mr. Smith in the turmoil of political life, surrounding him more appropriately with the placidity of village life. But in respect of simplicity of character, sterling capacity, generous mind, and unfailing loving-kindness, her Mr. Smith and ours of the House of Commons are identical. The coincidence is completed by the fact that both unexpectedly died just at the time when everyone had discovered how good they were, and when the highest aim of their desire was within their reach.

There is one episode in the life of this good man in which his biographer will find the element of tragedy the more striking when found ruffling the serenity of the commonplace. Those most intimate with Mr. Smith firmly believe that had he been less resolute to do his duty to his Queen and country he would have been alive at this day, a placid pillar of strength to his party in the House of Lords. He died at the post of duty, with a heroism that need not shrink from comparison with the most brilliant deeds recorded in the annals of war by sea or land. He had meant to retire at the close of the Session of 1889, when the wearying illness that finally wore him away was beginning to sap his strength. At that time the Salisbury Government were already amid the breakers. The House of Commons was growing restive; the Ministerialists were disheartened; the Opposition growing in strength and audacity. Not only was Mr. Smith the only man who could be counted upon to ride upon the gathering storm, but his withdrawal from the scene would have led to extremely inconvenient competition for the vacant post of Leader of the House of Commons.



"AT THE POST OF DUTY."

So he stayed on, suffering and patient, making his little jokes, declaiming his cherished copybook headings, sometimes genially laughed at, always trusted, and managing the peculiarly difficult business of the Leadership with an art the consummation of which was its perfect concealment—perhaps even from himself. The last time he appeared in the House was on a sultry afternoon in July. Members around him were gay in summer garb. He had brought with him his carriage rug, and as he sat on the Treasury Bench he tucked it round his knees, remaining there through the sitting with haggard eyes, pale face, still bravely smiling.

"THE LAST TIME."

"A pitcher that goes often to the well will be broken at last," was a little tag he characteristically used about this time when one of his colleagues cheerily remarked that he was

looking better, and would be all right again after the recess.

He was never seen in the House of Commons again, though this was not his last appearance in public. The final journeying forth of the pitcher, the occasion when it, doubtless, received the final fracture, was on Monday, July 13th, 1890. The Shah was on a visit to London, and this day was fixed for a reception at Hatfield. All the world were bidden to the festivities, which culminated in a great luncheon party on the Monday. Mr. Smith was one of the house party, arriving on the Saturday. He would have been much better in his bed, but the occasion was important, and if he could only crawl along the path of duty, he would go. One of his fellow guests, a colleague in the Cabinet, tells me of his appearance at the dinner on Sunday night. As he sat at the table he was evidently in acute pain.

"We could see death written on his face," said his colleague.

But he talked and smiled and made-believe that nothing was the matter. He was induced to withdraw as soon as the ladies left the dining-room. So acute was his agony, his ancient trouble having developed in an attack of gout in the stomach, that he could not go to bed, passing a sleepless night in a chair. But there was the luncheon next day, with the big company down from London, a fresh call of duty which he obeyed. He sat through the meal, and gallantly went home to die.

The end came at Walmer, after three months' additional suffering, borne with unfailing courage and patience. He was always sanguine that on the morrow he would be able to go out for a cruise in his beloved *Pandora*, lying at anchor just off the battlements of the castle waiting for the Master. It seemed quite a natural and appropriate thing that on the very day the newspapers contained the announcement of his death, news came of the tragic end of Mr. Parnell, and as newspaper space is strictly limited, and the British public can give their minds to only one excitement at a time, there was hardly room to do justice to the quietly noble life just closed at Walmer.

PETITIONS.

Colonel Kenyon is not, except by chance, and unconsciously, a humorist. But there was one day in the Session when he flashed upon the pleased House a gleam of genuine humour. Being charged with the presentation of a number of petitions against the Welsh Suspensory Bill, he borrowed from the Library a huge waste-paper basket, stuffed the bundles of circulars therein, and, marching round the table in full view of a crowded House, deposited them in the sack which hangs at the corner of the table by the Clerk's seat.

This was premature, and, in the circumstances, sardonic. Colonel Kenyon being

"PREMATURE."

in charge of the petitions, might, but for the unaccustomed temptation of humour, have let them go along the ordinary course to oblivion. All petitions presented to the House of Commons are predestined for the waste-paper basket. Colonel Kenyon, with a promptitude learned in tented fields on which forty centuries looked down, scorned circumlocutory habits, and put the petitions in the waste-paper basket to begin with.

The right of petitioning the House of Commons is ancient, and at one time may have had some significance, even importance. It must have been prior to the time of Dr. Johnson, that shrewd observer having in the hearing of Mr. Boswell gone to the root of the matter.

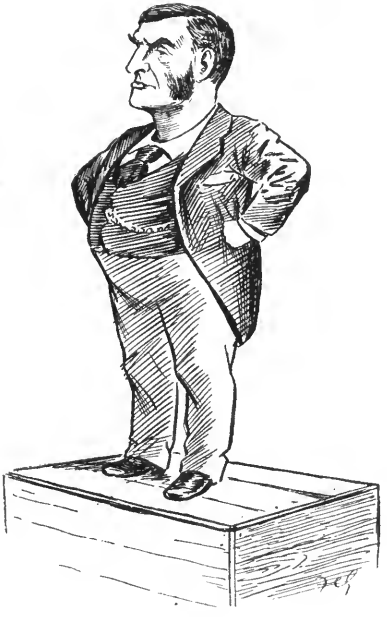
"This petitioning," he genially observed, when the subject cropped up in conversation, "is a new mode of distressing Government, and a mighty easy one. I will undertake to get petitions either against quarter-guineas or half-guineas with the help of a little hot wine."

At this *fin-de-siècle*, whilst a stable Government is in no wise distressed by a shower of petitions, the process of bringing them to bear on the House of Commons remains a mighty easy one, in some cases not

without suspicion of the help of a little hot wine.

This Session, concurrent with the introduction of a hotly contested measure such as the Home Rule Bill, there has been a notable recrudescence of petitions. It is true nothing in the way of petition presenting has equalled the famous scene in the Session of 1890, when "the Trade" demonstrated against an attack by the Chancellor of the Exchequer upon their preserves. On that occasion the floor of the House, from within the Bar to the shadow of the Mace, was packed with gigantic wooden frames, containing massive cylinders reported to enshrine the signatures of 600,000 citizens anxious that the poor man should not have his noggin of neat spirits enhanced in price. It turned out upon inquiry, hotly made, that the Speaker, having been approached on the subject, had given his consent to the petitions being brought in. But, as he apologetically observed, he had not taken into account the wooden cases. These, towering full six feet high, entirely obscured the view between the two sides of the House.

Mr. Bartley was, by chance, making a few preliminary observations, and one at this day



MR. BARTLEY.

remembers with pleasure the keen solicitude displayed by the Radicals that the hon. member should not be embarrassed, and that they should have opportunity not only of hearing his remarks, but of benefiting by full view of the orator whilst they were delivered. They stood up in their places craning their necks so that they might catch a glimpse of him, over what one irreverently alluded to as "these vats." Suggestion was made that he should cross the gangway and continue his observations from the Treasury Bench. Mr. Labouchere bettered this by proposing, in softest voice and most winning manner, that the member for North Islington might scramble on to the top of the cases, and from that coign of vantage address the Speaker. In the end, the six House messengers who had brought in the cases one by one were summoned, and the things were ignominiously removed.

WHAT BECOMES OF PETITIONS.

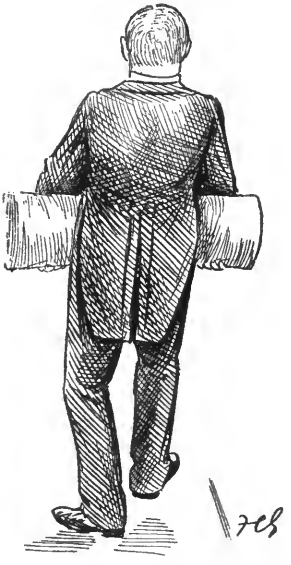
That demonstration, which must have cost much hot wine, was not so successful as to induce repetition on similar lines. But petitions have, through the Session, still flowed in, and have, from time to time, been made the occasion for objurgatory remarks. Just after the House resumed at the close of the Easter holidays, the subject came up in piquant fashion with intent to show how vastly petitions against the Home Rule Bill preponderated. The Chairman of the Petitions Committee, whose withdrawal from Parliamentary life is regretted on both sides of the House, was asked to state the number of petitions for and against the Bill. Mr. McLagan set forth statistics which demonstrated the overwhelming activity in this field of the opponents of the measure. When the cheers this statement elicited subsided, Mr. Dalziel interposed, and read a letter

MR. DALZIEL.

which would have interested Dr. Johnson had he been privileged to peruse it. Written by the secretary of a Conservative Association, it was addressed to hotel-keepers at places of popular resort on the southern coast. Accompanying it were printed petitions against Home Rule, and the hotel-keepers were begged to obtain as many signatures as possible, "whether by man, woman, or child." "Your Easter visitors," the shrewd Conservative agent added, "should be able to fill up several sheets."

To a conversation which followed, Mr. McLagan contributed an interesting recollection of how a couple of years ago the Petition Committee had been called upon to deal with a case where a whole school of children had impartially signed a petition for (or against) some measure then engrossing public attention. Another member was able, as the result of his own investigation, to state that many petitions presented to the House of Commons were signed in a good flowing hand by infants in arms.

These facts, familiar enough in the House of Commons, would seem to suffice to put a stop to the industry of petitioning. But, as the experience of the Session shows, that anticipation is not realized. The cry is, "Still they come," and the labours of the Petition Committee, over which for many years the late Sir Charles Forster presided, are as exacting as ever. It must, I suppose, be to someone's interest and advantage to keep the thing going. In what direction the interest lies is indicated in the statement, more than once made in conversation on the subject in the House, that the labour of obtaining signatures is remunerated at the rate of so much per hundred.



"CARRIED OUT."

That, with the rarest exceptions, petitions presented to the House of Commons have not the slightest effect upon its deliberations is an affirmation that may be made with confidence. One of the exceptions is to be found in the popular movement that demanded the Reform Bill. But that was sixty years ago, a time when the public voice had not such full opportunities of expression as are found to-day in the Press and on the platform. For the most part, petitions addressed to the House of Commons do not secure even the compromising attention attained by the comicality of the situation created by the appearance on the floor of obstructive packing-cases, or the reading by a member of letters disclosing the indiscretions of too zealous agents.

What happens in the majority of cases is, that a petition being forwarded to a member, he quietly drops it in the sack at the corner of the table. When the sack is full it is carried out to one of the Committee rooms, and entry is made of the place whence each petition comes, of the number of signatures, and of the name of the Bill for or against which it is launched. The clerks attached to the Committee on Petitions subsequently glance over the list of names, and if there is anything in the array glaringly suggestive of irregularity, the Committee have their attention called to it, and occasionally think it worth while to bring the matter under the notice of the House with intent to have somebody punished. Otherwise the document unobtrusively proceeds on its way to the paper mill, the House of Commons, all unconscious of its existence, voting "Aye" or "No" on the various stages of the Bill with which it had concerned itself.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

The most striking feature in the Session has been the position achieved by Mr. Chamberlain. Nothing seen in his travels by Baron Munchausen, nothing recorded in the adventures of "Alice in Wonderland," exceeds this marvel. Mr. Balfour has been the titular Leader of the Opposition; but Mr. Chamberlain has ordered the plan of campaign, and has led in person all the principal attacks on the enemy's entrenchment. Mr. Balfour has reigned; Mr. Chamberlain has governed.

Here is where the marvel comes in. It is no unusual thing for a prominent member of a party to break away from his colleagues in the Leadership and set up in business for himself. But he invariably opens his shop on the same side of the street. Mr. Chamberlain has gone over bag and baggage, has been received into the inner councils of

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

his ancient adversary, and, being there, rules the roost. There was a time within recent memory when he was of all public men the most detested in Conservative circles. In this respect he succeeded to the heritage of his friend and colleague, Mr. Bright. Mr. Gladstone they distrusted and detested. Mr. Chamberlain they loathed and feared.

The scenes that took place in the House of Commons in connection with the Aston Park riots, which for bitterness and fierce resentment have not been equalled during the Session by any attack on an individual made from the "Unionist" ranks, forcibly illustrate Mr. Chamberlain's position this time eight years ago in view of the Conservative party. He for his part joyously accepted the situation, hitting back swinging blows at the House of Lords that has "always been the obsequious handmaid of the Tory party," and at the larger body in the Commons and the country, the "men whom we have fought and worsted in a hundred fights, men who borrow our watchwords, hoist our colours, steal our arms, and seek to occupy our position." That the relentless foeman of 1870–1885 should be to-day the foremost ally, the most prized captain of the host he then fought, seems to be a phantasy of nightmare.

"BLOWS AT THE HOUSE OF LORDS."

> Who but must laugh, if such a man there be;
> Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

How the miracle was wrought is a story that will doubtless some day be written large. Pending authoritative chronicle, there are not lacking those who trace the whole story back to troublous days in May, 1882. At that time Mr. Forster, long at issue with some of his colleagues in the Cabinet, resigned the office of Chief Secretary. A new pathway had been selected by the Government in their relations with Ireland. Coercion had been tried and had failed. Kilmainham Treaty had been signed. Mr. Parnell had come out of prison "prepared to co-operate cordially for the future with the Liberal party in forwarding Liberal principles." Lord Cowper had resigned the Lord Lieutenancy, and Earl Spencer reigned in his stead.

In bringing about this transformation scene Mr. Chamberlain had been principally active. It seemed the most natural thing in the world that he should succeed Mr. Forster at Dublin Castle. That he was prepared to do so and expected the appointment were matters certainly understood in the House of Commons at the time. A member of the Irish party, then as now predominant in its councils, tells me that on the 4th of May, 1882 (the day Mr. Forster announced in the House of Commons the reasons for his resignation), Mr. Chamberlain had an interview with him and sought his counsel as to the course he should take in the contingency of the Chief Secretaryship being offered to him. This gentleman, with characteristic bluntness, asked whether the offer had been made. Mr. Chamberlain, with a meaning smile, said "No."

That the offer would be made was as-

sumed, as a matter of course, by both parties to the conversation. The friendly Irishman, whilst welcoming, as all his political friends did, the prospect of accession to the Chief Secretaryship of a statesman then above all others pledged to Home Rule, on personal grounds advised Mr. Chamberlain not to take the office, foreseeing, as he said, that it would bring upon him incessant trouble and possibly political ruin. On the next day, Friday, the 5th of May, the writ for a new election for the West Riding was moved consequent on the acceptance by Lord Frederick Cavendish of the post of Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant. The Irish member whom I am quoting added the amazing and, save on such authority, the incredible statement that the first intimation of this arrangement Mr. Chamberlain received was when, from his place on the Treasury Bench, he heard the writ moved.

If this story is true—and if I were at liberty to mention the authority it would be accepted as unimpeachable—it does much to explain, if not to excuse, Mr. Chamberlain's subsequent action, and the attitude of relentless animosity he has since exhibited towards Mr. Gladstone.

THE DUELLO.

The long fight in the Commons over the Home Rule Bill has been rather a duel than a pitched battle. Night after night the forces were marshalled on either side; firing was incessantly kept up; brigades engaged, and now and then, from other quarters than the Treasury Bench and the corner seat of the third bench below the gangway, a speech was made that attracted attention. For the most part it was dull, mechanical pounding, varied now and then by a personal contest between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain. The House was invariably crowded when Mr. Chamberlain spoke. For him the audience was comprised in the one figure on the Treasury Bench. Mr. Gladstone, when he spoke, habitually turned round to the corner seat below the gangway, and personally addressed his "right hon. friend."

It was jarring throughout to hear the use of this phrase bandied across the gangway. Mr. Gladstone used it sparingly. Mr. Chamberlain interlarded his speech with it, investing the simple phrase with many shades of meaning, none particularly friendly. Once Mr. Gladstone, contrary to his habitude, moved to a personal jibe, audibly interposed with the remark, "Which 'right hon. friend'? The right hon. gentleman has so many right hon. friends."

"ONE OF HIS RIGHT HON. FRIENDS."

That hint would have been taken by some more sensitive people. Mr. Chamberlain is not inclined to forego one of his advantages. He has never quarrelled with Mr. Gladstone. He still reveres him as the greatest statesman of our time, still thinks of him in connection with a lofty mountain, whose magnitude we do not appreciate whilst we are still close to it. Still he resents the action of "men who, moved by motives of party spite, or eagerness for office, have not allowed his age, which should have commanded their reverence; his experience, which entitles him to their respect; his high, personal character, or his long services to his Queen and his country, to shield him from vulgar affronts and lying accusations." But Mr. Gladstone has gone wrong on the Home Rule Question, as, in quite another sense, he was wrong in the spring of 1882. Mr. Chamberlain, giving the first place to the interests of his country and sternly loyal to a sense of duty, has found himself leading the Conservative party against its former chief. But it is only the political leader from whom he has parted. He still retains the "right hon. friend."

"THE RIGHT HON. FRIEND."

There was a time when it seemed that Mr. Chamberlain, in stepping outside the pale of the Liberal party, had voluntarily suffered political

ostracism. It was a view in which to a certain extent he appeared to acquiesce. For a considerable period approaching the term of the last Parliament he was content to take a back seat in politics. Occasionally he appeared at a public meeting in the country. In the House of Commons he was not often seen, and still more rarely heard. He came down for the questions, went off in good time for dinner, and was seen no more through the sitting. If a division were pending, or any interesting speech expected, he broke through the rule, coming down in evening dress, dined and debonair.

It is apparently a small matter, really of profound significance, that, during the present Session, Mr. Chamberlain, whilst in nightly attendance, has not half-a-dozen times been seen in dinner dress. He must needs dine; but he performs the incidental duty as the Israelites fed at Passover time, with loins girded and staff in hand. He has been the backbone of the opposition to the Home Rule Bill, tireless, unfaltering, and ruthless. It is probable that but for him the Conservative gentry, weary of the monotony of constant attendance and incessant divisions, would have retired from the fight, content to leave the final destruction of the Bill to the House of Lords. Mr. Chamberlain has been pitiless. No point has been too minute for his criticism, none too large for his virile grasp. Through it all he has never swerved from the urbane, deferential manner with which he has turned to discuss successive points with his "right hon. friend" on the Treasury Bench.

"PITILESS!"

Now and then a quick ear might detect metallic notes in the ordinarily soft voice, or a watchful eye might observe a gesture that mocked the friendly phrase and the almost reverential attitude. These were idle fancies, possibly born of meditation on what may never have taken place in those far-off May days, when Mr. Forster was fighting forlornly at his last outpost.

MORE ABOUT A PREMATURE REPORT.

M. P. writes: As I read THE STRAND MAGAZINE month by month through the Session I come to the conclusion that you must have either a marvellous memory or a priceless note-book. I remember very well O'Connor Power's prematurely reported speech in the House of Commons, but thought others had forgotten it. It was published, not, as you suggest, in a local paper, but in *Freeeman's Journal*, then in the plenitude of its power and the full tide of its circulation. May I add to the details you give that the speech, evidently elaborately prepared, finished up by way of peroration with the not unfamiliar lines from Tennyson about "Freedom broadening slowly down from precedent to precedent"? In the too-previous report it was stated that this passage was received with "enthusiastic cheering."

O'Connor Power actually got off the speech on the following night. As, at the hour when he caught the Speaker's eye, no copy of *Freeman's Journal* had reached London, he was presumably safe from immediate consequences of the accident. But some of his compatriots, learning by telegraph what had happened, gave him away, and when he arose to deliver the cherished oration, he was met by hilarious cries of "Spoke! Spoke!"

"An Awkward Fix."

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

"WHEREVER CAN CHARLOTTE BE?"

"CONFOUND it! Wherever can Charlotte be?"

It is M. Chapoulot who speaks, and, as the words show, M. Chapoulot is out of humour. Ordinarily M. Chapoulot is as good-tempered and easy-going as one would expect in a man of sixty, who, having been, like John Gilpin in his day, a linen-draper bold, has in good time retired to enjoy a modest competency in repose. Your wealthy London tradesman, now, who has grown rich beneath the shadow of St. Paul's, if he retires at all before death or disease puts him suddenly *hors de combat*, flies off to spend his fortune at Brighton, or Bath, or Cheltenham — anywhere rather than in the great Metropolis where he has made it. But M. Chapoulot, like the true Parisian he is, will never desert his Ville Lumière, and has retired no farther than from the bustle of the boulevards to the more peaceful Rue de la Trocadéro.

There he now lives with his only daughter Charlotte and an old faithful servant of the family, and it is the former whom he is at this moment impatiently awaiting.

It is dinner-time with the Chapoulots, who dine at six. One might see it by the snowy table-cloth, the neatly rolled serviettes with their little ivory rings, the plates, the glasses, and there, lifting its head in sovereignty over all, the tall wine-bottle with its *petit blanc vin*, which is to the Parisian what tea and coffee, and beer, and all the beverages of the day are to the average Englishman.

M. Chapoulot always begins his dinner with punctuality, but he has never begun it without Charlotte. And Charlotte comes not. Five minutes past six, and M. Chapoulot's impatience becomes annoyance; ten minutes, and it is even anger; a quarter past, and he

is furious. Hunger, they say, will tame a lion, but it will none the less ruffle the equanimity of a saint. Wherever can Charlotte be? She has gone this afternoon to take her music-lesson in the Boulevard Barbesse. She goes three times a week, and always returns in ample time for dinner. Twenty past, anger begins to give way to nervousness; five-and-twenty, it is alarm; half-past six and no Charlotte, M. Chapoulot is trembling with anxiety. Hurriedly he summons the old servant, asks for his hat and boots; he will go out himself and see whatever may have happened.

But suddenly there was a merry little rap at the door, and Charlotte enters. No evil can have come, for there she stands in the doorway, smiling, radiant, in all the ease and grace of *la petite Parisienne.*

"Oh! papa—I——"

But M. Chapoulot's fear gone, his impatience again usurps supremacy, and reassured about the safety of his daughter, he begins to feel anxious for the flavour of his dinner.

"Come to table first. You can tell me while eating. I shall understand better then."

"Oh! but, papa! you don't know. I have had an adventure!"

"An adventure!" exclaims M. Chapoulot, starting from his seat, and dropping his spoon into the soup upon which he has already commenced.

"'AN ADVENTURE!' EXCLAIMS M. CHAPOULOT."

"Yes, papa! an adventure in the omnibus with a young man."

"The omnibus—with a young man! *Parbleu!*"

"But with a young man *comme il faut*, papa, I can assure you."

"You ought to know, Charlotte, that a young man *comme il faut* has no adventures, above all in an omnibus. Whatever do you mean?"

"It is very simple, papa. You need not make such a cruel face. I had forgotten my purse. That is a thing which happens often enough——"

"Yes, yes; especially to those who haven't got one. Go on."

"I never discovered it until the conductor held out his hand to take my fare. What could I do? What could I say? I should be taken for a pauper—for an adventuress, perhaps. I was crimson, I was pale, I felt that I should faint; when, happily, a young man who sat next to me gave the conductor a piece of silver, saying, 'Take for two.' This gentleman, seeing my embarrassment, had kindly paid for me."

"Well, miss, you have done a nice thing. Accept six sous from a stranger! You had better have explained to the conductor, to the driver, to all the company. But people should not forget their purses—I never do. And now, how will you return his money? You will never think of keeping it?"

"I have his card, papa: M. Agénor Baluchet, clerk at the Ministry of——"

But papa, without hearing another word, has snatched the piece of pasteboard from her hand, exclaiming:—

"What? This *gentleman*, not content with insolently lending his six sous, has had the impudence to force his card upon you into the bargain! He is a very scoundrel, your young man *comme il faut.*"

"But, papa, I could not return his money if I did not know his address."

M. Chapoulot has not a word to answer to this ingenuous argument, but, with a gesture of the intensest irritation, throws down his serviette upon the table.

"It is written that I shall not dine this evening," he says to the old servant. "Find me a cab at once. I am going to restore to this Agénor his six sous immediately, and to tell him a few truths as well."

"But, papa, that will be ingratitude. You must remember that this young man has saved your daughter from *un faux pas.*"

"*Un faux pas!* He has rather led you into one. But, silence, miss! I am not going to receive lessons, above all lessons in memory, from a silly girl who forgets her purse."

M. Chapoulot has taken his hat, and looks even more enraged than ever.

The old servant comes back. "A cabman is at the door, but he will only agree to a single journey."

"Oh! that will do. I can easily find another to return."

And M. Chapoulot goes out in furious haste, while Charlotte timidly confides to the sympathizing servant that she knows even more of the young man than she has dared to say. For a month past he has regularly travelled in the same omnibus, and she has noticed that he has noticed, etc., etc.

Agénor, in his bachelor apartment, sits thinking over his experience of the evening, and vowing he will not wash until the morning the hand that had been touched by the dainty fingers of Charlotte when she received the card.

Suddenly a sharp rap at the door, a violent opening, and a stout gentleman, out of breath, his hat upon his ears and cane in hand, breaks in upon his dreaming.

"Monsieur!" exclaims the invader, "your conduct is scandalous. You are not worthy the name of a French gentleman. An honest man would never take advantage of the embarrassment and inexperience of a young lady. To profit by the absence of a father and a purse, to offer your money—and your card into the bargain—to an unprotected girl, it may be a good investment, but it is a bad action. I have brought you your six sous again, and would have you to know, sir, that, as for my daughter and myself, we wish to have nothing to do with you."

"MONSIEUR! YOUR CONDUCT IS SCANDALOUS."

And the stout gentleman, trembling with his vehemence, puts his hand into his pocket to get the money, when, before Agénor has time even to recover from his bewilderment, a new actor enters upon the scene. It is the cabman, all furious, with an oath upon his lips, and brandishing his whip in a threatening manner.

"Eh! you! What do you mean? You engage me for a single journey. I tell you I cannot stay. You even order me to hurry. And then you jump from my cab like a madman, and rush in here without a word. None of that for me. I have only one thing to ask. Pay me my money quickly, or ——" And the whip goes round again more emphatically than before.

Agénor understands nothing of it. But the stout gentleman, who has searched vigorously in all his pockets, becomes suddenly pale, then red, then redder still, then crimson, then violet. He is silent in stupefaction a minute, and then, in answer to a more vigorous demand from the cabman, he manages to falter:—

"I have—forgotten—my—purse!"

"Oh, yes! I know," cries the enraged *cocher*. "I have seen that dodge before. You needn't try it on with me. Come along! you shall tell your tale at the police-office." And he begins to drag away by the shoulders the unfortunate Chapoulot, who is ready to fall into an apoplectic fit.

But Agénor, a true providence for the family, draws from his pocket the necessary sum, and dismisses the driver.

"You will allow me, sir," he says to M. Chapoulot, who, all at once understanding that it is possible to forgets one's purse, and that of all friends a friend in need is one indeed, can only reply with a smile:—

"Monsieur — M. Baluchet, I believe — thirty centimes for the omnibus and one

franc seventy-five for the cab, that makes forty-one sous I owe you. If you will be good enough to dine with me this evening, we will settle our affairs at once. As an old business man, I like not outstanding debts. Besides, ready reckonings always make good friends."

A quarter of an hour later the servant puts a third plate upon the table in the Rue de la Trocadéro. A month later there is a still larger party, when the wedding of Charlotte and Agénor is celebrated. And M. Chapoulot will often say to those who care to hear him:—

"Beware of borrowing, oh! fathers of families. *C'est un faux pas.* I made once a debt of forty-one sous, and could only repay it with a dowry of twenty thousand francs."

"YOU SHALL TELL YOUR TALE AT THE POLICE-OFFICE."

From London to Chicago.

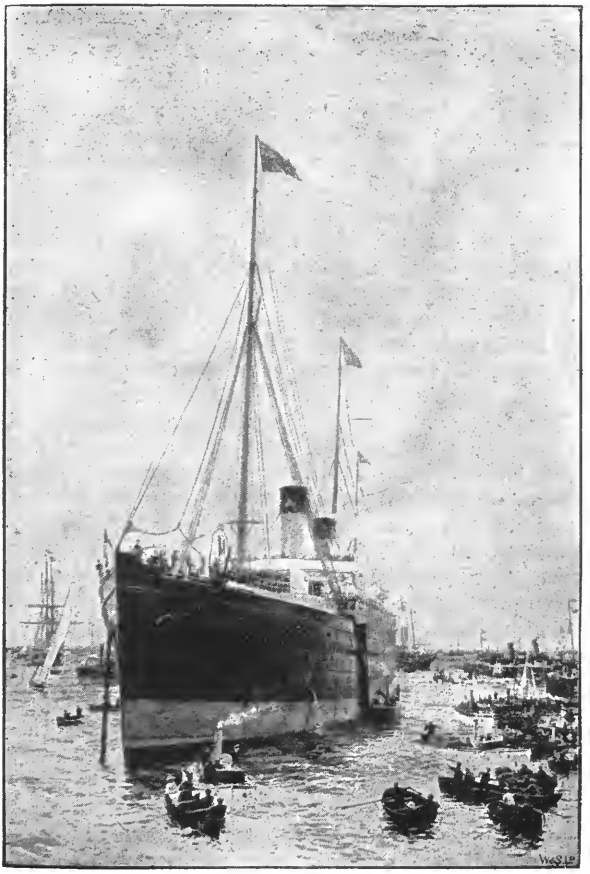
By James Mortimer.

FROM the greatest capital of the Old World to the young giant city of the Western Hemisphere is now, comparatively speaking, only a step. The tourist may leave London, for example, on Wednesday or Saturday morning, and, with average fair weather, will cross the Atlantic in six or seven days from Liverpool. Arriving at New York in the morning, he will have ample time to take his place in a car the same day at noon, and, without any change of train, travel a thousand miles westward during the next twenty-four hours, finding himself the next day in Chicago, scarcely more than a week after his departure from London.

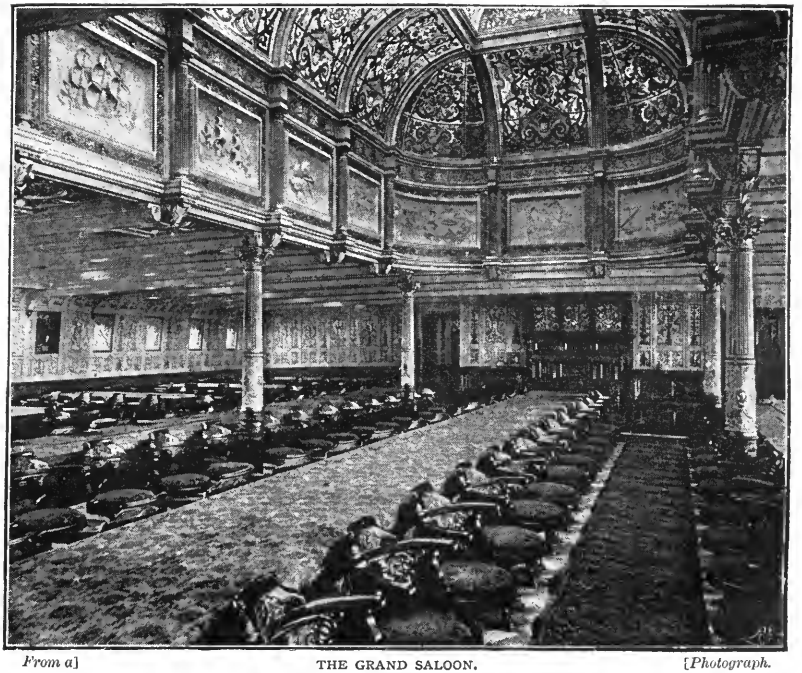
As a matter of fact, in this age of rapid locomotion on land, sea, and river, the voyage from England to America is an undertaking of scarcely more importance than a trip to Vienna, Rome, or St. Petersburg. It is certain that the last two or three decades have witnessed an astounding development of the means provided for transporting the travelling public with ease and comfort across the broad waters which roll between the Eastern and Western Hemispheres.

My last previous journey from Liverpool to New York was made in 1865, twenty-eight years ago; and the difference between one of the crack Atlantic steamers of that period and the splendidly-appointed modern steamship which recently carried me across the Atlantic seemed to me almost incredible. I do not propose here to institute a comparison which would offer to the reader only a retrospective interest. Suffice it to say that the advantages of the change which has taken place in ocean steam navigation during the past thirty years rest entirely with the improved methods employed at the present day for increasing the rapidity, the security, and the luxury of modern travel.

Through the courtesy of the "White Star" authorities at Liverpool, my companion and myself were permitted to go on board the *Majestic* some hours before the time appointed to receive the saloon passengers, and were thus enabled to witness the embarkation of nearly a thousand emigrants, on their way to America. Of these a large majority were Scandinavians, mostly Swedes, the remainder being of different European nationalities, including a relatively small proportion of English. We stood at the surgeon's elbow as these sturdy passengers filed past and were subjected to the usual rapid exa-



THE "MAJESTIC."
From a Painting by W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A.



From a] THE GRAND SALOON. [*Photograph.*

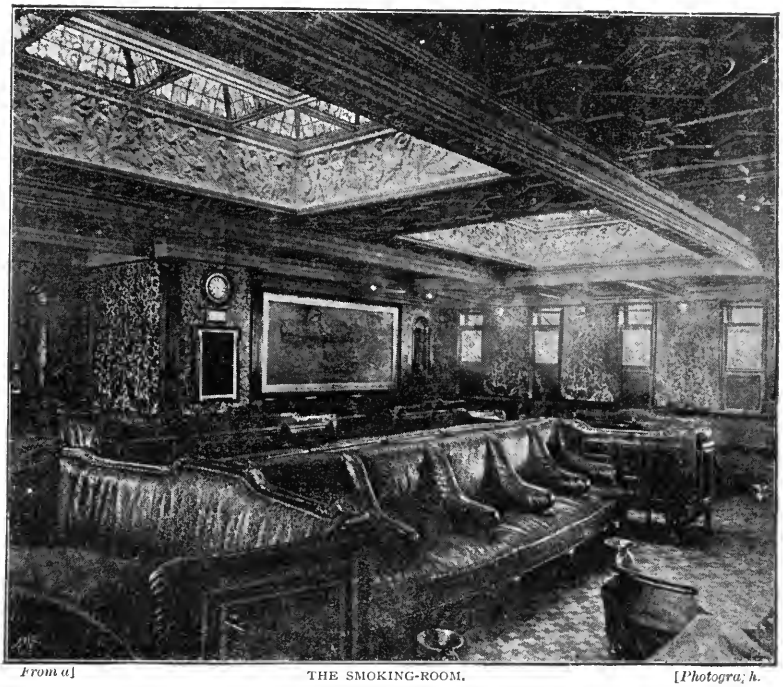
mination, the vigilant eye of the doctor immediately detecting any apparent symptoms of unhealthiness requiring closer scrutiny, which in the instance of a very few amongst the number seemed to be necessary. These were detained until the remaining emigrants, together with the second cabin passengers and the ship's crew, had filed past, after which the suspicious-looking symptoms of two or three children were carefully examined and found to require no more serious remedy than soap and water, which the anxious parents were ordered to apply without delay.

All the passengers, luggage, and Liverpool mails were on board by two o'clock. There was the customary waving of hats and handkerchiefs, from the tenders and other small craft in the broad river, as the stately *Majestic* glided slowly, and without the slightest vibration from her great engines, past the long vista of Liverpool docks and warehouses, on her voyage towards the shores of the Western World. The total number of souls on board, passengers and crew, was 1,415. When we were fairly under way, the first cabin passengers were summoned by sound of trumpet to luncheon in the saloon, which is in reality a spacious banquet-room over 60ft. long and nearly as wide. On all sides of this magnificent hall, and adorning the immense canopy which covers it, is a sea of ivory and gold, crowned with a dome of elegant ornamental panels. The remaining ornamentation is a profusion of tritons, nymphs, and, as Sam Weller would put it, "fabberlous animals of that sort," whilst the light of numberless electric lamps flashes across the ceiling at nightfall. The fore and aft ends of the saloon are decorated with fine specimens of carved oak, and the couches and seats are luxuriously upholstered.

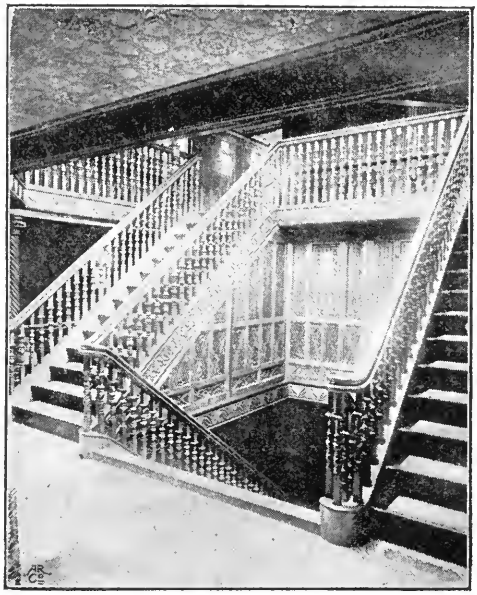
Adjoining the main entrance of the saloon, on the promenade deck, is a large and comfortable library, containing an excellent collection of standard and contemporary books. This apartment is panelled in light oak, and is bright and attractive, being lined at the sides by windows covered with glass shutters of Italian design, admitting a subdued and mellow light, further augmented by the stained-glass dome. Large panels artistically ornamented with different tapestries, relieved by soft colours that attract the eye, add to the elegance of the room. Further aft, on the deck below, is the smoking-room, one of the most comfortable apartments of the ship, and the favourite lounge of the male passengers, a large proportion of whom whiled away many hours daily within its pleasant precincts. Here was nightly held the auction sale of the pool, based on the figures of the ship's run each twenty-four hours—a mild species of speculation which appeared to meet with general leniency, even amongst those who took no part in it.

Our first day's log from Queenstown, whose harbour we left about two o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, announced 480 miles, and these figures, posted at noon on the following day, were the foundation of a very lively competition for the possession of the numbers immediately approaching or exceeding 500, which it was expected would be the sea-mileage of the *Majestic* during the next

twenty-four hours, should she be favoured with tolerably fair weather. The sequel proved the prognostications of those who pinned their faith to daily runs of about 500 miles to be correct, the distances accomplished during the next four days being successively: 508 knots* on Saturday, 502 knots on Sunday, 509 knots on Monday, 501 knots on Tuesday, and the remaining distance of 336 knots to Sandy Hook was accomplished before daylight on Wednesday morning — a fine passage for the time of year, though it must be admitted that few voyages across the Atlantic in the early spring have been



From a] THE SMOKING-ROOM. [Photograph.



THE GRAND STAIRCASE.
From a Photograph.

favoured with such magnificent weather as we enjoyed from first to last of our six days' trip from land to land. The *Majestic* has previously made a voyage westward, in July, 1891, in five days and eighteen hours, whilst her sister ship of the "White Star Line," the *Teutonic*, in August of the same year, made the run in five days and sixteen hours.

Any description of the *Majestic*, however cursory, would be incomplete without some details concerning the really exceptional accommodation provided for all the passengers, including even those in the steerage, where a large number of the poorer class of travellers are, in every way, better treated than is usually the lot of the poor European emigrant. In common with all other parts of this fine ship, the steerage is lighted throughout by electricity, and there is plenty of space on the *Majestic*, without overcrowding or incommoding, for about a thousand passengers of this class. The married people have their own separate quarters, with separate entrances and dormitories, baths for the women and children, and a smoking-room for the men, together with a large pantry provided with a constant supply of hot and cold water and other comforts.

For daily exercise and recreation the entire upper deck is reserved for the exclusive use of the steerage passengers; and along each side, under the bulwarks, runs a sheltered bench, where they can sit in comfort. In other

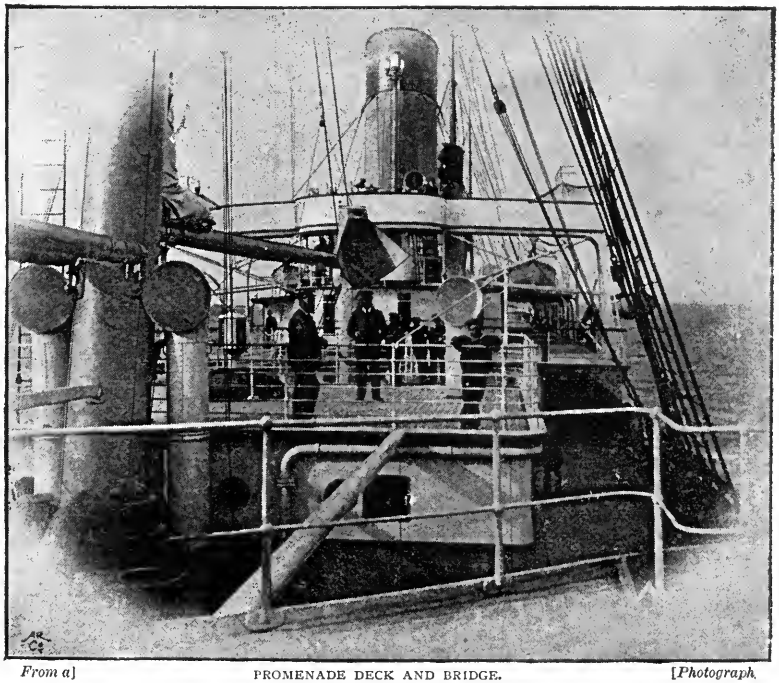
* Equal to 585 statute miles.

From a] THE LIBRARY. *[Photograph.*

terms, they have provided for them over a sixth of a mile of covered and sheltered deck space. Single passengers, male and female, are isolated in quarters at either end of the ship. An ample provision of electric lamps (by which, indeed, the whole ship is lighted), perfect ventilation, and an elaborate system of lavatories, complete the list of substantial comforts enjoyed by the humblest of the *Majestic's* passengers.

The second-class department of the ship is capable of accommodating one hundred and seventy passengers. The second cabin dining saloon is on the upper deck, and there is also a smoking and reading room on the deck. The sleeping arrangements for these passengers are in every way superior to the first-class accommodation of the steamships which carried the Atlantic traffic of a quarter of a century ago. The second-class passengers of the *Majestic* have an ample promenade deck devoted exclusively to their use, and are also provided with bath-rooms and other comforts, which in former years would have been considered unheard-of luxuries.

As regards the first-class passengers, all are, of course, furnished with quarters infinitely better than has ever previously been known in the history of Atlantic navigation; whilst the lucky few whose means permit them to indulge in the extra grandeur of special state-



From a] PROMENADE DECK AND BRIDGE. *[Photograph.*

rooms find themselves as pleasantly and as sumptuously housed as they would be in the best hotels of either continent.

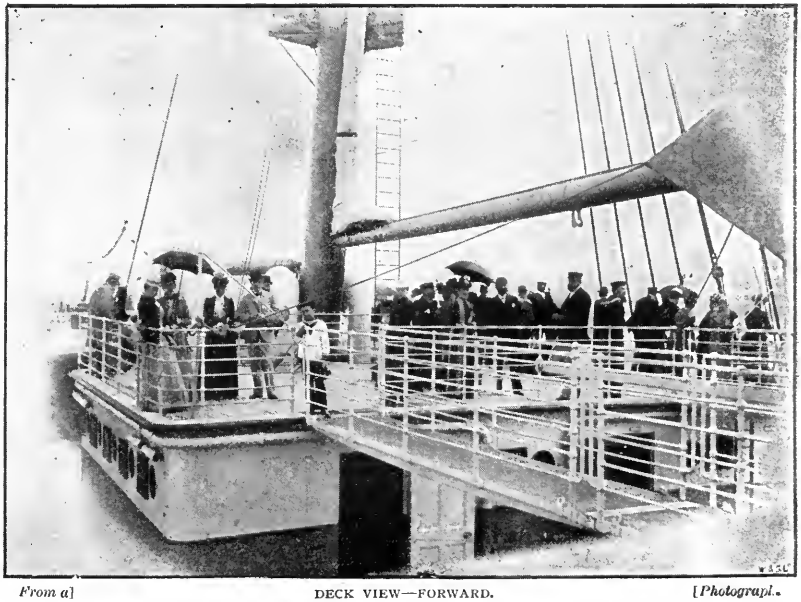
The *Majestic* and the *Teutonic* belong to the Naval Reserve of Great Britain, and in the event of war both these magnificent vessels would undoubtedly render inestimable services to the Government. The circumstances under which these twin steamships became included in the British Navy are simple enough.

Mr. Ismay, founder and chairman of the White Star Line, having been long convinced of the necessity of applying Napoleon's theory of army supplies to our diffusive commerce, eventually submitted his views to the Government, offering to realize the practical demonstration of the idea with two ocean steamers to be constructed nearly on the same lines as the *Teutonic* and *Majestic*. Though the offer was at first declined, the Admiralty was induced some years later to reconsider it, and ultimately Mr. Ismay's proposition was accepted. The *Teutonic* was then constructed without delay, and the *Majestic*, her sister ship, similar in every respect, was built a few months later.

The value of these vessels as troopships will be readily understood from the following facts. The *Teutonic* or the *Majestic* could provide accommodation for one thousand cavalry or two thousand infantry, and could, if required, reach Canada in five days, or Cape Town in twelve and a half days. Through the Suez Canal, they could land troops at Bombay in fourteen days, at Calcutta in seventeen and a half days, at Hong Kong in twenty-one and a half days, and at Sydney in twenty-two days.

The coal supply of either ship is sufficient for seventeen days' steaming at full speed, or for three months' cruising at half speed. The immense amount of attention which the *Teutonic* received from all classes of experts during the Naval Inspection in 1889 sufficiently establishes her great importance. The German Emperor, well informed as to what deserved examination, devoted himself principally to the *Teutonic*, of all the powerful war vessels then assembled in the Solent. She was at that time commanded by Captain Henry Parsell, himself an officer of the Royal Navy on the reserve list, and now in command of the *Majestic*, the flag-ship of the White Star Line. Captain Parsell is as good a specimen of the British sailor as one would wish to meet. That his ship is managed with an eye to the strict performance of his duty to his owners, and at the same time with every regard to the comfort and enjoyment of all who intrust themselves to his care, many hundreds who have had the good fortune to cross the Atlantic under his vigilant charge and agreeable companionship will eagerly testify.

In fact, Captain Parsell is one of the most popular sea officers afloat, and whether on the bridge of his ship, or amongst the passengers in the saloon, he is distinctly the right man in the right place. I should not, however, advise anyone taking passage in the *Majestic* to ask Captain Parsell superfluous questions, a sample list of which was thoughtfully supplied to me, probably with the benevolent view of maintaining cordial relations between the worthy captain and myself during the voyage. I quote a few of these doubtful queries, with a view to placing such of my readers as intend to cross



From a] DECK VIEW—FORWARD. *[Photograph.*

the Atlantic on their guard against what may be technically described as "putting their foot in it":—

"Do you remember my aunt, who crossed with you in 1889?"

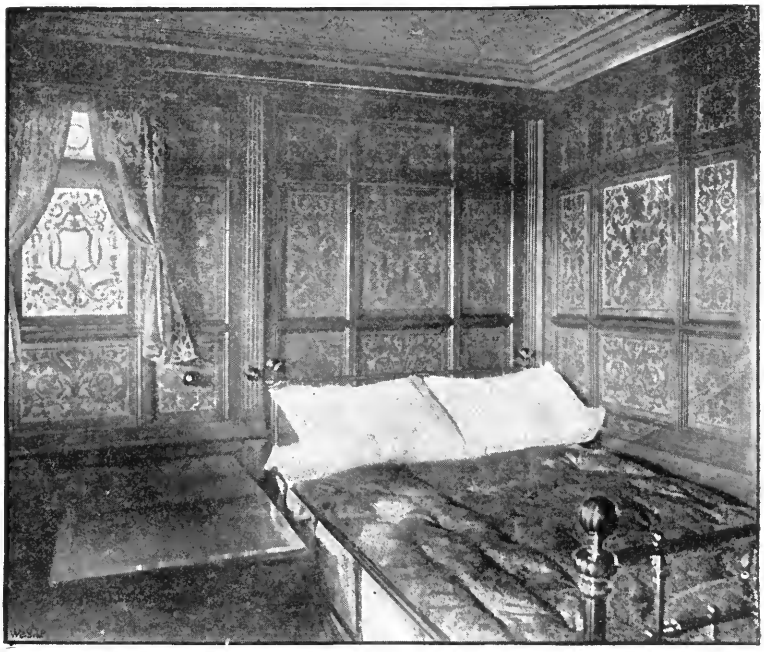
"What time do you get up in the morning?"

"How much does your uniform cost?"

"What kind of oil do you pour on the waves in storm—cod-liver, olive, or linseed?"

"Have you ever been to Chicago?"

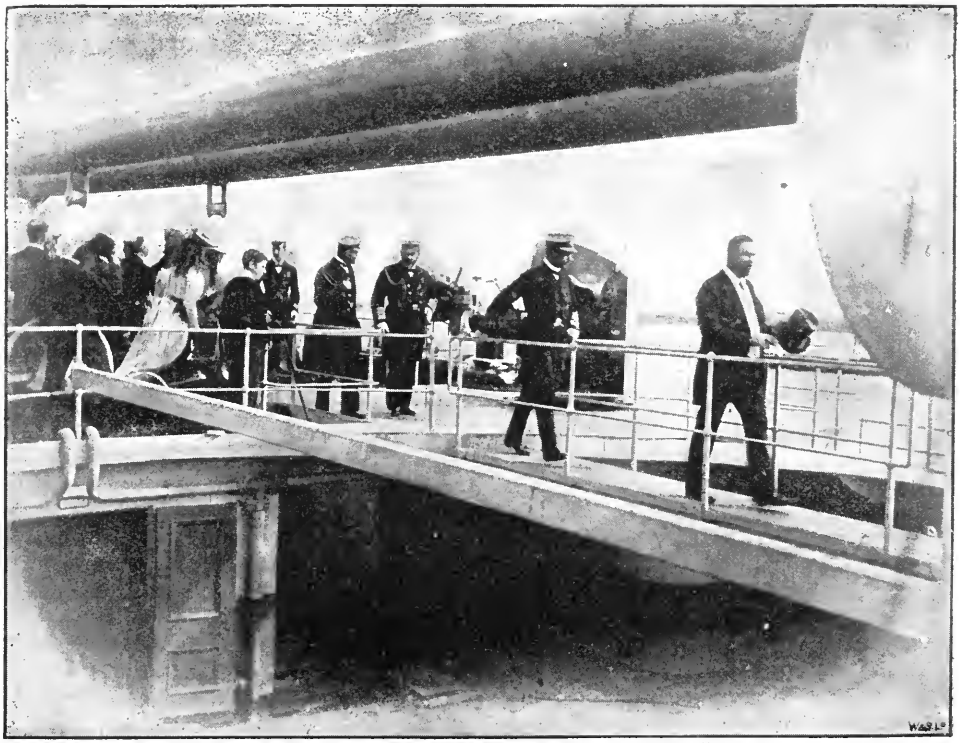
"What line of business were you in before you became a captain?"



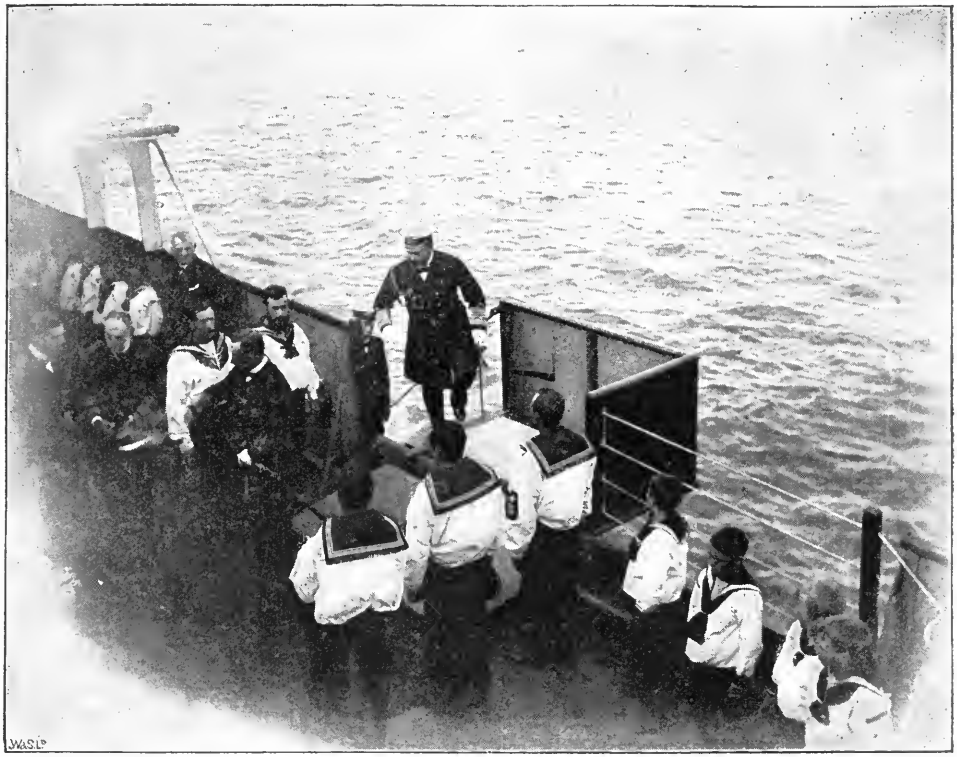
From a] STATE-ROOM *[Photograph.*

"Are you acquainted with John Smith, of London?"

"Do you know a good shirtmaker in Piccadilly?"



From a] VISIT OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY AND THE PRINCE OF WALES TO THE "TEUTONIC." *[Photograph.*



From a] THE PRINCE OF WALES BOARDING THE "TEUTONIC." [Photograph.

"Were you ever drowned?"

"When you go to sea, don't your friends at home miss you dreadfully?"

And a few others, which I leave to the imagination of inquisitive people.

Our voyage from first to last was so delightful that, if I interpret the feelings of others by my own, every passenger on board was sorry when it came to an end. The only approach to a *contretemps* during the entire trip occurred one evening in mid-Atlantic, in the heat of the auction sale in the smoking-room to which I have previously alluded. The proceedings on this occasion were partially interrupted by a somewhat hilarious young gentleman, who donned a false nose and proceeded to treat the company to a song, not having been invited to contribute to the general entertainment by any vocal effort whatever.

After several amicable attempts had been fruitlessly made to calm the musical ardour of this callow youth, he was, as a last resort, incontinently ejected from the room, accompanied by a chorus of threats of future punishment, deferred only for a brief period, until the serious labours of the pool committee should be completed. In fact, later in the evening a sort of drumhead court-martial was held on deck, the speedy result of which was a verdict of guilty and a sentence by which the members of the court

MR. ISMAY.
From a Photograph.

unanimously adjudged that the offending vocalist should be immediately thrown overboard.

I have little doubt that this edict would have been promptly carried into effect but for the interposition of a passenger, who chanced to be a room-mate of the culprit. This gentleman, presuming to dissent from an eminently proper verdict, remarked that, although he had no personal acquaintance with the convicted person, yet, as he occupied a berth in the same room with himself, he felt bound on general principles to "stand by him."

The court, on hearing this audacious plea, was on the point of ordering a double execution, when it was discovered that the new offender was a Kentucky cowboy, very highly respected in virtue of the fact that he was reputed to carry about his person a ·42 calibre revolver.

Under these special circumstances, the court graciously reconsidered its decision, and magnanimously proclaimed a general amnesty.

We reached New York without further incident of importance, and having spent a few pleasant weeks in the Empire City of America, our journey was resumed towards the great West.

CAPTAIN HENRY PARSELL, R.N.R.
From a Photo. by Medrington, Liverpool.

At the foot of Desbrosses Street, on the Hudson River, we went on board one of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's ferry-boats, plying between the Jersey City station of that line and the terminus at either Desbrosses or Courtlandt Street, the latter about a mile lower down the river, near Bowling Green and the Battery. These boats are large and commodious, with handsomely-furnished upper saloons and broad decks, from which an excellent view of the busiest part of the Hudson River can be enjoyed. The wide bow of the ferry-boat is quickly secured to the dock on the opposite side, and we walk along elevated passage-ways and under a wide-spreading arch, through the white glass of which the light gleams upon long lines of passenger-cars, made up into trains ready to start for widely different sections of the country. Our tickets entitle us to places in the "Pennsylvania, Limited," which is claimed to be the most perfect and luxurious railway train in the world.

A few minutes before twelve o'clock we are comfortably installed in our section of an admirably-appointed drawing-room and sleeping car, in which each division is represented by a space of about six feet by four, reserved for two passengers only. The car is much the same in appearance as the sleeping carriages of the American Pullman type now largely used on the principal English lines. But here the comparison with English railways ends. This "Pennsylvania, Limited," certainly possesses in its entirety no peer in the Old World, nor, so far as I am aware, is it equalled by any other special train in America.

Through an inclosed vestibule between each of the cars as they are coupled together, the traveller may pass with ease and safety from one end of the train to the other. These vestibules are constructed of a strong steel framework, which serves as an additional safeguard against "telescoping," by which the greatest number of lives are lost in railway collisions. The car between the one we occupied and the dining-car, located further in the rear, is similar in appearance to our own, but in passing through it we observed one or two special features.

A coloured woman, in a neat blue serge

frock, white apron, and snowy cap, is arranging a pillow for a lady, evidently an invalid, reclining upon a couch in a snug little separate drawing-room, the door of which is standing open at present, and reveals a cosy apartment, which, at the will of the occupant, may be entirely secluded from the remainder of the car. The coloured woman is the ladies'-maid of the train, and it is her business during the journey to make herself useful to the ladies and the children.

All the sleeping-cars are supplied with two state-rooms, such as I have above described, and the exclusive use of these may be obtained, for the entire journey of nearly one thousand miles, on the supplementary payment of a sovereign. In addition to the state-rooms, each car is divided into twelve sections, rendered entirely separate by means of draperies and curtains when the berths are made

Private Drawing Rooms "EN SUITE"

Smoking and Library Car

Barbers Chair

up at night. Separate toilet-rooms are also provided, and one car has a fully-equipped bath-room for the use of ladies only.

Next to the rear sleeping-car is the dining-car, which is exclusively devoted to the purposes indicated by its name. The meals served in this perambulating restaurant, and, indeed, the restaurant and all its appointments (due proportions being observed), will compare favourably with similar accommodations in the best hotels. There is a sparkle of glassware, and polished silver reflecting snowy linen, a glint of china, frail and transparent as an egg-shell, a breath of fresh flowers, and an agreeable clicking of knives and forks.

White-coated and white-aproned coloured waiters move quickly to and fro with deftly-balanced trays of smoking viands, and when the conductor of the dining-car has provided us with a seat, one of these darky waiters places a napkin and a menu before us. We give our order from an ample bill of fare, and while

From a] DINING CAR, "PENNSYLVANIA, LIMITED." [*Photograph.*

the meal is being freshly prepared in the kitchen, which occupies about one-third of the car, completely separated from the dining saloon, we may take off the edge of our appetite with an abundance of the fruits that happen to be in season, glancing now and then out of the broad windows at the country through which we are travelling smoothly at the rate of about fifty miles an hour. The meals on this train, it may be useful to mention, are supplied at the rate of one dollar, or about four shillings for each person.

At the extreme rear of the train is placed what is called the "observation car," one of the latest and most attractive additions to this special service. This car is in reality a handsome sitting-room, with glass sides, and furnished with an abundance of wicker chairs and sofas. The rear platform is open at the end, and is large enough to seat fifteen persons, protected by the sides of the car and a strong steel railing. In fine weather a seat in this open observatory, in full view of the rapidly-passing landscape, is a thing to be enjoyed, and is particularly appreciated by ladies and children.

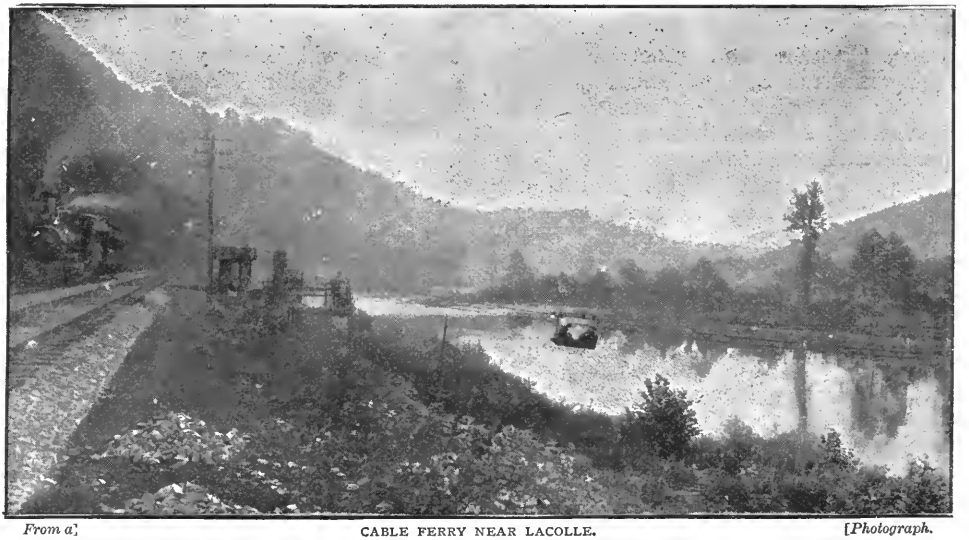
At the other end of the same car is fixed the desk of a stenographer and typewriter, employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. His services to passengers are rendered free of expense, and letters or telegrams may be dictated to him, which he transcribes and dispatches at the next stopping-place.

Forward of the sleepers is a smoking-car and library, containing lounges, couches, writing-desks, book-cases filled with standard and current literature, and tables supplied with the daily newspapers and the periodicals of the times. In a corner of this snug retreat, which to the male passengers serves temporarily all the purposes of a club, is a refreshment buffet, with which one may instantly communicate by means of an electric button always at hand. Beyond this is a barber's shop, through which is obtained entrance to the gentlemen's bath-room, and farther forward still is the passengers' luggage, carried from New York to Chicago without change, and delivered at the hotels immediately after the arrival of the train.

Whilst I have been writing this description

we have passed rapidly through the State of New Jersey. We pause but a short time in the great station at Broad Street, Philadelphia, but such as are interested find there the latest stock and produce quotations, posted for consultation in the smoking-room. The train glides out once more into the open country, and still speeding along through Delaware, Chester, and Lancaster counties, and passing Harrisburgh, the capital of the State, we approach the first of the great Alleghany range of mountains, and, bending to the west, the train thunders across the Susquehanna River on a bridge 3,670 feet in length. To the right rise gigantic ridges, sundered by the waters in their passage, but leaving numerous rocks in the channel to break the river into rapids and fret it into foam; while to the left the stream sweeps away, with its wooded islands, towards Harrisburgh, whose steeples can still be seen in the distance.

A halt is made at the Altoona station, where are located the great workshops of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and then, once more on the way, the train begins the ascent of the heaviest grade on the line. The valley beneath sinks lower and lower until it becomes a vast gorge, the bottom of which is hidden by an impenetrable gloom; and now commences the circuit of the famous horse-shoe curve, one of the most stupendous triumphs of engineering ever accomplished. As the enormous bend, sweeping first north, then curving westward,



From a] CABLE FERRY NEAR LACOLLE. *[Photograph.*

and still again curving away to the south, presents itself to view, it is difficult to describe the grandeur of the scene.

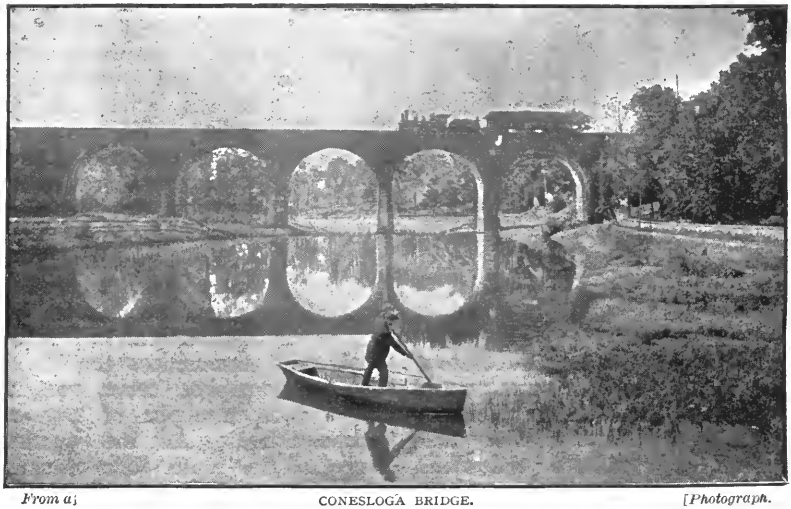
At Pittsburgh, the time carried by the train is suddenly altered and retarded one hour, in conformity with Western time.

After leaving Pittsburgh I am unable to give any further sketch of the journey from actual observation, as it is now late at night, and the compartment allotted to me in the sleeping-car has been transformed into a comfortable berth hung with tapestry curtains. The electric lights, which illumine the entire train, have been lowered, and in a short time all is silent, save the smooth rumbling of the heavy train, as it flies rapidly over the steel rails.

Across the State of Ohio, pausing at Alliance, Crestline, and Lima, and then plunging into the State of Indiana, where, soon after daybreak, another halt is made at Fort Wayne, we now traverse a wide expanse of prairie, and, as this sort of scenery appears somewhat monotonous, we turn over for another nap, long after the sun is well up, when we are at length fully aroused by the voice of the dining-car waiter informing the passengers of the fact that breakfast will shortly be ready. The meal is served in a relay car, which we find has been taken on at Fort Wayne, and is as completely equipped for its purpose as its predecessor; in fact, these eating-cars are changed twice on the road from New York, in order that the provisions they carry may be fresh and of the best quality.

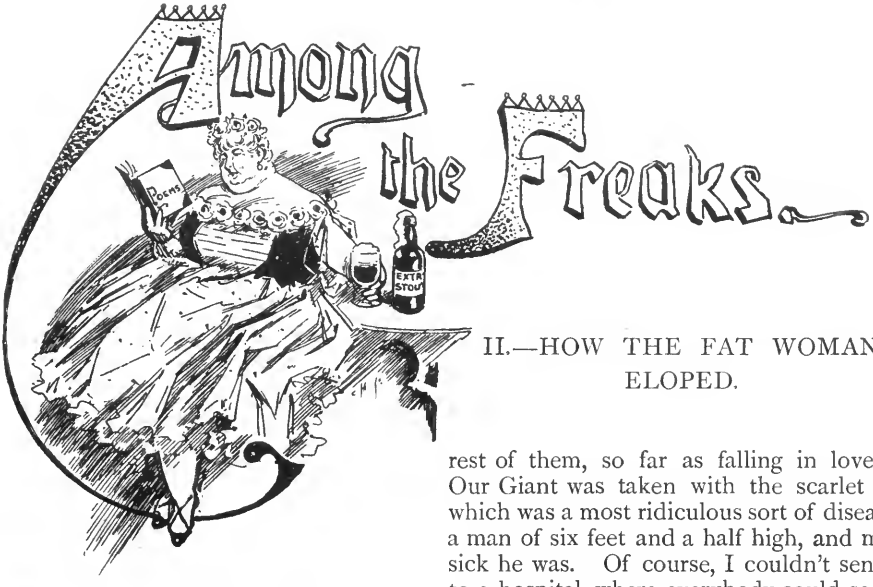
Almost before we have completed a plentiful morning meal, we notice, as we glance out of the window on the right, a streak of greenish blue, which tells us that we must now be approaching Chicago, as we have already reached the lower borders of the great lake Michigan, upon which that city stands. But long before we enter the great metropolis of the West, there are numerous indications of a busy and populous neighbourhood, denoting that we are already in the suburbs of some vast industrial and manufacturing centre.

Presently an official, carrying a bunch of leather straps in his hand, passes through the car to take charge of any luggage you wish to be delivered without any loss of time at your hotel. He is the agent of an omnibus line and local express company, which, for a trifling fee, will deliver your trunks and yourself at any hotel in Chicago. You hand over your checks to this person, gather up the odds and ends—small boxes, parcels, rugs, and other indispensable impedimenta of your journey, from which on no account do you intend to be separated—and by the time you have accomplished the gathering process the train comes to a standstill in the great depot at Chicago.



From a; CONESLOGA BRIDGE. *[Photograph.*

It is, of course, impossible within the limits of a traveller's sketch-book to convey any adequate idea of the great American Exposition of 1893. This description I must perforce leave to other pens and to the many readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE who will visit the Fair—a trip which, as I set out by declaring, can be easily accomplished in an eight days' pleasant journey from London.



II.—HOW THE FAT WOMAN ELOPED.

"YES, sir," continued the door-keeper; "Fat Women are more sentimental than any other women. The fatter they are the more they fall in love. Though, to tell the truth, the most sentimental Fat Woman I ever had wasn't by any means the fattest. She only weighed two hundred and eighty pounds when she came to me, and I lost her when she had just got up to three hundred and forty; and very sorry I was to lose her, for she had a great future before her if she had only been willing to stick to business and had kept up her pride in her profession.

"For the first six months I had her I thought she was a jewel. She never took the least bit of exercise, and she dieted as carefully as if she had been a dyspeptic with a stomach in ruins, who was trying to put himself to rights again by eating nothing but the most disagreeable kinds of food. By the way, did you ever notice that the only way to get even with a stomach that has once gone back on you is to starve it, or give it nothing that any rational stomach likes? The minute you begin to treat a stomach kindly, and let it have the sort of meat and drink it wants, that minute you are on the road to dyspepsia. A stomach is just like a small boy—you'll spoil it if you ever let it have its own way.

"I hadn't had this Fat Woman a week when I saw that she was as bad as all the rest of them, so far as falling in love goes. Our Giant was taken with the scarlet fever, which was a most ridiculous sort of disease for a man of six feet and a half high, and mighty sick he was. Of course, I couldn't send him to a hospital, where everybody could see him, without destroying his market value, so he had to be nursed in his room at the Museum. Nobody was willing to nurse him till the Fat Woman came forward and said that she would nurse the poor man if everybody else was afraid. Naturally, everybody applauded her bravery, as everybody always does when a person undertakes to do something that other people are afraid to do, and are glad to get rid of doing. I didn't altogether like the idea of temporarily losing the services of the Fat Woman as well as the Giant, but I like to let my people have all the pleasure they can, so I told the Fat Woman to go ahead, and I would pay her half her salary while she was off duty.

"Of course, the Fat Woman fell in love with the Giant before she had been twenty-four hours in the sick room, but I will say that she made a first-class nurse. There was no walking around the room, and knocking over bottles, and putting the furniture in order, and sweeping the floor up, as is always going on when you have an ordinary-sized nurse. The Fat Woman spent the whole day and night sitting in her chair, except when the Giant wanted his medicine, or when he tried to get up, being delirious, and go on the platform in his nightshirt. Whenever this fit was on him, the Fat Woman would just lean her weight on him till he quieted down.

"Once she accidentally leaned a little too much on his chest, and the man was pretty

nearly suffocated before she noticed that anything unusual was the matter, but generally speaking she did her duty in a way that laid over any regular hospital nurse that I ever saw.

"When the Giant got well the Fat Woman, who considered herself engaged to him, though he swore that he had never said a word of the kind, expected him to marry her, and when she found out that he hadn't the least idea of any such foolishness she was destroyed, as you might say. For about a week she lost her appetite and didn't eat enough to keep her alive, not to speak of making progress in her profession, and I had to speak pretty sharply to her about the dishonesty of growing thin when she had a contract with me that obliged her to increase her weight by all legitimate means. However, at the end of the week she braced up again and soon got over her passion.

"That's the way with Fat Women. They get over their disappointments, and are looking out for fresh ones quicker than any other woman outside of a Dime Museum. I'd like to find some intelligent man, say a parson or a doctor, who could tell me the reason of this. I can't see myself why there should be any difference between a fat woman and a thin woman in the matter of their affections; but there is a big difference. If you want just to carry on with a girl, take a middling fat one, and she'll get over it without giving you any trouble. But if you mean business, and want to marry a girl who'll stick to you, don't you take any girl weighing more than a hundred and twenty pounds.

"In course of time the Fat Woman forgot all about her affair with the Giant, and the two were excellent friends, both being good-tempered and good-hearted in their way. But pretty soon the Fat Woman fell in love again, and this time it was with an outsider. He was a sort of ticket speculator, and about as worthless a fellow as there was in all Cincinnati, which was where my show was located at the time, and anybody except a Fat Woman would have known that if he made love to a woman, it was because he thought there was money in it. He supposed that the Fat Woman was well-to-do in the world, as most of them are, seeing as they draw good salaries and have no expenses to speak of. Besides, he was sharp enough to see that she was putting on flesh day by day, and would naturally command more and more salary according as her weight increased. He used to come in to my place pretty nearly every day and have a little talk with the Fat Woman, and say how-de-do to the other 'freaks,' and maybe try to borrow fifty cents of me, for I had known him a good many years—which naturally made him feel that he had a right to borrow money of me.

"One day I noticed that the Fat Woman looked a good deal smaller round the waist than usual, and I charged her with lacing. At first she denied it, but I told her it was no use, and that she couldn't deceive me, and then she admitted that she was wearing a corset. 'What's got into you?' I asked her. 'Haven't you no sense, and no pride in your profession? Here you are actually trying to make yourself look smaller than you are, when you know perfectly well that you ought to be trying to do just the opposite. I tell you what it is, Melinda, you're got your eye on some young man, and want to make yourself look pretty.'

"'And what if I do?' said she. 'Do

"THE TWO WERE EXCELLENT FRIENDS."

you think that a Fat Woman hasn't got any feelings? I'm a woman, if I do weigh three hundred pounds, and I've got a woman's feelings, though none of you men ever seem to think so.' I told her that there wasn't any question about her feelings, and that I had no concern with anything but her weight, and that if she began to lose flesh she couldn't expect me to stick to the contract. 'Just put all this foolishness out of your mind,' I said, 'and try to work yourself up to four hundred pounds. That's an ambition worthy of a sensible woman, while thishyer falling in love is only fit for women who haven't got brains or flesh to earn their own living.'

"But my advice was wasted, as advice always is, and in a few days the Fat Woman came to me and asked to be let off her contract, so that she could be married and go to keeping house for her husband. It made me mad to see her so willing to throw away her future, and so careless about my own interests, considering that I had treated her kindly and liberally, and I told her that I should hold her to her contract, which had two years more to run, and would sue her for damages if she left me, or if she neglected to keep herself up to her usual weight. This made her pretty angry, and she said that she should do as she pleased, and that I was a horrid brute. So I saw that I was going to have trouble with her.

"That night the Fat Woman had a long talk with her admirer after the performance was over, and for the next day or two was in such good spirits that I knew she must mean mischief. The fact was that the fellow had induced her to agree to elope with him, and she felt so sure that her professional career was coming to a happy end that she openly took to drinking vinegar and eating meat, and drew in her waist till she looked as if she was on the edge of apoplexy.

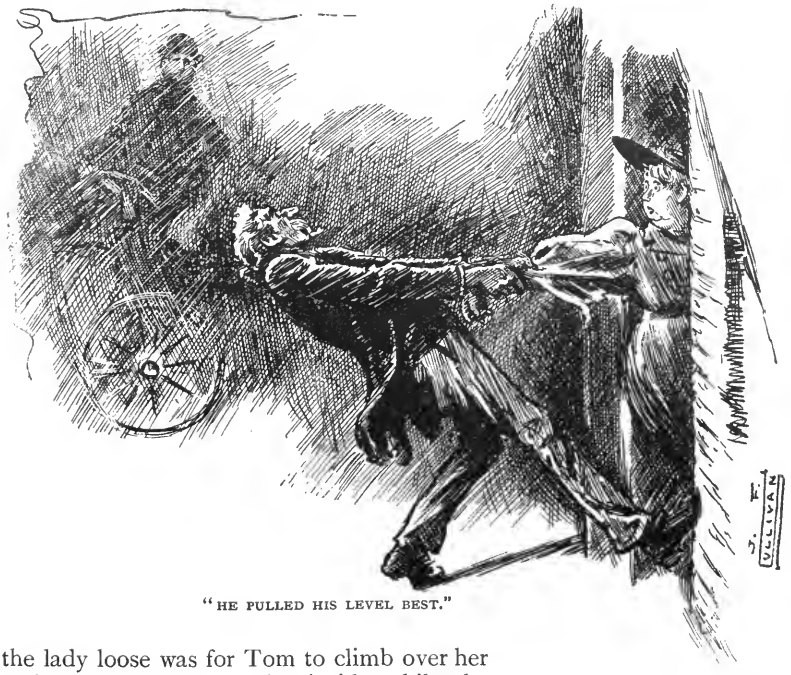
"The Fat Woman's room was just over mine, and naturally she couldn't move round much without waking me, though I am a pretty middling sound sleeper. Soon after she had taken to vinegar, I was waked up one night by hearing her walking about her room in her boots, and as my watch said it was two o'clock, I knew something was up. By-and-by she came downstairs as softly as she could, though the stairs did groan as stairs will when you put three hundred pounds of woman on them in the middle of the night. I got up and looked out of the window, and there was a carriage standing by the stage door. I saw the Fat Woman's little game at once. She was going to run away with the ticket speculator.

"My first thought was to dress and run out and stop her, but presently I remembered

"I LOOKED OUT OF THE WINDOW."

how narrow the stage door was, and I made up my mind to wait and see the fun: my window being where it commanded a good view of the scene of action. Just as I anticipated, the Fat Woman halted when she came to the stage door, and presently I heard her call in a low voice: 'Tom, come and help me, I'm stuck in the door!' Tom climbed down out of the carriage, and getting a good hold of one of the Fat Woman's arms, braced himself against the jamb of the door and pulled his level best. But he couldn't start her, and though she stood it like a heroine, she had to tell him, after he had pulled a while, that she couldn't stand it any longer.

"Then Tom tried to push her back into the corridor, so that she could take a fresh start and maybe get herself through the door edgewise, but he couldn't budge her. So the two whispered together awhile, and then Tom called the driver of the carriage to come and help him. The driver was the most intelligent of the lot, and he said that the only way to get



"HE PULLED HIS LEVEL BEST."

the lady loose was for Tom to climb over her and then push from the inside while the driver pulled from the outside. It didn't seem to be an easy job for Tom to climb over her, but he managed to do it, though she screamed a little when his boots sunk into her shoulders. Then I heard him say, 'Now, driver, while you pull I'll try running the length of the corridor and bumping her. The shock may loosen her if you pull just as I bump.' I don't know how the Fat Woman liked it, but she held her tongue, and after a while something gave way, and she suddenly shot out into the road, falling on the driver, and making him think his last end had come. When he got himself free, and he and Tom together had set the Fat Woman on her legs again, I heard him say: 'I'll have to be after charging you, sor, for a suit of clothes, being as my own is spoilt entirely, and my left arm is sprained.' But Tom told him to hurry up and help boost the Fat Woman into the carriage, and he'd see that everything was made right when the time came to pay.

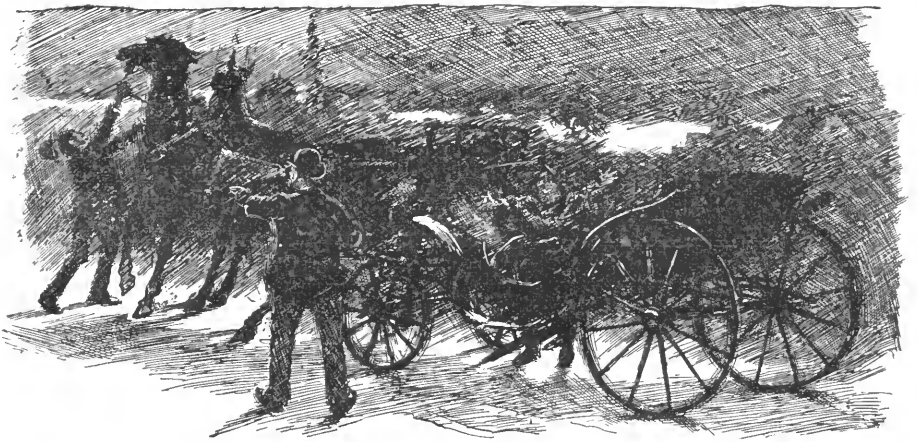
"You may ask why I didn't interfere about this time and keep the woman from running away. Because I knew just what her weight was, and how much the bottom of an ordinary carriage will bear, and I wanted to see how the thing would end.

"Well, it ended just as I knew it would. It was the middle of summer, and daylight began about three o'clock, so Tom was in a hurry to get away before anybody would see him and recognise him or his companion. He and the driver gave the Fat Woman a most everlasting boost and shot her into the carriage, and Tom was going to get in after her when I heard something crack, and the Fat Woman gave a dismal yell. She had gone clean through the bottom of the carriage, and was standing with her feet on the road, with the broken pieces of the flooring holding her so tight that she couldn't stir. She gave up all pretence of keeping quiet, and called out at the top of her voice for the driver to hold the horses and keep the carriage from moving; and she begged Tom, if he had any love for her, to help her out of the carriage, and let her get into her own room once more.

"The fact is, the woman was in a very bad fix. The splinters must have hurt her like so many knives, and the more Tom tried to pull away the broken boards, the more they got their work on. Then all of a sudden the horses took it into their heads to start, and the woman yelled that they were killing her, and the driver must cut them loose instantly.

"By the time the horses were unhitched Tom had given up the attempt to get the woman loose as a bad job, and was standing in a helpless sort of way by the carriage door, telling her for Heaven's sake to hold her tongue before she waked up the whole neighbourhood.

"I judged it was about time for me to take a hand in the proceedings, so I called out of the window, 'Melinda! If you've had enough of thishyer foolishness, just say the word, and I'll come down with an axe and help you out of your fix.' She said all she wanted was to be let loose, and she would never try to leave me again, not for any man, let alone a cruel, heartless wretch that would



"THE WOMAN YELLED THAT THEY WERE KILLING HER."

stand by and see a woman suffer, and never lift a finger to help her. So I dressed slow and easy, so as to let the splinters sink into her mind as you might say, and keep her from forgetting all she owed me, and then I got my axe and came down and broke her out without much trouble. Tom had nothing to say for himself. I will give him the credit of admitting that he stood around while I was working with the axe, till he saw that the woman was loose, and then he bolted, thinking, perhaps, that I might be disposed to use the axe on him, which would have been a waste of labour that I shouldn't have thought of undertaking. The driver tackled up his horses in no time and started after Tom as hard as he could drive, knowing that his chance of collecting payment would be middling small if he let Tom fairly out of his sight.

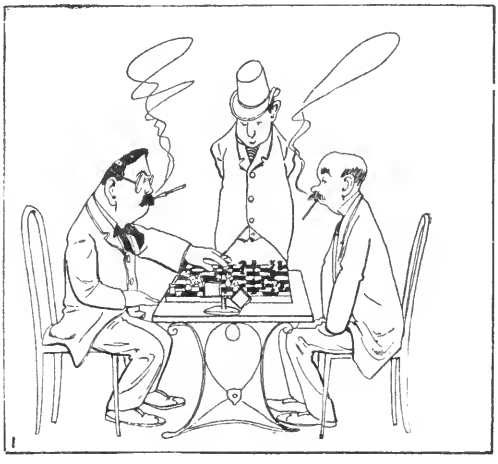
"The Fat Woman was a good deal tore up with the splinters, and more or less exhausted by the mental strain she had gone through while the two men were trying to haul her through the stage door. She hadn't much strength left for conversation, and she went very quietly with me round to the front of the house and through the big door up to her room. When she was going into her room she turned and said:—

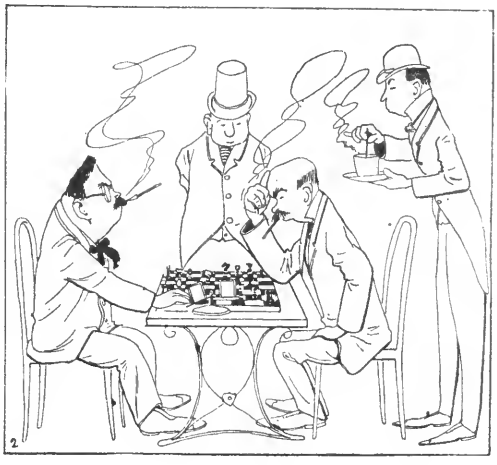
"'Colonel, I'll never do it again, and I'll do my best to fatten up after this.'

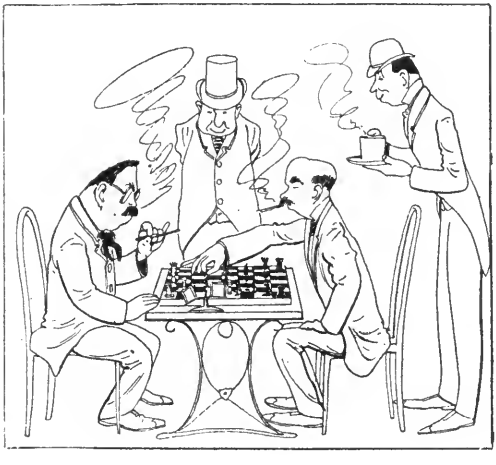
"'That's all right,' said I. 'You just go to bed again and forget all about it. We're all liable to make mistakes, and it wasn't your fault that you didn't know how much a floor of a carriage would bear. I'll send you up the arnica, and just you use it and forget all about Tom, who is no good anyway, and who'll never come round you again, you can bet your bottom dollar.'

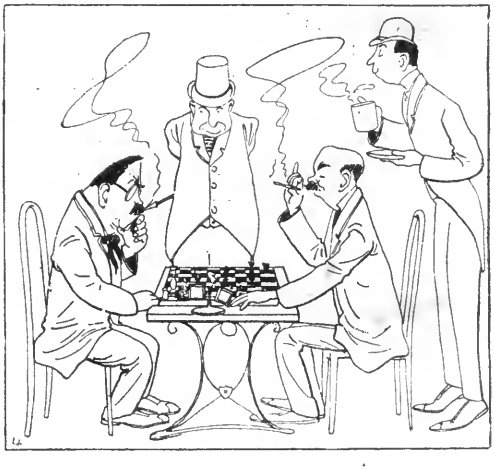
"After that you never saw a more faithful and conscientious artist than that Fat Woman. She dieted herself more carefully than ever, and before the year was out she had got up to three hundred and forty pounds."

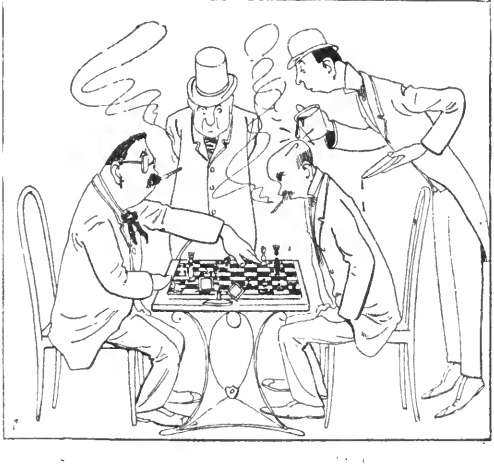
W. L. ALDEN.











A CRITICAL MOVE AND A CUP OF COFFEE.